Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY

NOW ISSUED EVERY MONTH

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40 FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

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TROPICAL AMERICA'S SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

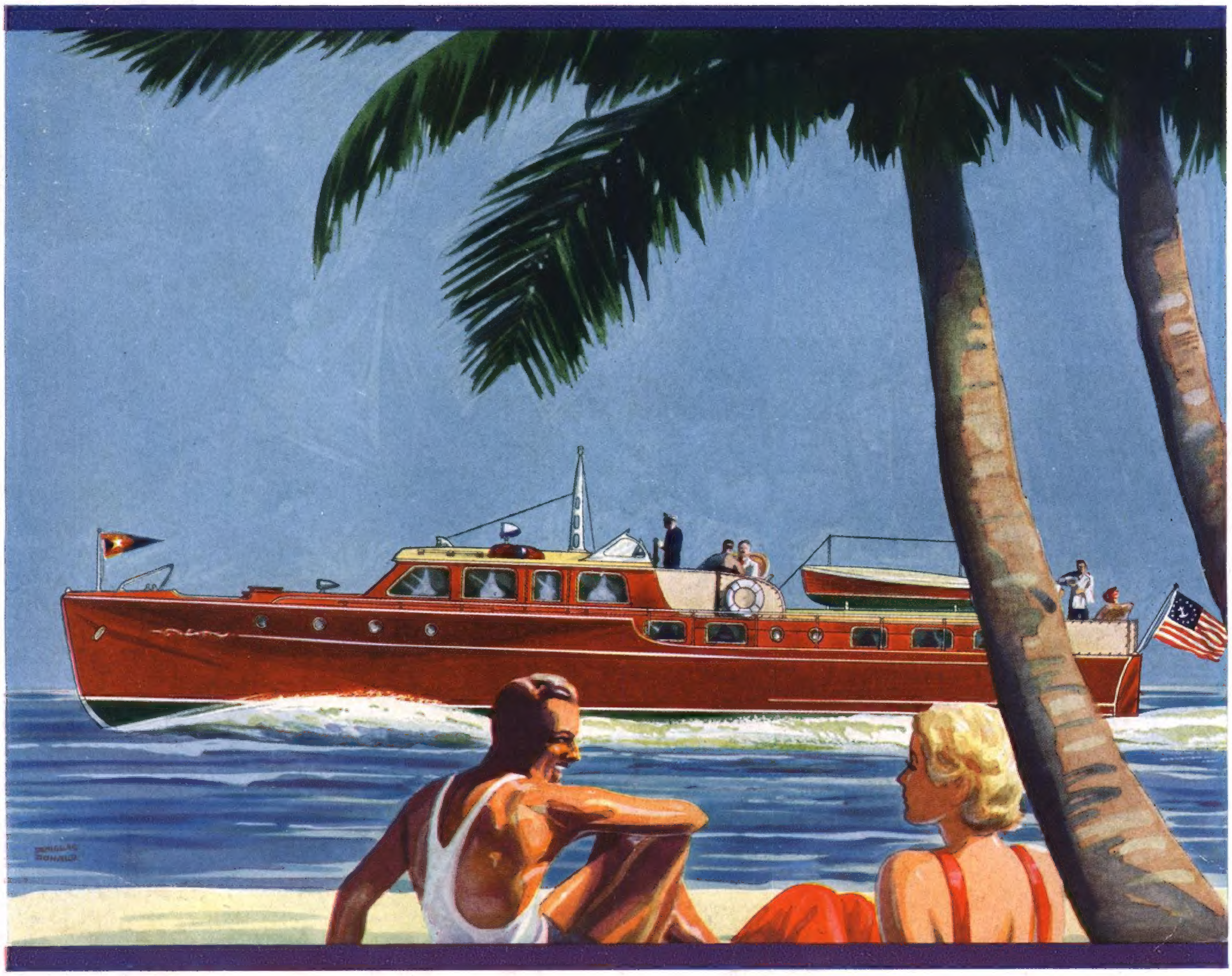
From the holidays until spring, utilize fast yachts. A motor boat is essential. Swift dashes to the favorite fishing spot, a few hours of trolling, or, anchored, still fishing, and the rush home. Moonlit cruises; trips to Havana; everywhere, in the sphere of living delightfully, a motor boat is necessary.

A few months later and the same vessel will have resumed an equally important place in the activities of northern ports. The demands on a marine engine, serving faithfully for hours at minimum speed, and hours at top revolutions, are much harder than the work of your motor car. Entrust the work to a Sterling engine. Over thirty years of the progressive effort of this company has accomplished much to increase yacht speeds and serviceability. On the proving ground of variable duty, many Sterling engines have exceeded 250,000 miles of propulsion, with a minimum of maintenance, and are still at work.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N.Y., U. S. A.

NEW YORK SALES OFFICE
900 Chrysler Building

NEW ENGLAND SALES AND SERVICE, W. H. MORETON CORP
1043 Commonwealth Ave., distributors, Boston



57' deep sea cruiser, designed by John L. Hacker, N. A., Mt. Clemens, Michigan. Powered with 2 Sterling Petrel engines, 6 cylinder, 180 horse power, speed 22 miles per hour.

ESQUIRE
December 4, 1933

ESQUIRE is published monthly by the Esquire Publishing Company, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Oct. 9th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Advertising offices, 40 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, $5.00 a year in advance; in Canada, $1.00 a year extra postage.

Vol. I No. 2
Whole No. 2

JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820

STILL GOING STRONG

Welcome one old friend WHO'S REALLY OLD

Johnnie Walker Red Label
Johnnie Walker Black Label

RED LABEL . . . OLDER THAN MOST
BLACK LABEL . . . EVERY DROP 12 YEARS OLD

When as and if Repeal becomes effective, many old friends will come trooping back. To the eye, the late 14-year drought will not have made much difference. They will all be *dressed* the same as before Prohibition. They will all *look* the same.

But perhaps you're wondering—will they all *taste* the same as they did in those almost-forgotten days?

Johnnie Walker will. This mellow old Scotch whisky hasn't changed a bit. Why should it have changed? During Prohibition the rest of the world continued to enjoy Johnnie Walker. All the while Johnnie Walker was being distilled, aged and bottled in Scotland where the art is as old as that of playing the bagpipes.

Now it comes back to you as mellow and smooth as ever. Do you remember just how good a really old, un-cut Scotch whisky can be? Why not pour out a nip of Johnnie Walker and refresh . . . your memory? Ah-h! There it is again . . . that delightful bouquet of peat smoke . . . a bouquet found only in whisky aged in the Scottish Highlands. That's Johnnie Walker, made for those who really know how to drink.

Price? One you can comfortably afford to pay. Availability? Immediately—or at the latest in a few days—at all recognized suppliers in states when and where it may be legally handled.

John Walker & Sons, Ltd. . . . Scotch Whisky Distillers . . . Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland

This advertisement is not intended to offer Johnnie Walker whisky for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

A NEW
DISTINCTION IN MALE ATTIRE

TALON·TAILORED TROUSERS

With the

Thin, Smooth, Continuous, Seam-like Closure

MEN are unaware of the awkwardness, the ugliness of the button closure in trousers—because they are so used to it.

They give no thought to how troublesome, clumsy and insecure it is—because they have known no other method.

But every one of these disadvantages is there. And to eliminate them is plain common sense.

That's what this special little Talon Slide Fastener does. Thousands of men, wearing Talon-Tailored Trousers today, know a new smartness in trousers—a closure so thin and smooth and continuous that it is almost as imperceptible as a seam; and trim always, no matter what the position.

And every man who experiences this new, quick convenience, this perfect security, knows that this latest contribution to fine tailoring is nothing more or less than common sense.

Discover it for yourself. Try on (at any leading store) a suit with Talon-Tailored Trousers. Then pass judgment on the effect.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK · BOSTON · PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO · SEATTLE

THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER

THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIDE FASTENER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MEN'S CLOTHING . . . ITS CORRECT NAME IS *TALON*

TALON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SLIDE FASTENER FOR TROUSERS NEWEST IDEA IN TAILORING

Why TALON means distinction in trousers

1 Talon Slide Fastener for trousers is a special and very small Talon Fastener made expressly for trouser use.

2 Talon is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed.

3 Talon scientifically applied — cannot catch in the underclothing. Contact with the body is absolutely impossible.

4 Talon creates continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line, flat as a seam, indicates the opening.

5 Talon eliminates ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles, gaps between buttons, and bulkiness are gone.

6 Talon excludes the possibility of unintentional and embarrassing disarray.

7 Talon is so light it weighs less than buttons and thread used on old type.

8 Talon means time-saving convenience.

9 Talon is the slide fastener that is not harmed by dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and button-holes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

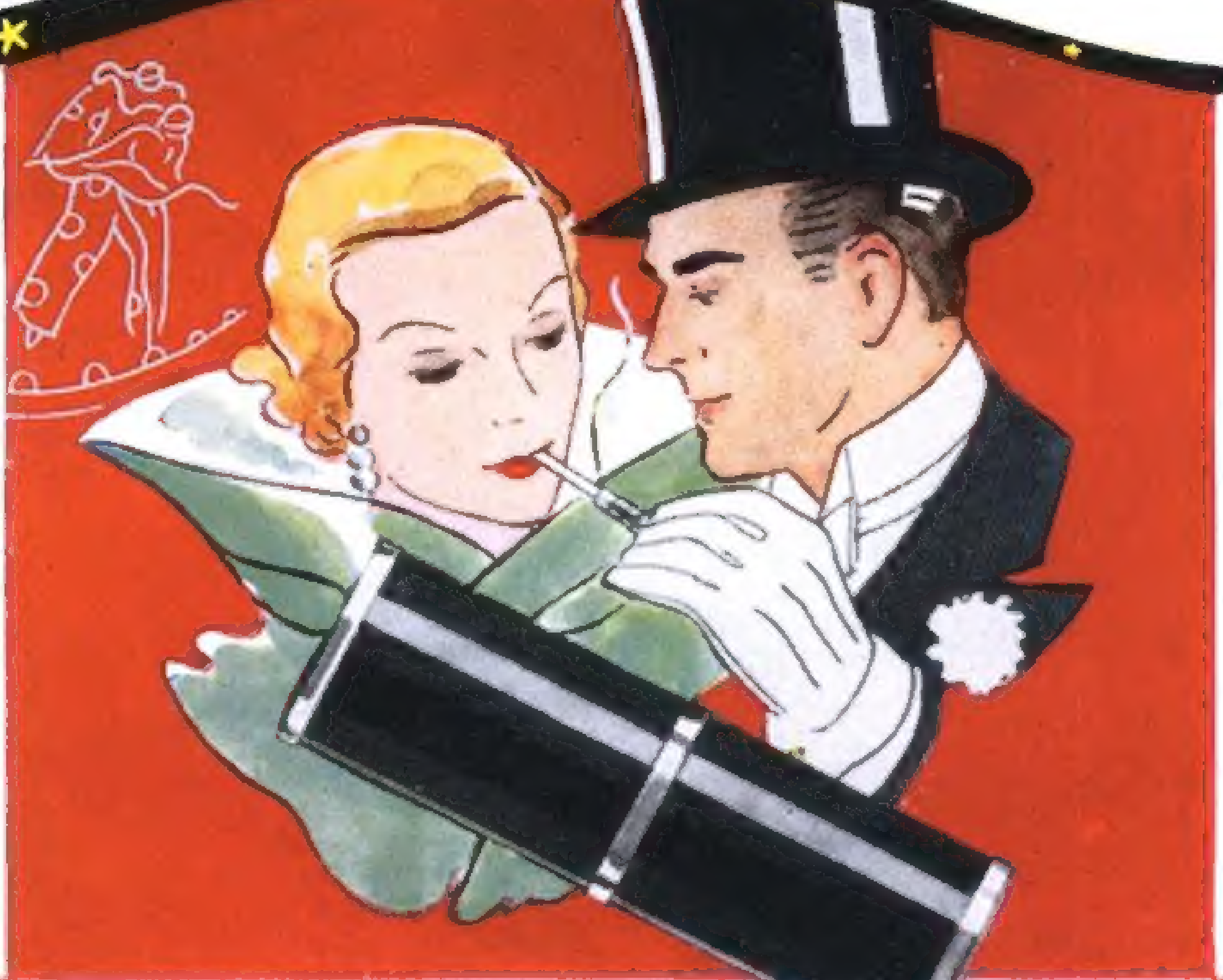
THE MOST ORIGINAL **GIFT** IDEA IN YEARS . . . .

LEKTROLITE

The flameless mystery lighter

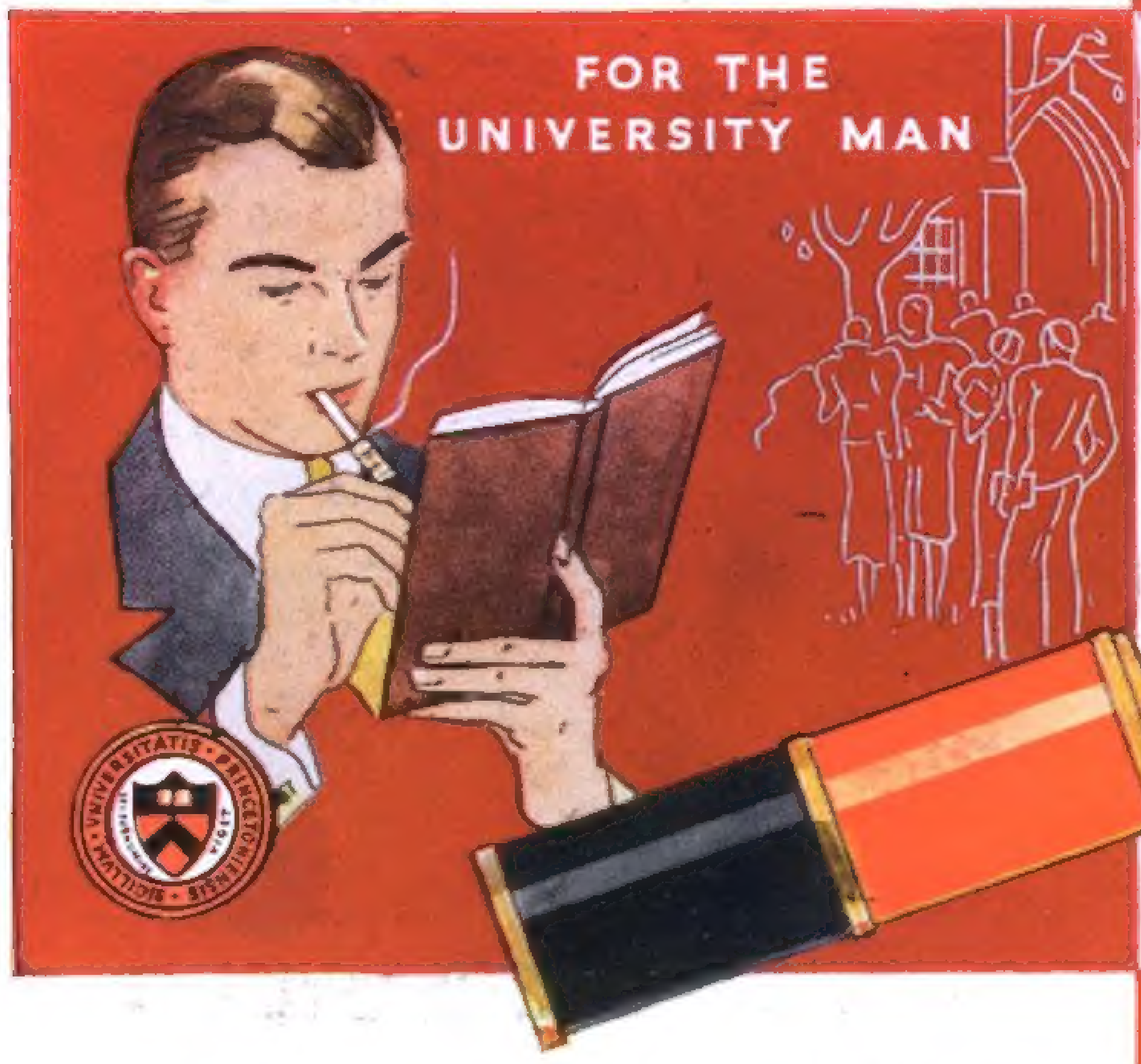
All you need know is "do they smoke?" And whether it be for a personal friend, business associate or an entire office staff you know that Lektrolite will be welcome. For never has there been a gift as original, as desired by smokers as this modern, flameless lighter.

Truly grateful thoughts will follow the donor of a Lektrolite whenever a cigarette or cigar is magically lighted.



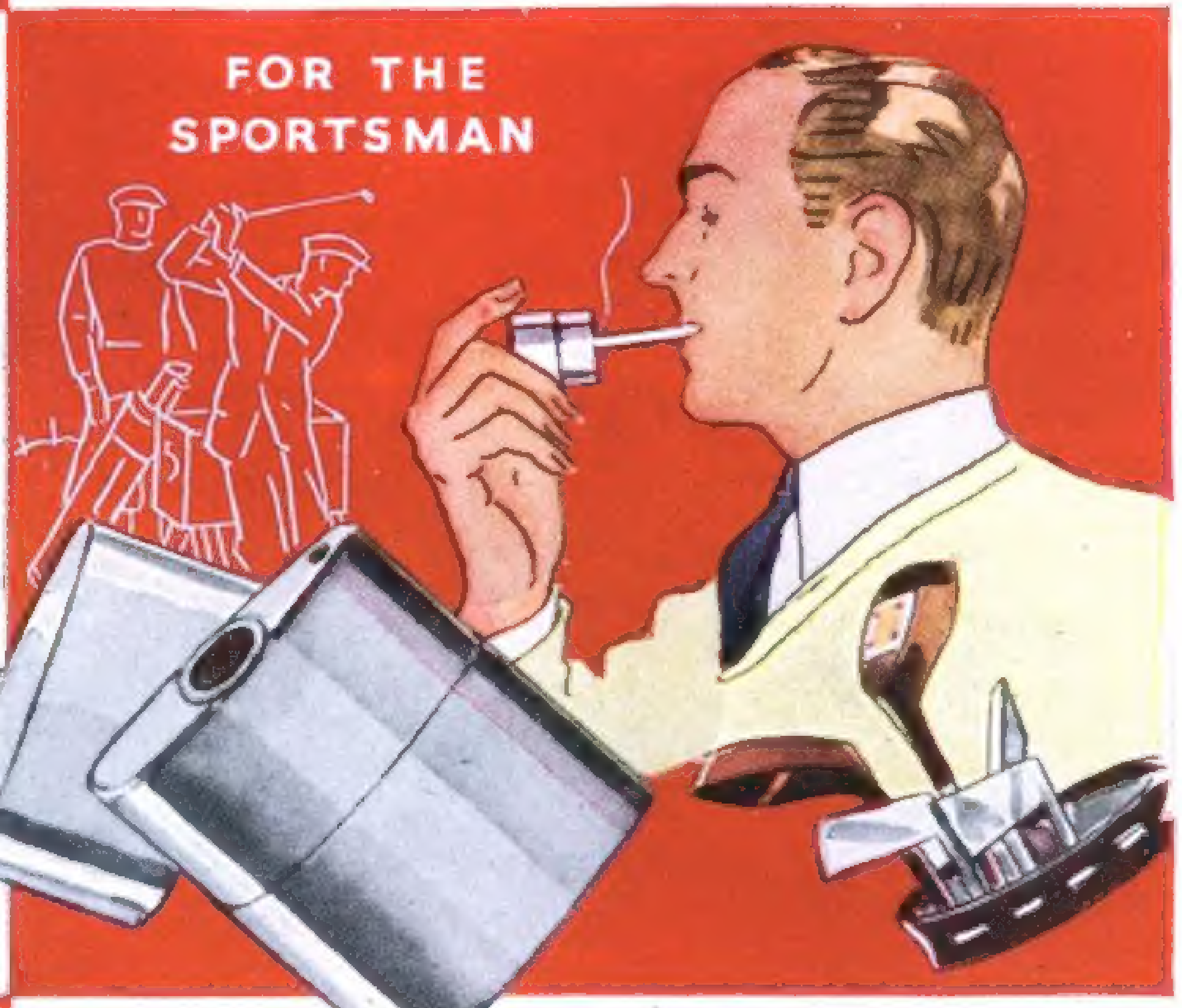
Simply place the tip of a cigarette or cigar to Lektrolite and lightly inhale—instantly—a flameless, crimson glow lights it. By comparison matches are uncivilized, unnecessary and thumb-bruising lighters become more extinct than ever.

Lektrolite never fails—it lights in wind or rain. There's no flint—no flame, no wheels, no buttons, no mechanism, no trick—just light and puff. At better stores and jewelry shops.



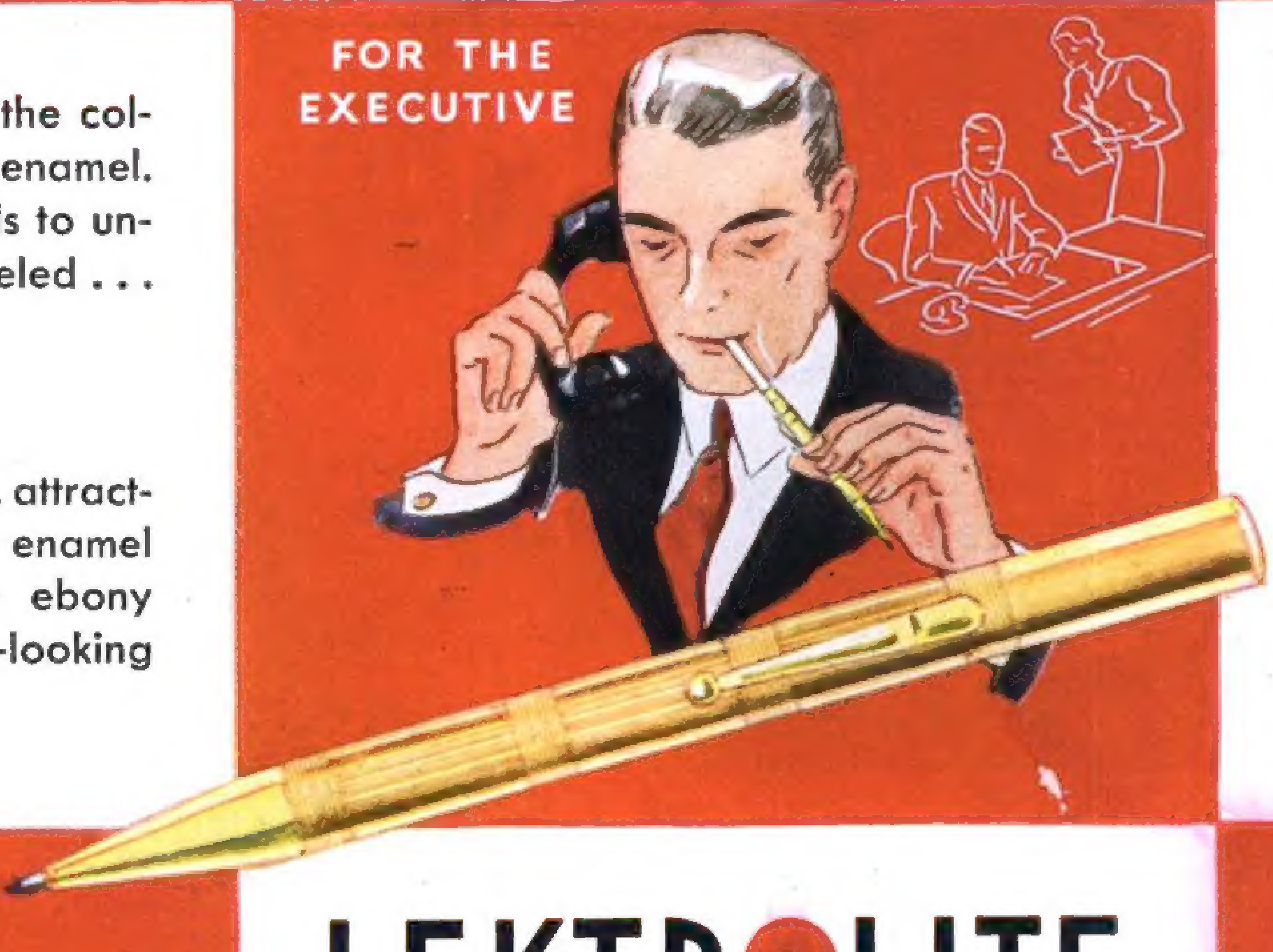
Choose this suave, black Cylinda Model B (above) for formal evening wear. Perfectly sized for a man's tight waistcoat pocket or woman's purse. Cylinda also comes richly enameled in Ivory, Nile, Crimson, Blue and White. Complete with filler kit . . . $5.

This pencil model (below) writes at one end and lights at the other. In several styles with perfect writing balance. In Black Enamel, Chromium trim . . . $5. Sterling Silver . . . $30. 14k Gold . . . $100.



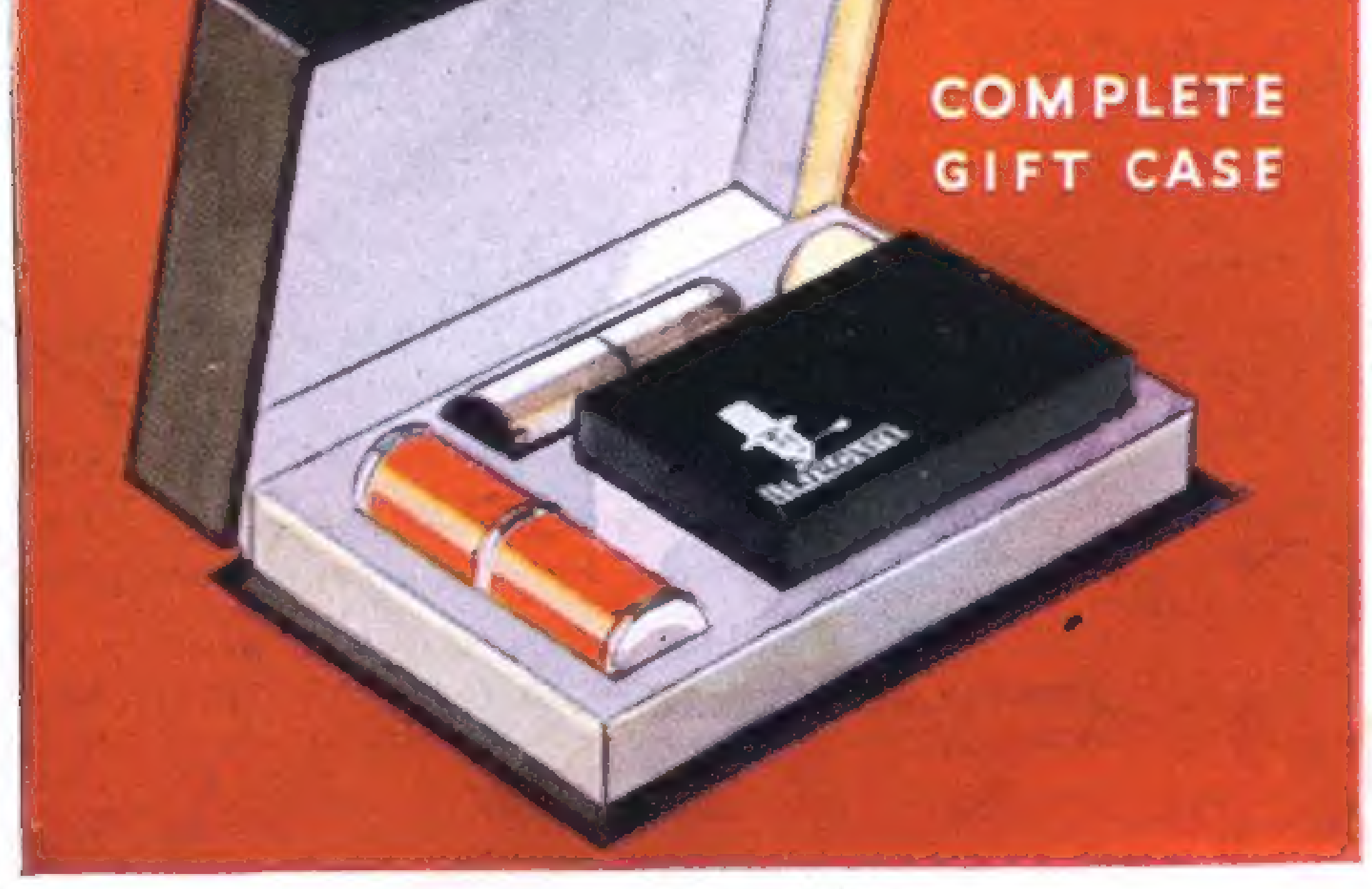
In authentic university colors with the college seal richly embossed in baked enamel. The Varsity Model (above) appeals to undergrad and old-grad alike. Enameled . . . $7.50. Gold Plated . . . $10.

Every Lektrolite comes in a modern, attractive gift package. In gold, silver or enamel the Lektrolite nestles beside the ebony black, automatic refill case. A rich-looking ensemble. A gift worth giving.



Decidedly masculine and "outdoorish" is the Dynamique Model (above). You'll like its streamlined look, its compact feel in the hand and fit in the pocket. Chrome Satin . . . $7.50. Sterling Silver . . . $15.

The Lektrolite gift set (below) is richly modern in design. The dome is gleaming, silvery Chromium . . . top and base of Red or Black Lacquer. A lavish gift modestly priced. Complete . . . $30.

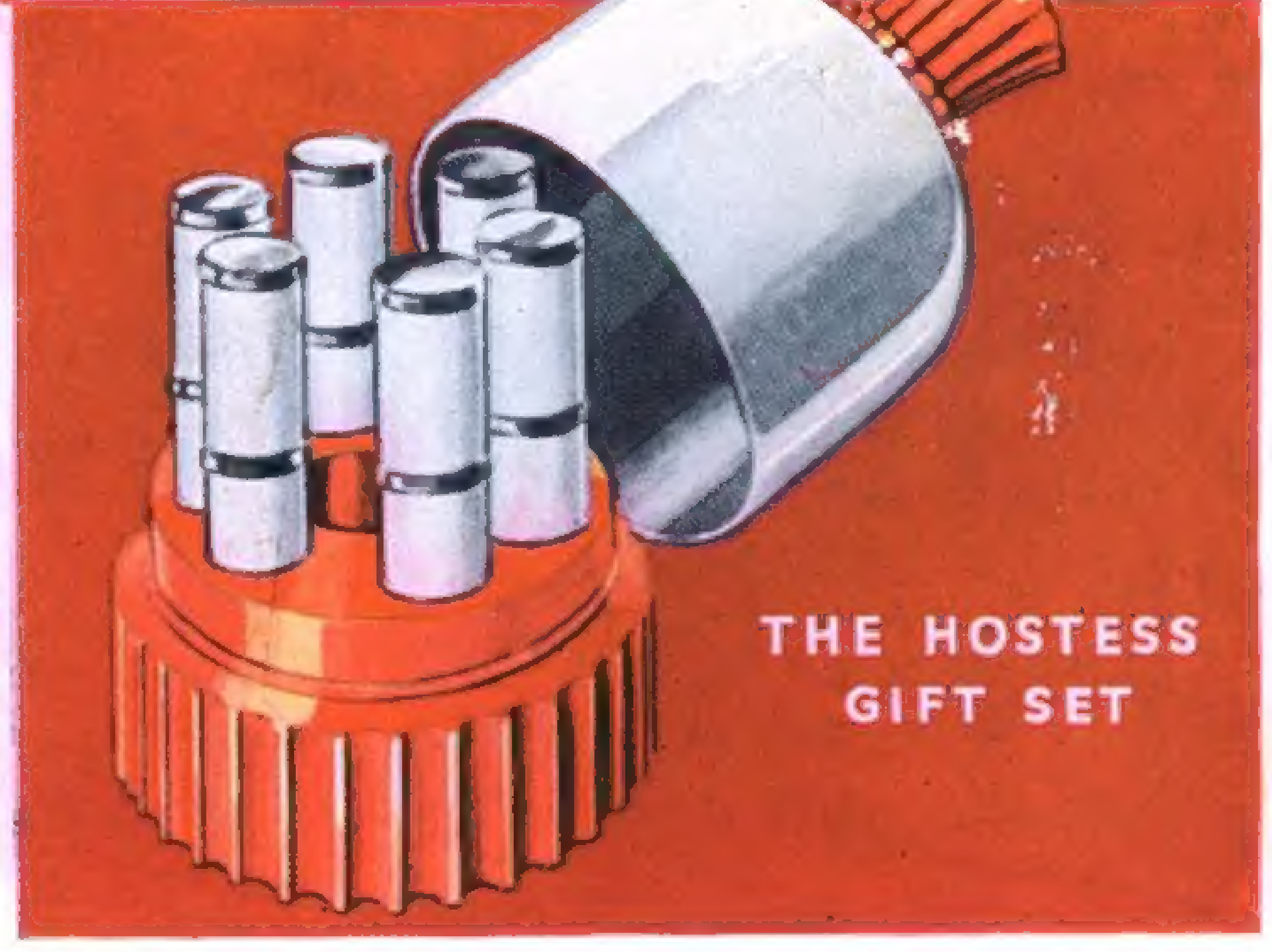


LEKTROLITE

GIVES *First-Puff* **ENJOYMENT**

It ends sulphur, match-taste that spoils enjoyment of fine tobaccos. It ends that flaring, torch-like flame that lights unevenly or sometime singes. No taste, no odor, no flame. Lektrolite gives a clear round light that adds new joy to smoking.

PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO. INC., 521 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.



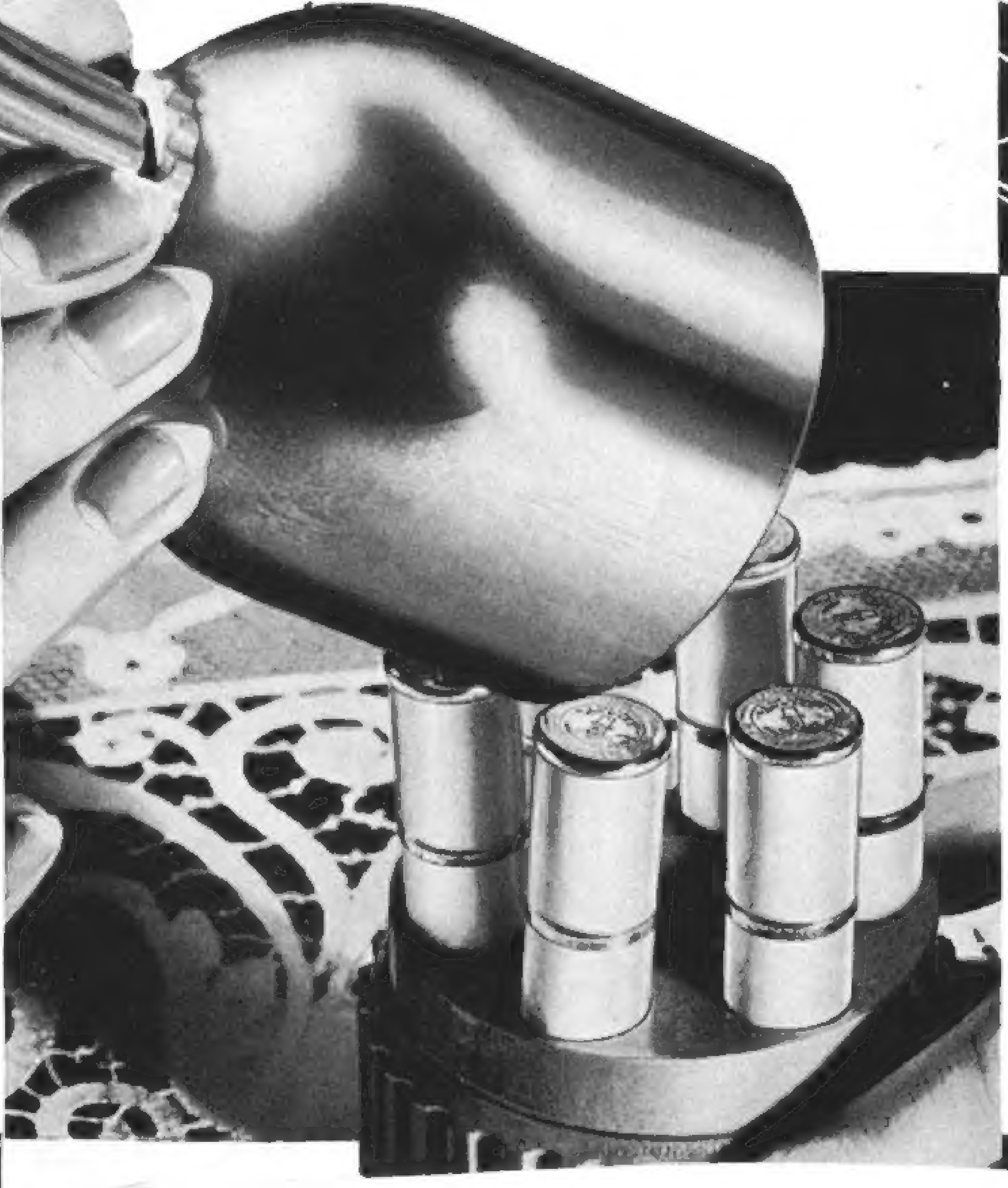
THE MOST ORIGINAL GIFT SET IDEA IN YEARS

LEKTROLITE

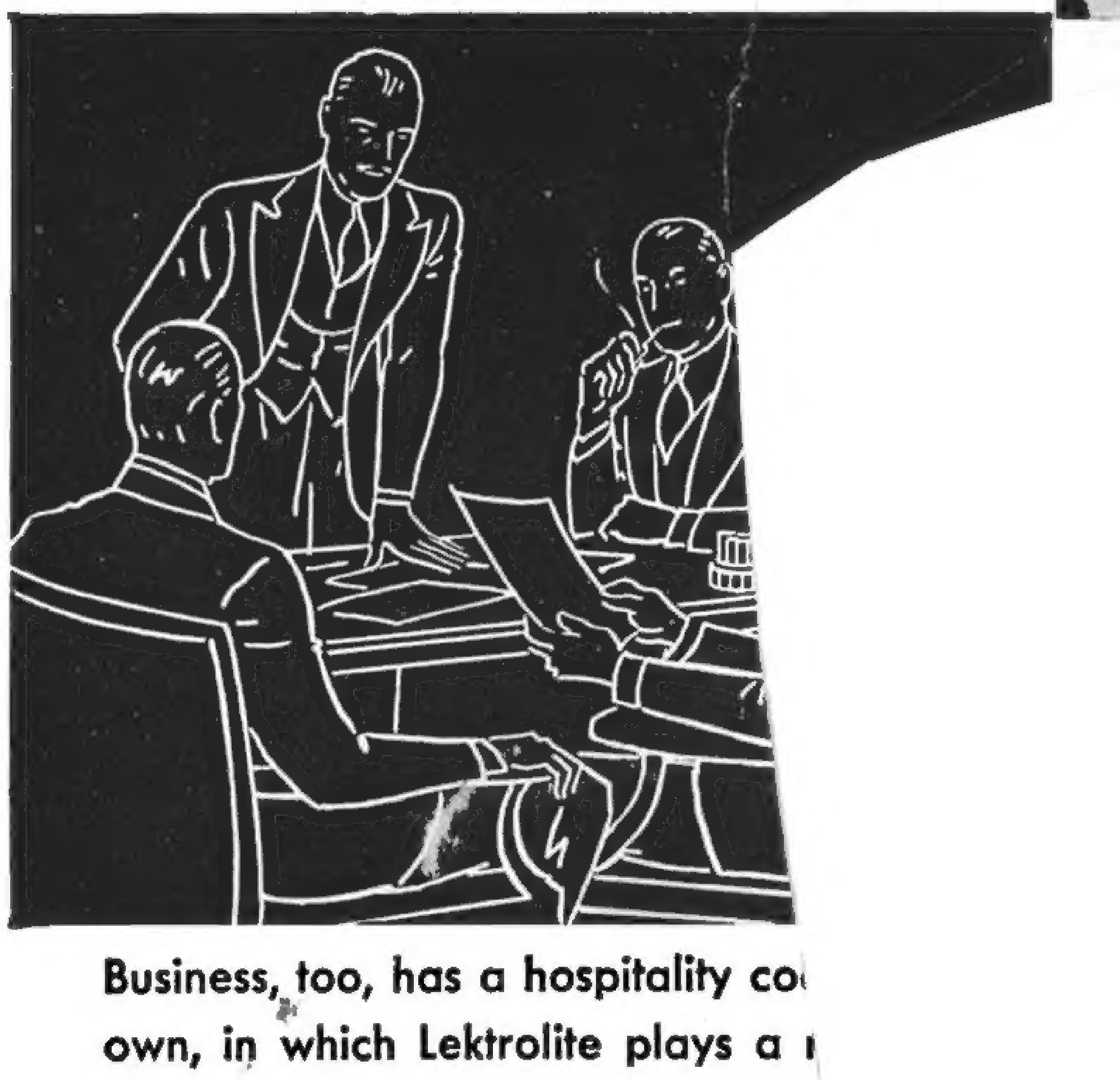
Six lighter Host or Hostess Case

Here is a gift from the gods, and perhaps from you, that will be welcomed joyously to the most formal tables, to intimate gatherings. Lektrolites belong where the art of smoking is part of well-planned living.

On formal occasions like this, flaming matches seem barbarous . . . torch-like, clumsy lighters, mechanical intruders. Modern hostesses are replacing them with Lektrolites. To offer each guest its flameless, red glow is gracious hospitality. To save a costly table cover from flaming matches is practical economy. Lektrolite is quite an entertaining necessity. Reasons enough, indeed, for placing the Lektrolite Hostess Gift Set at the top of your Xmas list.



Informal as these intimate occasions are, there is no place for unpleasant match ends, or thumb-bruising, antiquated lighters. Nor should time be taken from play or talk to fumble for and strike elusive matches. Again the handsome, Lektrolite gift case comes to the rescue. A modern, flameless lighter for each guest. And much mental thanks by the host or hostess—to the thoughtful donor of the gift case.



Business, too, has a hospitality co own, in which Lektrolite plays a efficient role. The LEKTROLITE Gift longs on the conference table. U match boxes and gadget-like lighte hereby voted discharged for unbu like, inefficient, slovenly service. A b of six Lektrolites in this handsome gif is a most acceptable and practical g any executive.

AN INVESTMENT IN SUCCESS

..that's what a Royal Portable means to you and your family!

For the busy executive—for the man of great ambitions—a Royal Portable is a constant inspiration. Its lively keys offer invaluable assistance in preparing reports, in translating nebulous ideas into concrete words for tomorrow's conference, in writing the article or story that has been stirring in your mind for ever so long.

A PROVED HELP TO CHILDREN!
Children, too, benefit amazingly. Prominent educators recommend the Royal Portable . . . advise its use, from kindergarten through high school and college. Classroom tests, conducted in educational institutions of various types, conclusively prove that it encourages neatness and accuracy; that it helps to win better grades. Not only does the Royal Portable promote an interest in study, but it also cultivates clear and fluent expression! It helps to eliminate the handicaps of struggling with pen or pencil.

ANYONE CAN USE A ROYAL PORTABLE
The very first time you use a Royal Portable . . . and even though you never have typed before . . . you will at once realize that you can write faster and easier on a Royal than by hand. That is why so many people, young and old, are truly enthusiastic about this finest of home-sized typewriters.

The Royal Portable is a de luxe model, handsome and sturdy. It is perfectly designed and constructed to give a lifetime of writing convenience. Choose from a wide variety of attractive colors and type-faces. Priced at $60. Term payments, if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

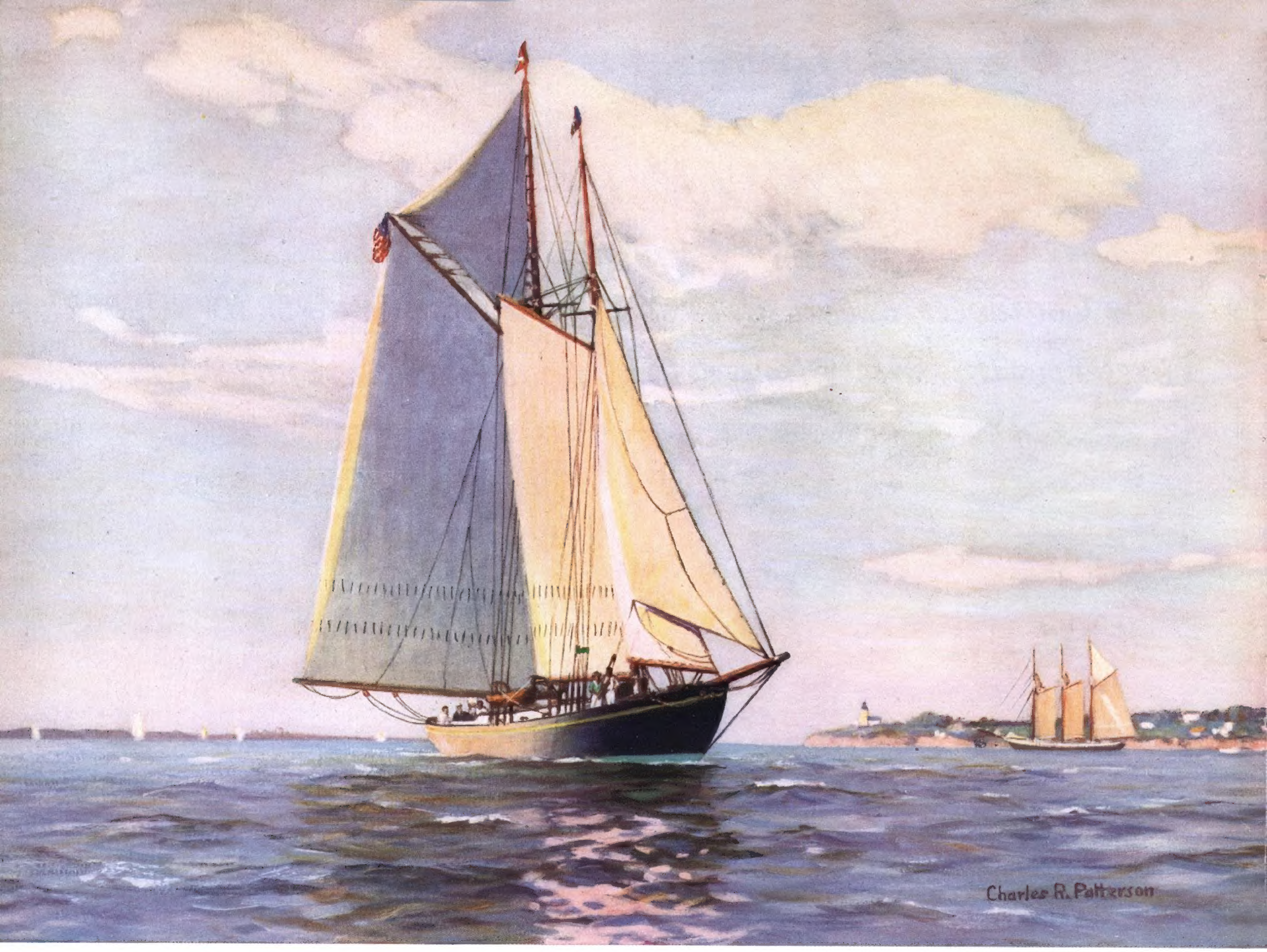
FEATURED AND SOLD BY LEADING TYPEWRITER DEALERS

AND DEPARTMENT STORES IN EVERY COMMUNITY

U.S. ROYAL
TEMPERED RUBBER

The Cogwheel Tread gives safest traction. TEMPERED RUBBER *preserves this safety for 7% to 36% more miles at no extra cost.*

Only US *builds Tires of* TEMPERED RUBBER



The Joy of Living

There are in this world, after all, only a limited number of material possessions which truly add to the joy of existence. And the quest for these happy possessions goes endlessly on—for it is one of the traits of the human spirit that it seeks, without pause, for a finer state of contentment and satisfaction. . . . We asked Mr. Patterson, the famous marine painter, to picture on canvas the realization of *one* such quest. You see here the result—a beautiful schooner, homeward bound in the soft, restful light of evening. And, certainly, it is hard to imagine a more wholesome portrayal of complete enjoyment. . . . Not everyone, of course, is permitted to know the deep-seated pleasure this canvas depicts—for only a few are privileged to enjoy this most satisfying of recreations. But it is a significant fact that, among those who *do* know the joy and pleasure of a fair wind, there is a decided preference for Cadillac automobiles . . . This, we feel, is more or less to be expected, for Cadillac comes inevitably to the forefront when motor cars are purchased for the pleasure they add to their owner's existence.

Cadillac A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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John Groth, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for your comments You will recall, perhaps, that last time we asked for comments and suggestions, "Leading with our chin" was the way we expressed it—and the way you took it! True, there isn't space enough here to list all the things you said you liked, but then, we're afraid there isn't even enough to list all the things you didn't like either.

As for your suggestions Anyway, here are the five things on which there seemed to be the nearest approach to a consensus of opinion. 1. You felt that the cover left room for nothing but improvement. We've tried to fix that. We had Sam Berman execute in clay, his conception of Esquire, then we had casts made, and then had the whole works photographed and processed in direct color by Jahn & Ollier. So think twice before you yip about this one, because it was more than twice as much work. 2. You wanted Esquire to come out oftener. So all right it's a monthly now. 3. You wanted departments on books, the theatre, etiquette, and interior decoration—that last one really surprised us, but what the hell, it's your magazine, so you got it. We also added a couple that you didn't think of. Just to remind you that we still work here, even if you are the boss. 4. You wanted the folio numbers at the top of the page, but we couldn't see any sense to it. Of course, if you insist, we'll have to move them up there, but we figured *something* could wait 'til next time. 5. The continuations! There's where you wanted to eat your cake and have it too. You said you didn't like turning the pages (who does?) and yet in the same breath you insisted on keeping the stories and articles at least as long and retaining the full-page cartoons. So we opened up the type on the carryover pages in the back, to make them easier to read, and increased the number of one-page stories and articles.

As for your criticisms The easiest way out would be to let the likes cancel the dislikes—because there was a plaudit for every plaint. *You* didn't like the page size or *you* did; *you* didn't like the paper stock, or *you* did; *you* didn't like the type face, or *you* did—well, that could go on forever.

As for your correspondence It will take us a month to answer all your letters, and another month to catch up with the contributions. But we'll do both. Meanwhile, how do you like your magazine now?

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OUR FAVORITE CRITIC

A copy of Esquire, new magazine exclusively for men, has just come to our desk. The cartoons favor Ballyhoo at its worst, the fiction might have been written by a backward boy of 12, and the sports articles are mostly the famous author's name. It has been widely advertised as the magazine of the "smart" man. If it is what the really smart man enjoys, we'll take our men a little dumber.

Concordia, Kans. Blade Empire

OUR FAVORITE CORRESPONDENT

Your magazine is a disgrace to its writers and to literature. I started to read it, and had to give it up and threw it in Lake Michigan. It ridicules love, God, and all things beautiful. May you reap failure from its continuance.

Chicago, Ill. Lover of Literature and Beauty

OUR FAVORITE POET

Here's to Esquire! Long may it cater
To Uncle and Brother; Sonny and Pater!
Keep its advertising free
From taint of femininity!
Let its advertising master
Know it is to court disaster
To exhibit in these pages
What the latest female rage is
In the way of fashion's dictum
For the Ladies. Oust—evict 'em
With the first display of scanties,
Corsets, girdles, rayon panties;
Negligées, brassiéres or dresses,
Lipstick, rouge, cosmetic messes.
Let its advertising matter
Show a cap, a bowler hat, or
Pair of high-topped rubber boots
Or comfy flannel union suits;
Kegs of beer and garden plows,
Shot-guns, rifles, Jersey cows;
Fishing tackle, pipes for smokers,
Boilers, furnaces and stokers;
Irish setters, hoes and picks,
And real Malacca walking sticks.
Here's to Esquire—and long may it cater
To all of the family but Daughter and Mater!

Indianapolis, Ind. H. L. Browning

ESQUIRE'S FIRST NIGHT

Your first issue reminds me of a first night at a new play. Everybody works like the devil, and the actors give a routine but very self-conscious performance. All the contributors in this issue seem to be suffering from stage-fright. I am very familiar with them all. You certainly done right by your public in this selection. Can you hope to live up to it?

Santa Monica, Calif. John Waller

MARK IT "PERSONAL"

The only criticism that I can make is that it is so good the women will be reading it all the time. My advice to all men is to have it sent to their office distinctly marked "Personal" so that even these most efficient secretaries can't hold out for even a day. The suggestion is a serious one and I hope you will protect the men by so doing.

Yours for a New Deal for the men,

Cincinnati, Ohio Geo. W. Melville

BALLYHOO WON'T LIKE THIS

You asked for suggestions for improvement to your sheet called Esquire. Here is one—Change the name from Esquire to "Ballyhoo 2nd."

Washington, D. C. H. G. Russell

WOMEN FROM MISSOURI

Brilliant articles, spritely stories, humor, sense, fashions, photography, advertising. Pals, you got 'em! A chuckle seized me as I meandered through your editorial ballyhoo and I didn't shake it free until I had thumbed all the way through to the reverse cover. There's only one thing amiss. If you think you've got a magazine for men you're scarewy. After showing it around the office, that first day, I laid it to one side on my desk. When I looked for it to take home that evening it was gone. Our society editor—a delightful person whose discernment is exceeded only by her utter femininity—had stolen it away. That was Monday. I recovered the magazine yesterday. (Friday)

Monitor or Index
Moberly, Missouri George Jeter

CLOTHING MFRS., PLEASE NOTE

I like to wear a derby hat. Man like, I am swayed by the wishes of the family and every fall when I go in to buy a derby I come out with a soft felt, to save my neck when I get home.

Esquire has changed all that. Your "Defense of the Iron Hat" was alone worth the price of your wonderful new magazine.

You asked for comments. Editorially perfect. Thank God that every article and story is complete in the issue. The make-up is ideal.

There is but one complaint. It seems to me that there aren't enough advertisements of men's clothing and furnishings, hats, shoes, etc. I am a space salesman and helped start a new magazine and I know that it is not easy to get manufacturers to take a chance on a new book but surely after they have seen the first issue your men won't have trouble selling them. The best of luck to you.

Chicago, Ill. Fred A. Clark

WHAT ABOUT GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S FACE?

Your new book is swell! Does that depress you —do you feel you've gotten your gonads mixed after all—if women (Lesbians don't count) are going to hail it with gusto and glee?

Don't you suppose the less anemic of us have ever pined for something a bit more hearty than Harper's Bazaar—or heady than Good Housekeeping? We have.

To save your face—our subscription is in my husband's name—

San Francisco, Calif. Lou Bray

BORROWED BY 40% AT PRINCETON

Yesterday a bombshell exploded on the campus of Princeton University. When the smoke had cleared away, we found your new magazine Esquire in the hands of 60% of the undergraduates.

The Dink, Princeton, N. J. Wm. F. Laporte, Jr.

You asked on the editorial page of your first issue how we like it. The answer seems to be unanimous. It is great! Of course a Princetonian may be partial insomuch as Princeton got a nice spot in the initial issue, but it is still great without that. The size, type, pictures, humor, and all the rest are beyond correction. And I have read it from cover to cover. Thanks for at last giving us a magazine.

The Princeton Theatre Intime
Princeton, N. J. Hess T. Sear

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

When your first blast heralded the contemplated arrival of Esquire, I was interested and curious. Interested because I felt that such a magazine could, if well handled, be tremendously well received. But curious, because I couldn't possibly conceive that "man" could provide good copy. Nor did I believe that a magazine could be made intriguing enough to attract and hold the attention of his honor, "The Male." I was wrong on both counts.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Stanley H. Oshan

TOO MUCH SEX?

Esquire is definitely a class magazine, as it should be. Your readers are among the sophisticates; business men, professional men, and sportsmen. Your editorial policy, therefore, must aim to please these types of men only. With your first issue you have set a high standard, it is true, but you have also allowed an element of cheapness to creep in. I refer of course, to the old, old subject of *sex.* Sex is no longer a moral issue, it is merely a matter of *taste.* One expects to find crude pictures (no matter how well they are drawn) in the magazines which one finds in pool halls and on street corners. But, as I have pointed out, Esquire has a much higher class of readers than the ordinary magazine. Sex adds nothing to Esquire, but it cheapens it greatly.

So let's have a magazine for *men;* a clean, virile collection of literature and art. Leave sex to the thousands of other magazines, they need it, Esquire doesn't.

La Crescenta, Calif. Wm. Salyer

. . . OR NOT ENOUGH?

It could not have been the subscribers—there were none when your first issue was made up—so I wonder who it could have been who forced you to add Mrs. Grundy to your staff. Our sweethearts and wives and daughters can read Erskine Caldwell's short stories and novels in book form, unexpurgated—but we men, for whom Esquire is supposed to be specially interesting, have to let Mrs. G. tone him down so as not to shock our tender natures! Not that I think Esquire should run specially to erotic literature but that when you do accept an article for publication it should be printed as its author wrote it, is my position. The novel of today is not expurgated for general readers (mostly young girls), so why should a magazine for men be bowdlerized? I can't help but think all your articles have been so treated and feel that I have been imposed on by subscribing to such a journal. Why not use asterisks so we men will feel *sure* you and Mrs. Grundy are caring for our morals?

Cleveland Heights, Ohio W. J. Bower

FUN WHILE IT LASTS

I enclose subscription order blank for Esquire, the swellest magazine I've looked over—*and* read—in a long while. Even if you shouldn't last as long as eight issues, it's worth $2.50 to know that some gents are bright enough and brave enough to present such a delightful and amazing collection of lusty contemporania.

Congratulations on the magazine, and I would like a copy each month instead of each quarter.

Atlanta, Ga. (Miss) Mary Tompkins

KNOW ANY NICE JOINTS?

Cut out the smut and have a regular magazine—not fit for any place but a joint.

Cleveland, Ohio
(undecipherable)

SHE OVERLOOKED US

My very sincere compliments. I believe you have contributed to American journalism a truly vital and much needed publication—one which, judging from its first appearance, is destined to make history.

Of course you must realize what an unsurpassed medium you have for bringing to light articles and stories which otherwise would not be published. The crisp definite masculinity that pervades every page of the magazine is sure to call forth from our writers and artists work of a more untrammelled, more original nature.

And your contributors! It is good that you appeal to an intelligent as well as to a masculine audience. It is rather splendid to have made of the first magazine for men something more than a typographical success. I can find no criticism of its make-up other than the excessively fine print used on those pages where material has been continued.

There are certain omissions, however, in the way of material. Neither the drama nor the movie are given any space. You completely ignore world affairs. Ah, yes! And there's Mae West! How in the name of Venus, did you happen to overlook her? What a gorgeous subject for one of your color pages! But everything considered, it is a great journal. Again, my very sincere compliments.

Lexington, Ky. Byron H. Pumphrey

Continued on page 14

Fell
For Christmas get him a Gift Box of
Interwoven Socks
Because they wear longer
©I.S.Co.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Continued from page 12

YOU'RE IN FOR LIFE

You ask for criticism of your initial effort, and for the first time in my life I am complying with that kind of a request. I was much pleased with the magazine. I think you dodged successfully the natural error of making Esquire a masculine Ladies' Home Journal—which God forbid! Hearty congratulations—and here is one reader you will have as long as you continue to produce anything half so good as Number 1.

Two criticisms:

First—the magazine is too heavy for pleasant reading. I believe you could find a paper stock with the finish and bulk that you need, but with much less clay loading, so that the weight of the finished magazine could be much less.

Second—the handling of jumps is abominable, and I just can't see why a high-class printer would tolerate it. Far too many jumps in the first place. *All* men hate them.

But I did enjoy the magazine, and wish it were a monthly.

Sincerely,

New York, N. Y. (Rev.) John W. Irwin

TRY A CLOTHING STORE

Congratulations on your wonderful start to furnish the male public with a magazine, complete in every detail, and devoted exclusively to us. While riding to business Tuesday, I happened to read your advertisement in the New York Times. It appealed to me and I decided to buy a copy of Esquire. However, it was not so easy to do, as I could not buy a copy at the first three newsstands I approached, but was successful at the fourth. The first three had sold out their supply. To be perfectly frank with you, I did not retire until three-thirty Wednesday morning, having read the magazine from cover to cover. That is how much I enjoyed it. To sum it up briefly, "it's swell!"

Very truly yours,

New York, N. Y. Erle Ray Pelton

PRAISE FROM THE PREPS

Your first edition of Esquire has caused quite a bit of comment among the fellows here at Choate, and all of it very favorable, with a note of "why didn't someone think of it before." It is a great magazine and is off to a great start. One of the only objections is that I don't think it will come out often enough!

Sincerely,

Wallington, Conn. J. Stewart Kellogg

BUT IT'S NOT FOR CHILDREN

The first number is very good, but I hope you hold the risque cartoons down to a minimum. The magazine has to be taken home to be thoroughly digested and not so good around children. Wishing you success, I am

Yours very truly,

Los Angeles, Cal. Carl G. Grimes

MR. ADE, PLEASE NOTE

Dear Sir:

It was a pleasure to receive, this morning, my copy of Esquire, and a still greater one to read it, every line—every ad—cover to cover. First, the size, shape and type of paper are all good—don't change them. Second, the contents should certainly prove satisfactory to anyone at all reasonable in their demands—the names found are certainly a pleasing cross-section of an Authors Who's-Who, even Fairbanks suits me better as a writer than an actor. All of which is to say—I like it. There is only one thing to which I can't subscribe—Mr. Ade's statement regarding pies from dried fruit. I find it hard to believe that he has left his childhood days so far in "the dear dead days" that the joy of a quarter section of dried apple pie is beyond recall. Can he say truthfully, that he never helped slice them and spread them in the sun to dry—or never waited around the kitchen making a pest of himself until Grandma took a fragrant example of the finished product from the oven? You ask him—I know the answer.

Very truly,

Blue Island, Illinois James H. Wadsworth

FISHERMAN, NOT SO CUTE

I'm a feminist—in an offensive sort of way—but you might have known that a magazine labeled (deliberately, too!) for *Men* would bring you scores of readers of the other sex.

I don't think your men need bouquets—they *know* their very high value—but I am moved to bow to Esquire. I do approve of your article "What A Married Man Should Know," but I don't believe it'll do much good. I don't think your fishermen, in the snapshots, are very cute. (My opinions are definite.) I think your inspired artists of lovely gels have let themselves go and the fluffs in panties and bra's should keep most wandering husbands by their hearths on these cold nights.

Seriously—your magazine is beautiful and interesting and very high value—format exceptionally fine.

University, Virginia Nancy E. Curtler

MR. DODSON, SEE PP. 80, 81, 97

I wish to congratulate you and your staff for a swell job called Esquire. May it have a long and successful life. Its birth was quite a happy event in my life—I have had the same idea for years but it never matured.

Thanks again for giving the men a break—a magazine that isn't full of advertisements of girdles, cosmetics, run-proof hose, beauty clinics and hygienic treatises.

As for the body of Esquire the general make-up is O.K. It is easy to read—the size is right—never cut down on your pictures and keep the color in them. You can never have enough of features. Now may I offer a suggestion or two:

Give the men who live in small towns (20 to 30 thousand) a break. Men who have fair incomes for their particular locality but who cannot afford for several reasons to keep up with the various styles in men's clothing.

You might help the men furnish their apartments—give them ideas—about the furniture, rugs, drapes, prints and the like.

Again I salute Esquire.

Sincerely

Danville, Va. William H. Dodson, Jr.

LADY, YOUR BET IS SAFE

My husband will not receive his copy for about a month as he is away at sea, and I am most impatient to have his opinion of it. As to selling the wives, in this case it doesn't have to be done—I am already sold, most thoroughly and enthusiastically.

Congratulations and the most complete success with this new publication. It is great—interesting, cheerful and the colored illustrations are very attractive. If you do not find that a great many women are squabbling with their husbands, brothers and boy friends as to who shall read Esquire first, then I miss my bet.

Please don't forget that we down here in mid-Pacific are just as interested, eager and alert for new ideas along every line as our countrymen on the mainland. And if opportunity arises to present fashions and fancies pertinent to this particular climate, environment and its inhabitants, please don't overlook your readers in the Paradise of the Pacific.

Again with all good wishes for the success of your enterprise, I am

Honolulu, Hawaii Mrs. W. B. Hodgkinson

AT LEAST, WE'LL FLOURISH

All praise to Esquire for its contents. I doubt if any such array of writers ever appeared in print in any one magazine at one time before. I sincerely hope you will not "fold up" like so many other newcomers but will continue to flourish and prosper. Although I have only this first issue, I will certainly miss Esquire if it does not continue.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Howard W. Sieger

MR. GROTH, PLEASE NOTE

May one who knows nothing about publishing be allowed to say a few words?

You say you are publishing a magazine for men. But what kind of men? Those who are incoming over five thousand a year? Or for those who are only interested in sports, eating, clothes, and smart cartoons, being more or less like the Chicago Fair, having a good deal of nudity about them. This John Groth isn't so hot either even if he is your art director.

What are men as a class interested in? I would say, from several years observation, they are interested in the following subjects, listed in the order of their interest to the American male with horse sense. Sports, women, the funnies, dirty stories, drinking, eating, betting or gambling, cards, races, stock market speculation, etc., automobiles and travel, clothes, movies, the radio, the theatre, books, especially mystery stories and sex novels, music, art, and modernistic furnishings to a lesser degree or not at all. I forgot to put in dancing, women being the attraction and musical comedy with its catching tunes, off color jokes, and its nudity. Some men have a vivid interest in politics, others just vote. A minor number have economic, social improvement, and financial interests.

I wish you success but also that the magazine gets better and that it covers a wider field of the average man's interests. The man who has at least a high school education with much experience of the better sort grafted on that start.

Very truly yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. Edward E. Herbst

I recently read your first issue from cover to cover and can honestly say that it is the number one American publication. Your art editor, John Groth, seems to be a most unusual person, and of course, the collection of names you have is a feat that has been attained by few other magazines.

With best regards,

Tucson, Arizona Roy C. Pullen

WHAT ABOUT THE SECOND?

The first issue is so good it seems to me you are going to have a hell of a hard time keeping up with it.

Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y. W. J. Welsh, Jr.

TELL THIS TO THE MARINES

Thank God for one magazine that does not reek of lipstick, hair remover and sanitary appurtenances.

J. E. Crittenden

U. S. Air Corps, Langley Field, Va.

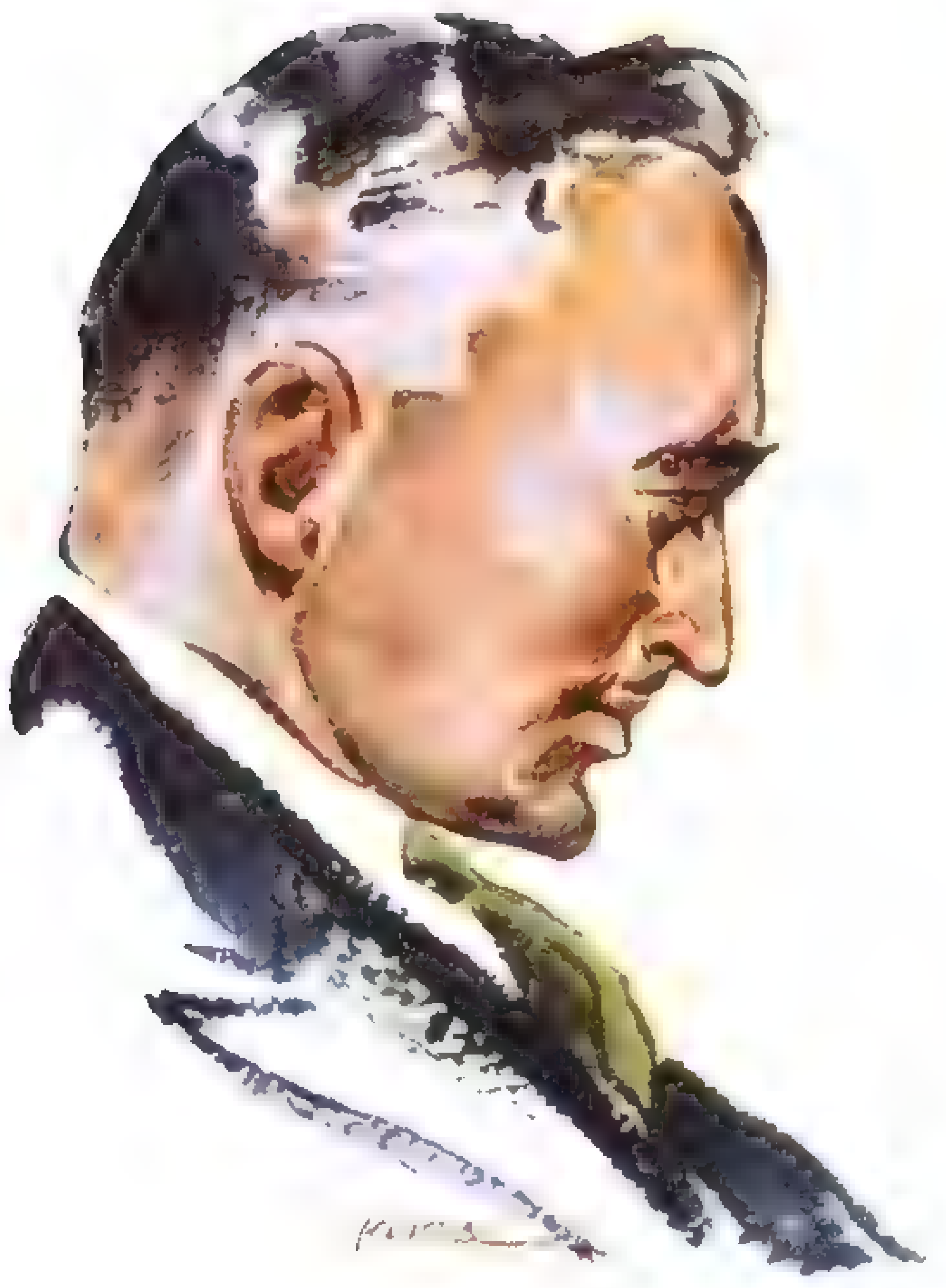
BINDING ANY BETTER NOW?

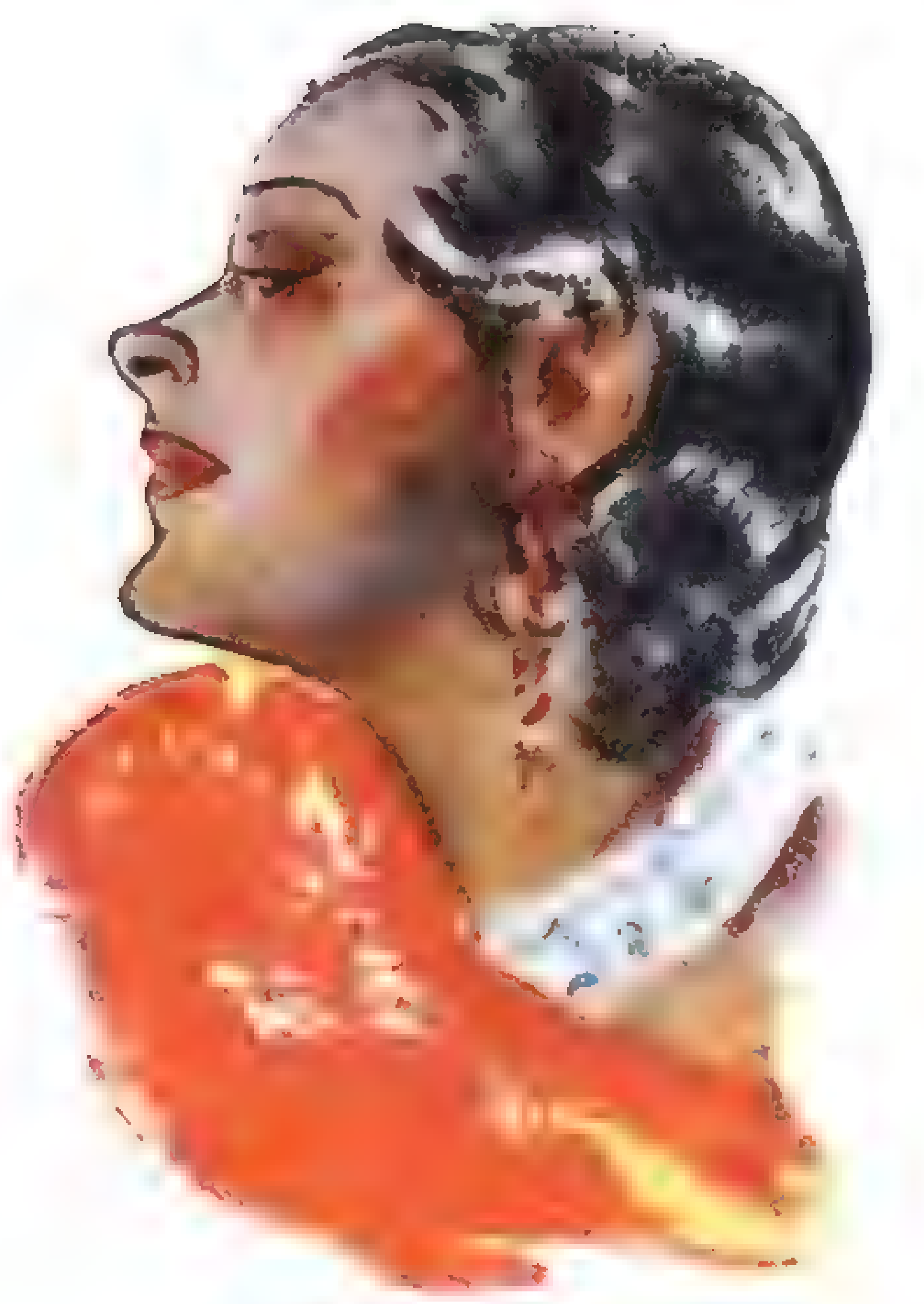
In the first issue of your magazine Esquire you asked for comments from subscribers. I like the magazine fine; no continued stories, everything written from a masculine viewpoint and the authors are among the best in the land. On the other hand I am very muchly disappointed in the way the magazine is bound. It seems a shame that such a good magazine should lose its permanent value because of a poor binding. My copy held up for about three articles, and after that I had to finish the magazine by digging the written material out of a basket.

I expect to keep liking this magazine but I do want you to know that my reaction calls for a binding that will stand up under masculine treatment.

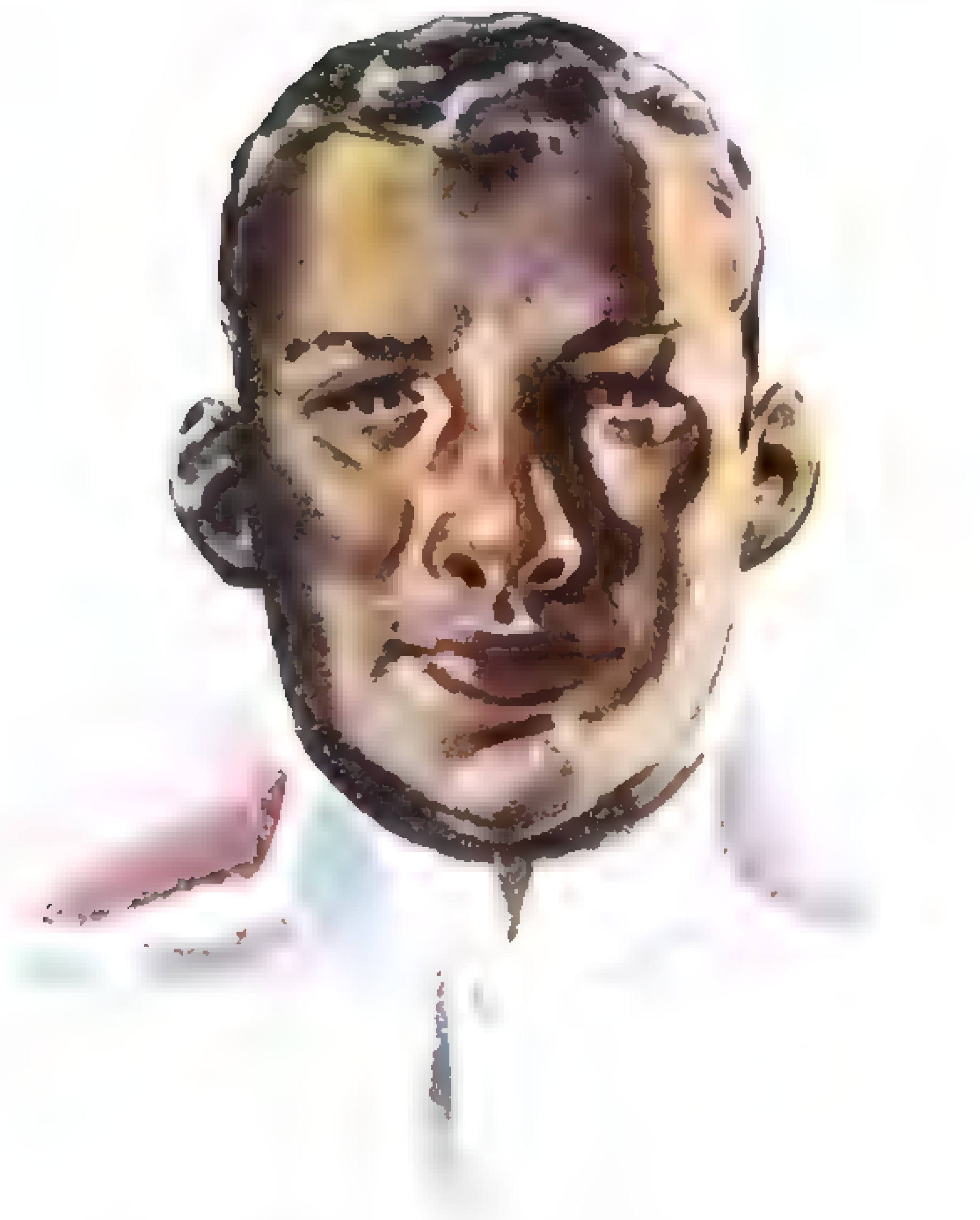
Yours very truly,

Huntsville, Texas W. E. L.





Three Characters IN SEARCH OF A MAGAZINE THAT IS Unhampered BY THE OLD Taboos



"A GOOD JOB GONE"

"Mr. Lloyd had plenty of money, liked his licker and his women young and pretty. Out of one of the Harlem night clubs he picked up Pauline, one of these golden browns like an Alabama moon. From then on the blondes didn't have a break. A sugar-brown had crowded the white babies out, and he loved her like a dog. But she had a colored boy-friend—a tall black good looking guy, a number writer on 135th Street. Mr. Lloyd found out about him and they had a hell of a quarrel." *Well, we mustn't spoil it by telling too much, but that little high brown told that rich white man that he could go to the devil. And that, both figuratively and literally, is just what he did.*

WE HAVE a story by Langston Hughes, brilliant young Negro author whose work has appeared in some of the country's leading magazines. But this is the kind of story that no commercial magazine would touch with a ten foot pole.

Now ESQUIRE is a commercial magazine — don't ever let anybody tell you different. And yet, ESQUIRE hates to fall into the old ruts that have been worn so deep by the formula-type stories that comprise the bulk of the fiction in the so-called "slick paper" magazines.

This is a man's magazine. It isn't edited for the junior miss. It isn't dedicated to the dissemination of sweetness and light. It is addressed to an adult male audience, and feels that its stories ought, therefore, to be allowed to depart from the beaten track.

The story in question is briefly sketched in the synopsis at the left. How about it? We'd like to print it. And we think, if you'll lay aside your old prejudices for five minutes, that you'll enjoy reading it. There ought to be one magazine in America in which a man can read stories like this. But it's entirely up to you. Tell us what you want ESQUIRE to be.

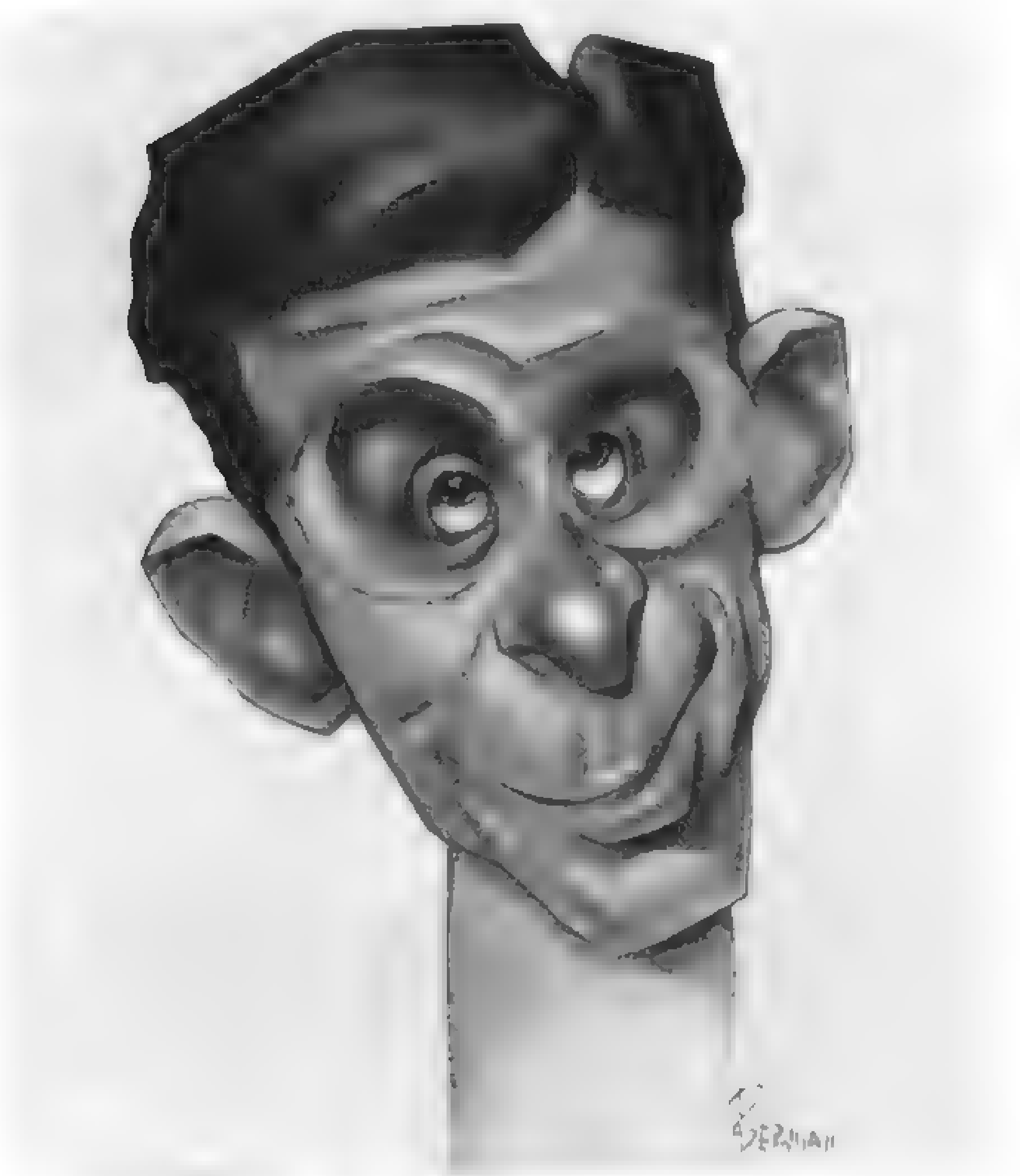
ESQUIRE's distribution is now completely national. If the yeas outnumber the nays in thirty-six of the forty-eight states (or in that proportion, if all states are not heard from) then this story will appear in an early issue of ESQUIRE, and will be followed by others that are similarly at sixes and sevens with the usual run of magazine fiction. Address the Editor of ESQUIRE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., despite the fact that some of you still won't believe it, writes his own stuff. There are times when we wish he didn't. If he had a nice convenient ghost writer in New York, his article "Yokel, Yokel, Little Star," scheduled for this issue, would be among those present. As it is, his mss. had to be mailed from London and had not arrived up to the time of going to press with this issue. It will appear in the February number. Mr. Fairbanks is our most widely, and violently, discussed contributor.

•

To begin consideration of the content of this issue with the front cover, **Sam Berman**, who made the models of Esquire and his dog, is a young man who came into Manhattan art circles by way of Hartford and Newark, where he worked on newspapers. While still a student, he discovered that he was doomed to caricature. Try as he would, he could never delete the now notorious Berman touch from his efforts at academic portraiture. Casual acquaintances, with what he cannot help but regard as questionable praise, have told him that his least distorted creation is the accompanying sketch of himself.



Sam Berman

He becomes a trifle wistful when they exclaim with bright-eyed candor, "What an excellent likeness!" The curtain of the Joe Cook show, "Hold Your Horses," on which he collaborated with Russell Patterson, features one hundred fifty of his caricatures of chronic first nighters. He has also been doing work for the new Moley-Astor weekly publication, "Today."

•

Paul Morand is a member of the Quai d'Orsay, the French foreign office. His father was French, his mother Russian, and he was educated in England. Having been around the world many times, he is a true cosmopolite, but remains a devoted Frenchman. He is the author of a number of books, but the best known is still the famous "Open All Night," written about fifteen years ago.

•

Westbrook Pegler is the sports reporter who writes literature. Until recently he was under exclusive contract to the Chicago Tribune, although he has lived in the east for a number of years. He now writes for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, and will write as often as we can persuade him to, for Esquire.

•

Emil Ludwig is the famous biographer of Bismarck and Napoleon. He was born in Breslau in North Germany in 1881 and, although he had been writing plays from the age of fifteen, he did not begin the biographical portraits which have brought him fame until the age of thirty. He detests the historical novel, on the ground that it perverts both history and fiction. His biographies read like novels, but his aim is to make them of absolute documentary veracity, yet to hide the documentation like so much plumbing. He likes Weimar but not Potsdam; Europe but not Asia. When Hitler came into power, Ludwig's books were burned and he has since lived the life of an exile.

•

Alexandre Millerand is, among the many men who have held the post of President of the French Republic, one of the very few who have tried to make it mean more than titular leadership by an exercise of rights and powers as the head of the nation. He began his career with the study of law. He was soon appointed to the Court of Appeals and became, successively, a deputy in the national legislature, Minister of Commerce, Minister of War, Prime Minister, and President.

•

Owen Johnson, having been decorated Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, ought to be beyond all possible suspicion of being anti-French. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has written plays, short stories, magazine articles and novels. One of the best known, among the latter, was "Children of Divorce," which was filmed. He was born in New York and educated at Yale.

•

Ernest Hemingway is in Paris.

•

John Dos Passos has returned from Spain, where he made the drawing accompanying the Hemingway Spanish letter. He is at work on two books, one a politico-economic book on Spain, the other a novel which is a sequel to "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919." The biography of Speedy Taylor, in this issue, forms a part of the material to be included in the novel.

•

John Groth is in Mexico, to do a portfolio of drawings which will appear in an early issue of Esquire.

E. Simms Campbell

E. Simms Campbell is a young Negro artist and humorist who has lived in St. Louis, Chicago and New York. He was a student at the Art Institute in Chicago. Unlike many of the humorous artists, who buy the ideas for their drawings, he is his own gag man.

Frederick Van Ryn is the co-author of that historical novel "The Evil Empress" by the late Grand Duke Alexander, which is now being serialized in The Redbook. He has the distinction of having written for publication in five different countries in four different languages (Russia, Germany, France, England and the United States).

•

George Ade is best known for his fables in slang and for short humorous pieces, but he has written many plays, including the "Sultan of Sulu," "The College Widow," "The Bad Samaritan," "Marse Covington," and "Nettie." He was born at Kentland, Indiana, in 1866.

•

Gilbert Seldes will be a regular contributor to Esquire, covering that field which he staked out as his own ten years ago with the publication of "The Seven Lively Arts."

•

Dwight Fiske is currently performing his highly individual specialty act at the Mayfair Yacht Club in New York.

•

Montague Glass was born in England, of Jewish parentage, in 1877. His article in this issue was incorrectly classified on our cover, through force of habit, we suppose, as humor. As will be apparent upon even a cursory glance, it is something more than that.

Fred C. Kelly

Fred C. Kelly is nationally known as a writer on finance and economics and is the author of a syndicated feature known as Kellygrams. He travels about the world a good deal and writes, between times, at his large farm in Ohio. When he is in New York he shuns the night life but is an able guide to all the out of the way foreign restaurants and centers with which few New Yorkers are familiar.

Mr. Kelly is an ardent dog lover. He says that his chief amusements are training dogs, learning sleight of hand tricks and studying the characteristics of his fellow men. He is at present working on a series of articles for Esquire.

•

Jack Dempsey is still in the boxing game, in the dual capacity of referee and promoter. His long tenure of the heavyweight title dated from 1919 to 1926.

•

Robert Buckner was the subject of a comprehensive biographical note in the first issue of Esquire. His story in this issue, "Little Augie and the Davis Cup," was written last April, when the first plans for this magazine were getting under way, and was intended for the first issue. In the interim, the unthinkable happened, the British victory at the Roland Garros Stadium making something of a bum out of Buckner's story. And, on the rebound from the first surprise of that news, he hastily substituted "Stonewall and Ivy." It was not for nothing, however, that the canny author spent some years of his young life in Edinburgh. Upon thinking things over, he inserted two words which made the story as good as new. They were "in 1932."

•

Thomas Burke has long been famous for his stories of the out of the way places in London, chiefly the Limehouse section. A native Londoner, orphaned when very young, his early childhood was spent with an uncle in the London district of Poplar, visited by Chinamen and other foreigners. He spent the years between the ages of nine and thirteen in an orphan asylum—"four years of unspeakable humiliation, oppression, and spiritual mortification." From his early years he remembers vividly his friendship with Quong Lee, the Chinese philosopher who figured in his "Limehouse Nights." Beginning to write at sixteen, he got a job in the office of a literary agent at nineteen and submitted some of his work to his employer. He has been writing continually, and with notable success, ever since.

•

Irvin S. Cobb was born at Paducah, Kentucky in 1876 and at nineteen edited the Paducah Daily News. You may have forgotten that he was a correspondent for The Saturday Evening Post during the war, and you may never have known what the middle "S" stood for. Shrewsbury.

•

William Steig, whose drawing "Whip-poor-will" in the first issue, seems to have puzzled everybody except bird lovers and friends of same, has obliged us with something nice and obvious for this issue, and he'll be pretty darn mad if he gets any letters asking for an explanation, or a diagram, of its point.

HOWARD BAER

Howard Baer, whose oil painting "At the Walkathon" was one of the most popular single features of the first issue, hails from Finleyville, a mining town just outside of Pittsburgh. He went to art school at Carnegie Tech and then moved to New York. He has illustrated five books, among them the Liveright edition of Balzac's "Physiology of Marriage."

•

André Maurois is the subject, as often as anybody, of that favorite French critical crack about "wearing the mantle of Anatole France." He is chiefly noteworthy, to American readers, for having accomplished the seemingly next-to-impossible, in making best sellers of the biographies of poets. Accurate historic biographies in the form of romance are his forte. His newest book is "Edward VII."

Continued on page 157

1848 1933

ESQUIRES

WHETHER making steeplechase history, or piloting some great business, or winning their laurels in exploits of war, they *play the game* and take the barriers as they come.

In the details of their homes and their dress, they make no compromise with quality. Since 1848, Skinner's Silks and Satins have enriched the garments of up-to-the-minute Americans.

William Skinner & Sons, New York

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

SKINNER'S LININGS

Cocktail Hour Around The World

A toast to the youth of the grape and the health of Mother Earth, in an armchair tour of the world

by PAUL MORAND

Suspended in the heavens, above oceans and frontiers, I should like to be the Almighty so that I might contemplate the entire universe. At one stroke I could enjoy all the promises of happiness, all the pleasures, all the travellers' tales, all the lures of the steamship companies. Just as philosophers instantaneously conceive the "totality of time," so Satan, exercising an ancient prerogative, reserves to himself the privilege of ubiquity. The inhabitant of this earth who has gone over the planet many times may call himself a citizen of the world; he alone can follow these noble examples. Is he not himself a demi-god of space, a kind of demon in action? Once he is at home (that is, granting his life has a center and that he has a house somewhere where he can rest awhile), he can enjoy in solitude certain sentimental and geographical pleasures, just like an actual magician. The fastest aeroplane, the most erratic yacht of the most extravagant millionaire could never cover quite the same distance as he can in thought. All the continents he has covered, one by one, all the races he has successively encountered, can be evoked by him, glass in hand, as he pleases. He holds the globe between the palms of his hands, as even the most insignificant kings boast of doing; with a smile he can twist his globe around, regretfully, indulgently. "I was there and such-and-such a thing happened." Nights, lighthouses, moons, the sighs of women, the odor of fruit, the smell of various drinks whirl around in his memory, like stars around the sun. Each memory projects a charming light upon those delightful and moving things, a light which retrieves them from oblivion. It is the melody of the world, played by a lonely musician, played only to himself, outside of Time and Space.

"Now," he will say to himself, "it is twelve forty-five." Downtown Manhattan, the beautiful skyscraper escarpments tower above the Atlantic. On the top floor of the bank buildings the presidents and vice-presidents are opening their libraries, which consist solely of the backs of books: "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," or Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." Behind this bookish screen are rows of bottles; rye, gin, and port, with glasses and shakers. "A quick one, before we face the storms of Wall Street."

Now let us go to Cuba, approximately the same longitude. In the hall of the Sevilla Hotel, riddled like a sieve by the machine-guns of the insurgents, they are drinking the cloudy juice of pineapples and limes, mixed with rum. Further on, at Kingston, Jamaica, sitting back in their swinging chairs, at the edge of the swimming pool, the expensive winter visitors, all dressed up in white linen, are drinking white rum with a sprinkling of cinnamon, in order to stimulate their appetites for lunch. Further on, in Lima, at the same hour, not far from the cathedral, as they come out of Mass, the business men are drinking an *aguardiente* at the hotel bar, and in the hills the Indian hurls laughing-water down his throat.

At the same moment in Paris, it is a quarter past five in the afternoon. At the Ritz, Cambon side, the cars are stopping and the sexes are separating: to the right the ladies' bar, to the left the gentlemen's bar. Francis, the barman, who looks like Caligula, already knows whether Mr. Alfred Savoir's play will be a hit and who are the real people in M. Bourdet's new comedy. He knows them all and Paris has no secrets for him. Bronxes and gin fizzes accumulate on the mahogany tables and dominate the piles of saucers like watchmen in their towers. It is still a little too early for men to drink (life in Paris is later than in New York), so the American women, raising their veils, enjoy the rich, fruity fragrance of some sweet Mediterranean wine, in order to pull themselves together after the exhausting labor of trying on a new dress, of a short walk, or of kilometers of painted masterpieces in museums.

Drinking is most charming on the shores of the Mediterranean. There the wines are headier than elsewhere. Beneath the plane-trees of Provence, the pines of Monte Carlo, or in Cadiz or Palermo, vermouth with its grassy taste, white anisette, absinthes colored by the smoky opal of water, are a better preliminary for happy people who eat lightly before sleeping than the Anglo-Saxon cocktails and the harsh Nordic brandies.

In St. James's Street, London, it is the hour for pale Sherry and dark Sherry, drawn from little Spanish caskets, accompanied by squares of Chester cheese and tiny sausages into which a little wooden pick is stuck. In the swagger clubs the gentlemen consume these and religiously unfold the evening paper. Although Sherry is a Spanish wine, it is still possible to say: "Buy British," because Spanish wines are an English colony, Gibraltars of the grape! Old Crusted Port, and Amontillado, are drunk sitting on barrels, as the boatmen of the Thames drank their sack in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

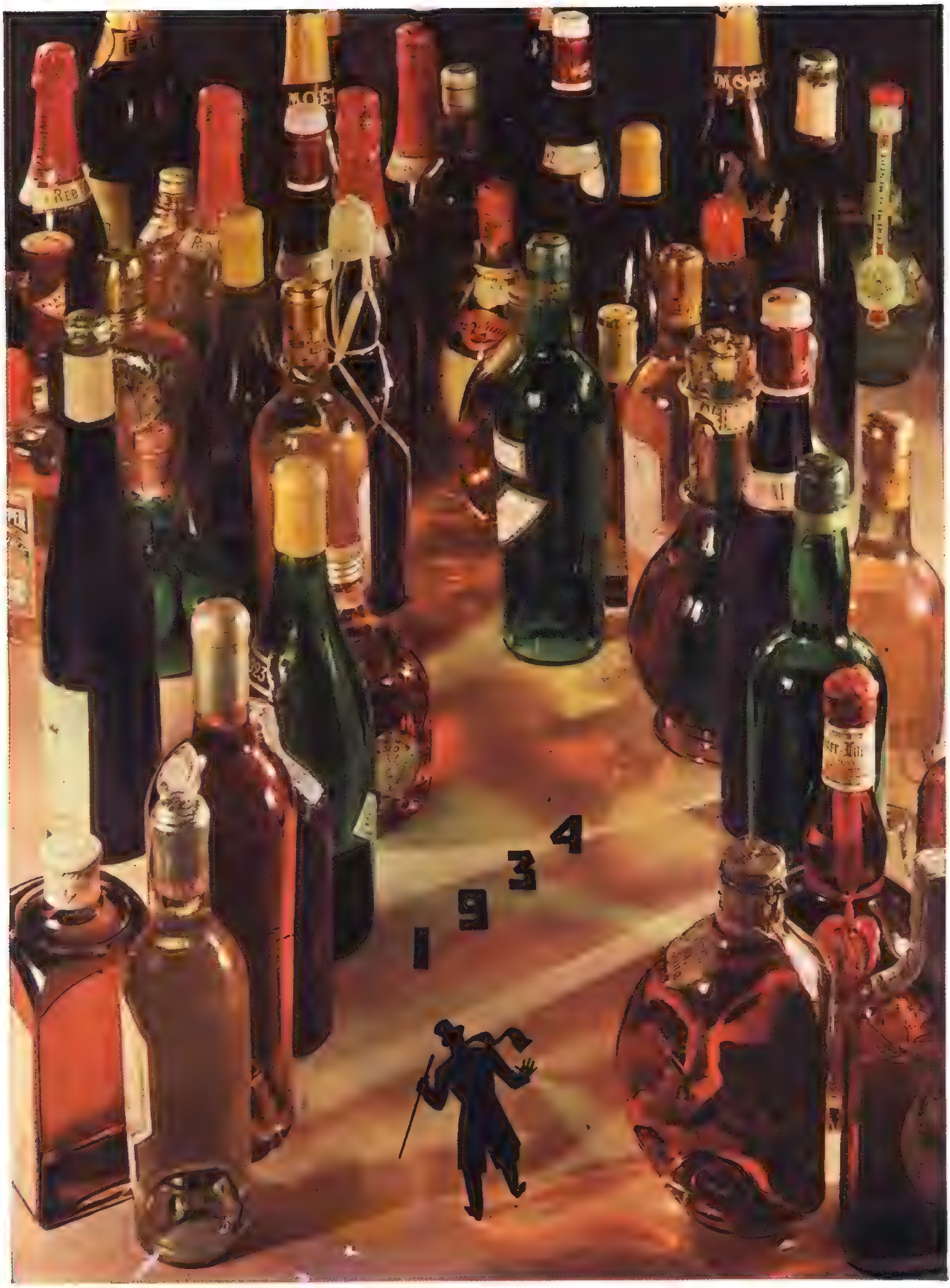
At six in the evening London has already had much more to drink than Paris: whiskeys, brandies, gins, ales, flow from the freshly opened bars, at the hour when it is legal to sell liquor. In the lounge bars lukewarm and sticky beer is drunk by workmen with mufflers around their necks, in the saloon bars whiskey is drunk by white-collared gentlemen, even if their collars are made of celluloid. London swallows everything brutally. Drinking is a pleasure in itself; it is not a prelude to other pleasures, not a stimulant like port wine in bachelor flats, with shaded lights and incense burning, in voluptuous Paris.

An hour later in Berlin. In Haus Vaterland the tzigane orchestra, in embroidered shirts, emerges from its rustic cabin and approaches the Rhine valley. This journey is made by a lift, because there are only two floors between these two countries. In this monstrous beer and sausage cavern, at any hour, from noon till midnight, white wine sparkles in colored glasses and beer overflows the earthenware steins. It is after six o'clock; the movies are opening and the Kurfürstendam is seized in an orgy of electric light. From now on this solace is the exclusive privilege of Aryan throats; the Semitic and nomadic tribes may not participate. Berlin drinks. 800,000,000 litres of beer have been consumed, beer as brown as the brown shirts. As if this amount of liquid were not enough, Berlin has one other drink, as an apéritif: a long and spluttering speech on the radio by der Führer.

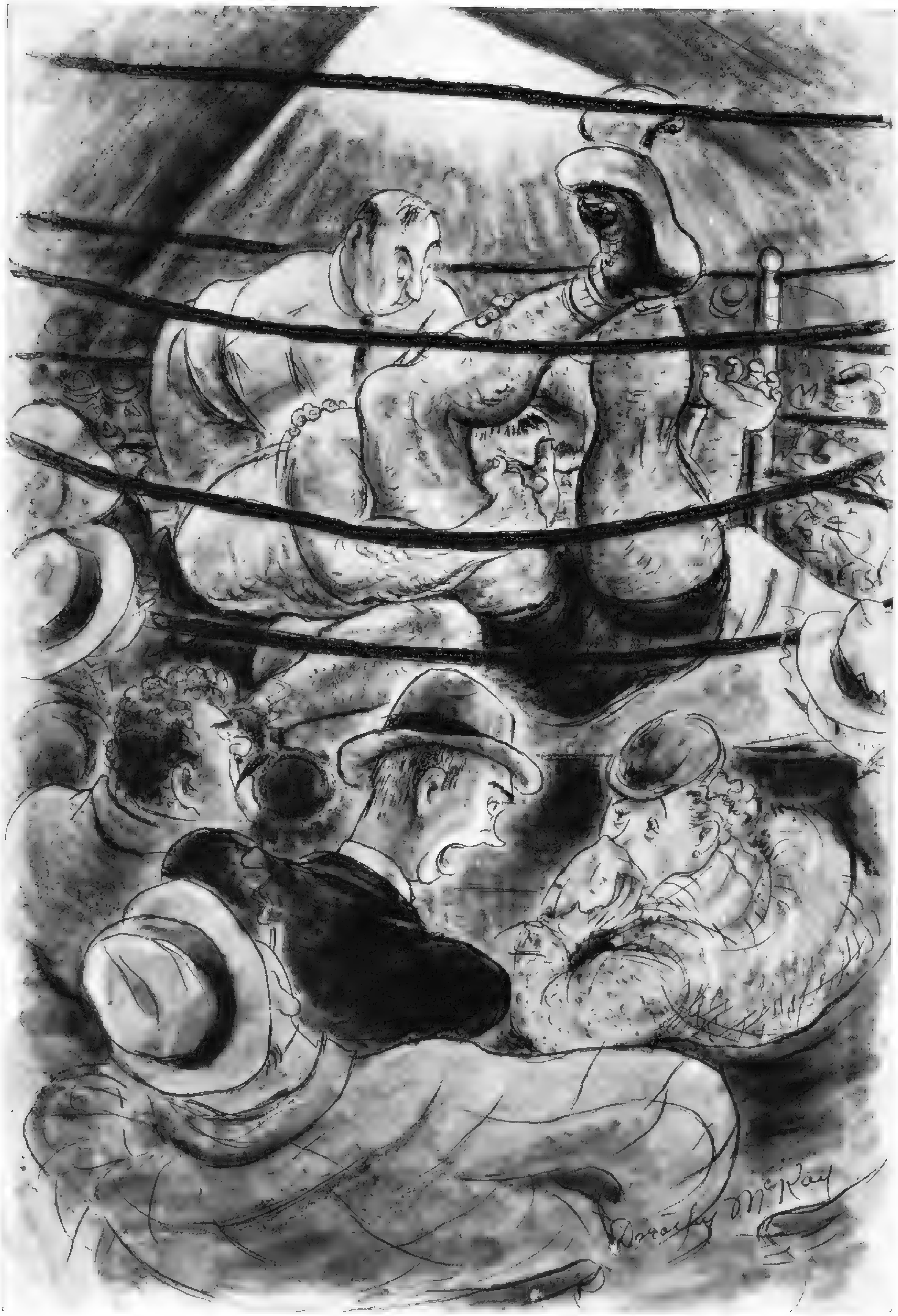
If it were possible to make a movie of this lyrical period in human activity, when the entire human race is simultaneously engaged in seeking oblivion in alcohol and fermented liquors, one would have to show a series of flashes. By clever camera work one might show a river of beer flowing over Germany and then being transformed into a real, huge liquid force: the Nile.

Then the screen would show: "Seven-fifteen, Luxor." The pink sunlight falls behind the Valley of the Kings and on the terraces of the Imperial. Young American girls leap out of the water onto the bank, from a flat dahliah, which is anchored for the night amongst the barques with their triangular sails. Darkness falls quickly; it is

Continued on page 148



WET MILLENNIUM *by* MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE



"Why'ncha take a aspirin?"

ARE WRESTLERS PEOPLE?

One of the thinkers of our time pokes a probe into the libido of wrestler and worm

by WESTBROOK PEGLER

OFTEN, as I have sat at the ringside, watching great, hairy lumps of living meat spank, throttle and wring one another, it has occurred to me to wonder whether wrestlers love and are loved and whether they really suffer. Or are they, like the fishworm, incapable of emotion and insensible to pain?

Perhaps I am wrong in assuming that the fishworm has neither sentiments nor senses but I do assume as much because it spares my conscience on those rare occasions—the last one was in 1926—when I string him on the hook. I did have a twinge of misgiving some time ago when I read in a sporting-goods catalog of a device for luring the fishworm from his hole in the ground. This was an electrical apparatus, something like a tuning-fork, which, being jabbed in the ground near the worm-hole, uttered a faint mooing note and brought the male, or bull, worm charging out of the soil with his neck arched and his pulses pounding in his veins.

It suggested that the fishworm might have depths after all and that we might all be mistaken in our easy belief that because he does not quack, bark or snarl, he doesn't know he is being ill-treated. Maybe he is just reticent. There are New Englanders like that but we call them canny.

It would be very unchivalrous, I think, to impose upon the most beautiful sentiment of all in any of God's creatures with the siren call of love to seduce him to his doom. This, moreover, is quite aside from the moral aspect of the matter. Sex is something which Nature has implanted in all of us and in its proper relation to life is a very beautiful thing. But I would call it most immoral to inflame the fishworm's passions by artificial means even though we did not string him on a hook but merely left him there, bothered, bewildered and breathing hard.

The wrestler is a strange organism. It has certain characteristics which must test the conviction of the most confirmed Fundamentalist, suggesting that 'way, 'way back in some rocky cave all of us were wrestlers. It walks on its hind legs, it can be trained to speak and understand and Mr. Jack Curley, the promoter of wrestling shows, once had one in his herd which could cook a good dinner. However it cooked only one dinner for Mr. Curley.

He was entertaining a party of friends at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, that night and his wrestler had cooked pheasant for them. During the meal, Mr. Curley remarked to the lady sitting next him that his cook was a wrestler.

"Oh, I would like to see it," the lady said and Mr. Curley, clapping his hands, cried, "Wrestler! Come heren sie!"

That was Mr. Curley's way of addressing this wrestler. It was a German. When he wanted the wrestler to go down-stairs he said, "Wrestler! Down-stairsen sie" and when he wanted it to go up-stairs he said, "Wrestler! Up-stairsen sie." The ablative, you know.

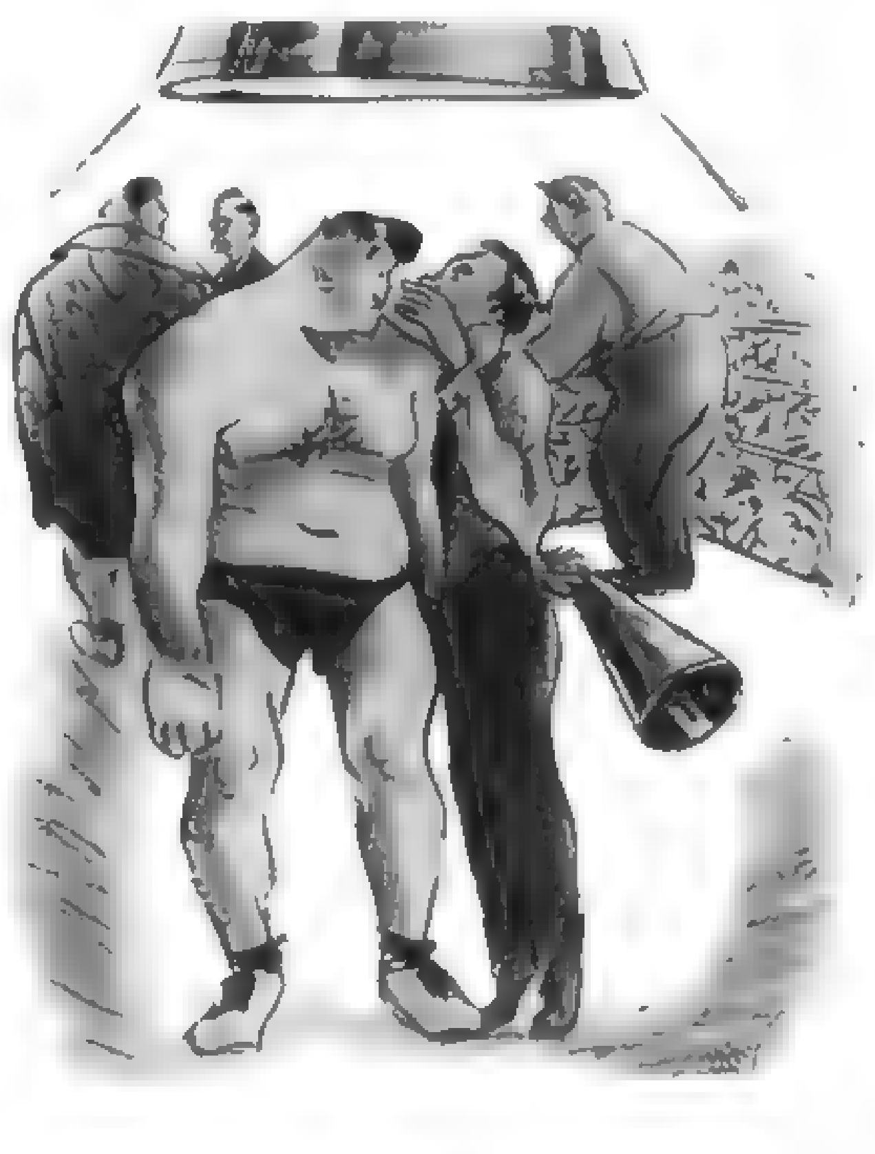
So when the lady said she would like to see the wrestler which had cooked the dinner, Mr. Curley clapped his hands and called, "Wrestler! Come heren sie!"

The kitchen door opened and the wrestler entered. It was wearing a pair of wool wrestling trunks and sneakers. Its hide and the fur on its chest were moist.

"Wrestler," said Mr. Curley, "dinner is very good tonight."

"Jah?" said the wrestler, puckering its face in an appreciative grin and blinking its knobby ears. "Fine. But boy it is hot in that kitchen. Look how the sweat runs off of me."

Many a night at the ringside I have heard laymen sitting in the forward rows explain to their ladies that the punishment which wrestlers inflict on one another really does not hurt them as they are used to it and cannot feel, anyway. This is of a piece with the assumption that the fishworm cannot feel. I am not sure that it is true.



The fishworm wiggles and squirms when it is put upon the hook and the wrestler trumpets terribly and whooshes and writhes when it is being twisted in the ring. This may only mean that some vague intuition, such as turtles possess, is telling the wrestler not to go over on its back. Yet the wrestler is so amenable to training that it is comparatively easy to teach it to recognize a signal and, in violation of a strong natural instinct, to roll over on its back momentarily after thirty or forty minutes of wrestling, while the referee gives its adversary a slap on the shoulder signifying that it has won the contest.

The word contest, of course, is merely a trade term. Most of the minor politicians who constitute the various prizefight commissions and supervise wrestling do not authorize its use in connection with wrestling bouts. They insist upon calling them exhibitions and the newspaper boys who cover them call them mockeries or make-believes and refer to that thirty or forty minutes of action which precedes the fall as the squirm.

Wrestling is the one hazardous occupation in the sport department of journalism because wrestlers are vindictive in a dumb way and one never can tell when one of them will pick up another and throw it at a correspondent sitting at the ringside. Moreover, after one has seen a few squirms one has seen them all and consequently one is likely to doze off during that time when the wrestlers are putting on the squirm. One learns to gauge these cat-naps and come out of it just in time for the signal.

But the wrestler may resent this as an affront to its art and retaliate by heaving 250 pounds of moist and rather smelly weight, usually foreign matter, into the journalist's lap. I have seen as many as six journalists mown down by one wrestler thrown in this manner and had a very exciting evening myself once when I made a mistake at the ringside.

One wrestler was sitting on top of another and, with the dumb concentration of a trick baboon untying a shoe-lace, was twisting a large, bare foot.

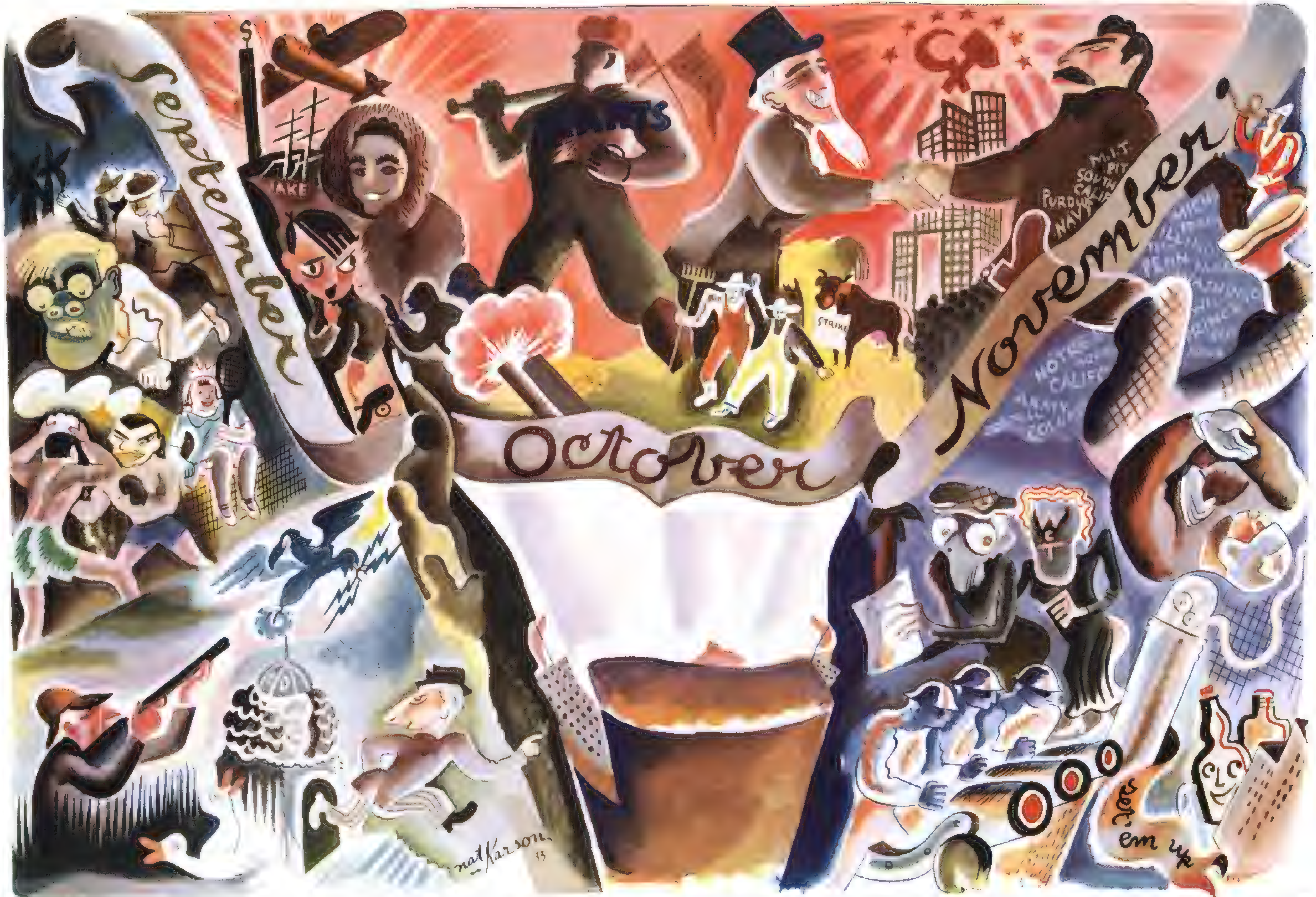
"Hey, wrestler!" I cried, in honest error, for they were badly tangled up, "you are twisting your own foot."

At that the wrestler let out a loud howl of "Ow-oo," thinking that if it was twisting its own foot it must be hurting itself, and let go. But it happened to be the other wrestler's foot after all and when the first one let go the other one jumped up.

This enraged the wrestler which had been twisting the foot and six times that evening it threw the other one at me with intent to inflict great bodily harm. But, fortunately, though it had plenty of swift, its control was bad. So nothing happened to me, although the New York World-Telegram was hit twice and the New York Times's typewriter was smashed.

The fact that wrestlers utter sounds of apparent anguish does not necessarily prove that they really feel pain. They are trained to that, too. In former times they wrestled without sound effects and these were introduced in recent years by Mr. Curley who hired an expert in bird-calls and animal cries to instruct the members of his herd. At first the wrestlers made some ludicrous mistakes and one sometimes heard a wrestler twittering gayly when it was supposed to bleat piteously.

As to whether they love and are loved I just have no way of knowing. Maybe so, though. Hippopotamuses do.

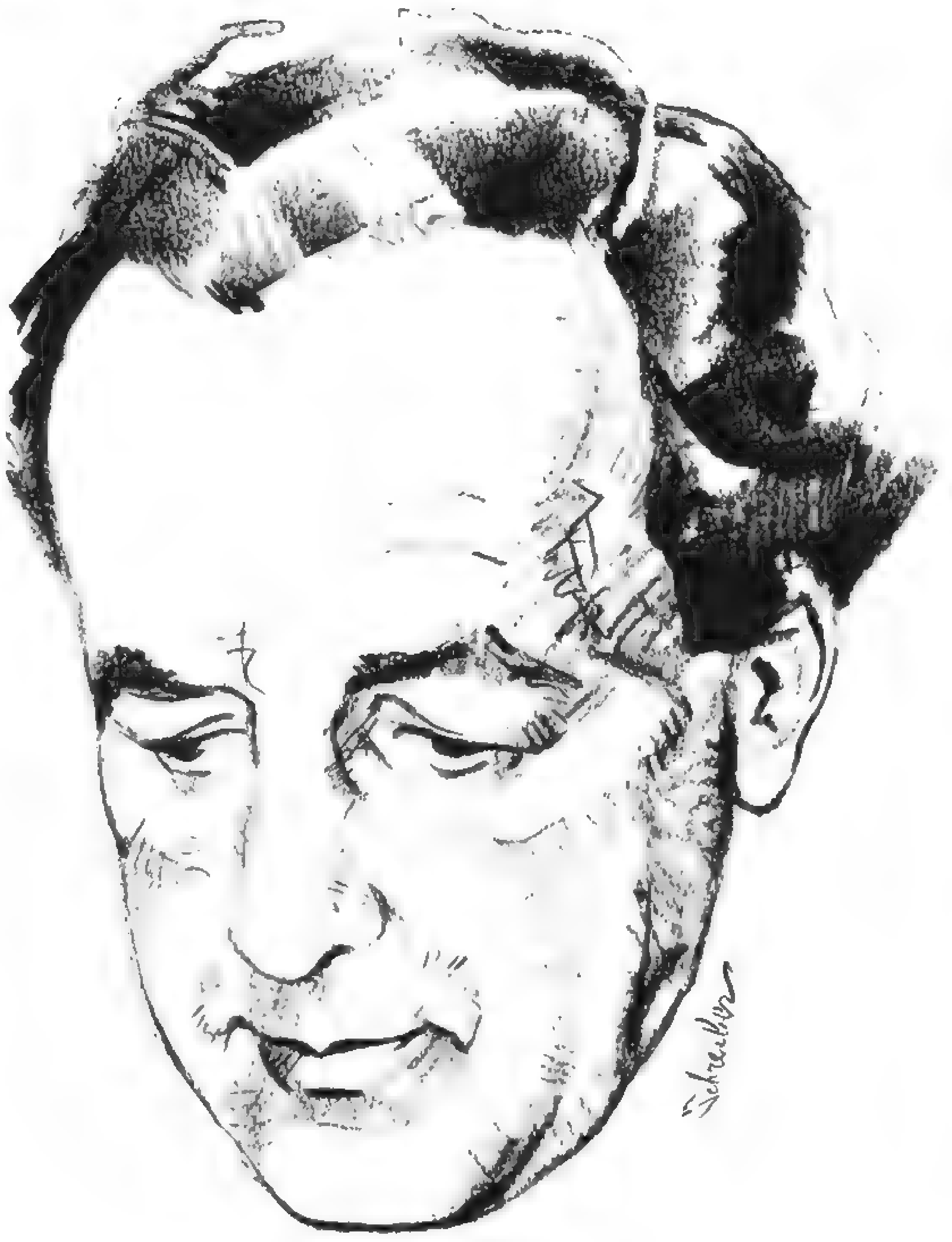


ESQUIRE'S OWN NEWS REVUE *by* NAT KARSON—Upper left, revolt in Cuba and Machado on the lam; next below, Ross holding his crown against Canzoneri; to their right, Helen Jacobs, Victoria Regina; lower left, Henry Ford takes a pot shot at our national bird; to his right, Prof. Raymond Moley—just a fugitive from a brain gang; to the right of the word September, Byrd shoving off on the *Jacob Ruppert;* below him, Little Adolph picks up marbles and blows the conference; northeast from there, Giants winning pennant and series; due east, U. S. and Russia in tentative handclasp in anticipation of recognition of the Soviets; just below, the farmers on strike; upper right, Tallyho!; next below, football upsets; left below, John D. and his rum report—not quite up or down to W.C.T.U. standards; to their right, the market flurry; bottom row, next to armchair in which ESQUIRE is seated (you can tell that's ESQUIRE by his yellow hair—see also front cover), France, Italy and Austria and their armament plans; bottom right, repeal, unlike prosperity, just around the corner.

PORTRAIT OF A COMEDIAN

His name need not be mentioned here, because his face and feet are known all over the world

by EMIL LUDWIG



Emil Ludwig

There are two kinds of actors, those who are always themselves and those who suppress their personalities. Between these there is a third and rarer kind who always plays a definite type, perhaps even the same person, so that they are always changing themselves into the same figure. This figure is not chosen at haphazard; it must be close to the actor's heart. A great artist, it is true, carries the whole world within himself, and can, therefore, on occasion bring all possible characters to life, but he cannot constantly change himself into a type alien to him.

Inasmuch as the actor of whom I speak has never varied his rôle, and has thereby conquered the world, it is most interesting to discover how much of this shadow of himself actually resides within him. If he has been wearing a mask which completely misrepresents him, then he must obviously be afraid to show his own features. My conclusion is that he suffers from a certain embarrassment, an absence of that natural vanity which, as a rule, makes the art of the actor possible. On closer acquaintance this impression became more confirmed.

Consider a man in his middle forties, much grayer than is warranted by his youthful demeanor, which conceals many things: the secret tension of his muscles, his critical outlook on his fellow men, and a friendly smile at their weaknesses. What he reveals and what cannot be concealed by the most consummate training is the constant, unuttered query which his eyes address to Fate. His eyes seem to be black, but at times they are almost blue; their color really seems to change, and therein lies a great charm which his acting on the screen cannot convey owing to the lack of color.

As a matter of fact only the eyes of this actor are discoverable in his rôles, whereas he has obviously made his mouth and nose unrecognizable. As he has completely modified his gait, and as his voice is inaudible—the two characteristics whereby a man was recognizable even in Homer—there remains only that questioning glance which, combined with the drooping mouth, unites the original with his mask. This glance constantly asks: what am I really doing in this world? Why do others despise me? I only wish to live in peace with all men, but they won't let me. Since no one understands my language, I prefer not to speak. And thus for fifteen years he has been silent throughout the world, without name, without origin, without future, in a permanent state of insecurity, living amongst men in a constant mood of good-will. Since he is afraid to be alone, I believe that in his last rôle he will be living only with a dog.

The man who has projected this shadow of himself bears more of it within his soul than one might judge from appearances. The appearance is very different from his rôle. So far from being silent, he is loquacious and speaks very well out of a many-sided culture. So far from being a poor prophet amongst men, he is a skeptic, but does not restrict his criticism to himself by any means. His hospitable home, his fine view of women, his manner of speaking to his Japanese servant, his joy in his flowers and trees, the constant music in his house—all indicate that in the midst of life he has seized the gifts of life without affectation. No artist has fewer pretensions than he; fame has not tempted him to run after duchesses in what is called Society. On the contrary, the healthy dictates of his heart keep him with people of his own level. All forms of fanaticism are remote from his mind, and his life today lies somewhere between that of Plato and Epicurus.

When he showed me one of his older films, which he himself had not seen for seven years, he laughed more loudly than any of us, but was afterwards the severest critic of certain tedious stretches. There is the mark of the artist: always unfaithful to his earlier work, because he's in love with the new one. Consequently, he can look at the former as a stranger, praising and blaming with expert knowledge. Like every really great artist, he does not divide his life into work and idleness, but confides in one the main lines of his work in progress, strongly influenced by the spirit of the times, and if the spirit of the moment so prompts him, he will actually play an excessively comic specimen of it right in his own sitting-room.

In fact we actually had to restrain him, because then words are superfluous, and if it is possible to be so effective without speaking, what is the use in our giving up our entire lives to the arts of writing and speaking! He himself thoroughly understands these aesthetic problems and has an astonishing capacity of analyzing the finer points of his own art. Listening to him one would get the impression that the whole thing was nothing but a series of very perfect tricks.

The truth is, it is something very different. It is love of mankind in comic form, combined with mockery, just as it is with Bernard Shaw, who is fundamentally a great friend of mankind. In Shaw's case the beam of this eternal light is refracted in multi-colored pictures and shadows. In the other case a single picture in black and white glides across the screen. The fact that this immortal human being has never in reality existed, is a point in common with his brother, Don Quixote. But the fact that he also does not live in art, but is only a shadow photographed on a screen—here is the great symbol of this wise and foolish Saint, who has conquered the world, at a time when it is tired of wars and revolutions and, therefore, has decided in favor of this lonely and childish human being, and is against his normal opponents. He was first discovered by children, and the semi-savages in Further India understand his tragi-comic fate. Whoever writes the history of our time should devote special attention to the unparalleled world success of this character, because it reveals the profound longing of the age. His creator, who thus spins, like a poet, the story of his *alter ego*, has achieved the highest flight of fame. Everybody recognizes him and no one utters his name.

(This is the first of a series of pen portraits by Emil Ludwig. The next will be of Stalin.)

Two Opposing Views of France

The professionally patriotic view of a Frenchman who is an ex-president of the Republic

by ALEXANDRE MILLERAND

"THREE quarters of the world's troubles would disappear if France and Germany became friends."

If that remark, made by an English statesman, were not true, it would deserve to be.

That the two great nations who have so often drawn up against each other should from now on be at peace: that the hatred and distrust which for centuries have characterized their relations as neighbors should give place to friendship and confidence—what pledge could be more assuring for the peace of the world than that transformation?

To be sure, a veil of forgetfulness would have to be drawn over memories still poignant. In less than fifty years, German invasions have twice laid waste our provinces from the North and the East.

Devastations all the more difficult to tolerate and the fiercer to pardon because they were both carried through according to a well thought-out plan. What a monument to German warfare is that book entitled, "Manufacturing in the Occupied Districts of France!" In it, the Prussian Chief of Staff had carefully catalogued the destructions applied to various kinds of French industries and trades for the use of the German Chamber of Commerce, who, after the declaration of peace, might find there technical information permitting them to take the place of competitors cleverly reduced to helplessness.

But a trait of our national character is our swiftness of impressions. Our enemies call it fickleness. At any rate, our people do not know the meaning of the word *hate*.

Furthermore we have never refused to acknowledge the intellectual supremacy of Germany. The native land of Goethe and of Beethoven charms us from more than one aspect.

In her joy at having regained the beloved provinces which Might had snatched from her, France has never, at any time, cherished unatonable malice against her enemies of yesterday.

The President of the Council of 1920 was assured of making clear the sentiments of Parliament and of public opinion when at the very moment the Treaty of Versailles was about to be applied he expressed the earnest hope that, in the plan of international understandings which had just closed hostilities, economic relations in their most active form should be resumed between France and Germany.

Moreover, there is no nation more passionately than our own—whom War has bereft of 1,500,000 of her sons—who does not wish that the gates of the Temple of War might be forever shut.

France has furnished, and not tardily, unexceptionable testimony of her peaceful intentions.

Without waiting for the constitutional vote, in 1922, the French Government shortened the extent of military service to two years. By the law of April 1, 1923 it was again reduced to 18 months. Today it is one year. The usable military force permanently in the Capital fell from 500,000 men in 1913 to 400,000 in 1921, to 163,000 in 1932—a reduction, say, of 67% in comparison with 1913. A theoretical military force, moreover, corresponding to law, but which, in reality, has never reached that number.

What do these figures signify?

It is true that France was duped by the hope that she was going to find facing her a new Germany. Without expecting of her any disclaiming of her past, nor of the Governments that had led her to the abyss, it was permitted to hope—some even published the assurance—that there was going to be a difference in kind between the Republican Government and the Hohenzollern rule. "But where are the snows of yesteryear?" The President of the Empire is still the former Commander in Chief of the German Armies, although at this moment the Government has left the hands of army officers—but by a process comparable to the jump from frying pan to fire.

Well, if men have not changed, what shall we say of actions? Hardly had the Treaty of Versailles been signed than was opened a campaign, as fierce as it was bold, against the just declaration of the responsibilities of the Central Empires, inscribed in Article 231 of the Treaty. There at the central point was the beginning of the attack.

All the important clauses of the Treaty, one after the other, were about to be ruthlessly assailed. Both the reparation and the military clauses. These latter have been shamelessly violated. Whether it was a matter of military force or of armaments, none of the prescriptions imposed with a view to limiting them has been respected. The German Government denies it. That goes without saying, even though one puts under its very eyes irrefutable proofs supplied from its own budgets.

But if it denies it, it is for the purpose of drawing an immediate advantage from its attitude. Under the pretext that obligations have been imposed upon it, which it has not taken into account, arming itself with the clauses of the Treaty, whose spirit it has distorted to the smallest detail, it intends, after having armed itself, to disarm others!

This is the familiar argument of the equality of rights, which in the guise of equality, does nothing less than re-establish the Prussian military supremacy of before the War.

The corollaries of the argument, moreover, are not slow in arriving, and Pan-Germanists find beyond their frontiers obliging agencies for enacting them.

The Treaty of Versailles prescribes that on the right side of the Rhine at fifty kilometres from the river should extend a neutral zone within which it is forbidden to assemble troops, store supplies or construct fortifications. This is a prime and indispensable precaution which constitutes a guarantee not only for France but for Belgium.

On the ground of the Equality of Rights they purpose over-riding that obligation unless a neutral zone with similar restrictions be created in Alsace.

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As a Factor in Europe's Future

The attempt of an American, a student of European affairs, to approximate the world view

by OWEN JOHNSON

THE one outstanding perceptible fact today is the return of Great Britain to the political leadership of Europe. It has had to wait a long time and the waiting has hurt its pride and worn its nerves. But today despite lingering native pessimism it is back in its ancient authority. The voice of Downing Street is the voice that will be listened to anxiously by new generations of diplomats. Great Britain has come back. It has returned, because primarily it has always had a world point of view and an enduring diplomatic tradition with the power to discipline itself to reticence and sobriety when the interests of the empire are at stake. It thinks nationally. The direct and obvious opportunity was the advent of Hitler. The fundamental cause was the failure of French diplomacy to avail itself of the opportunities offered.

The history of Europe since the war has been the continuous failure of France to organize the peace. Its power was undisputed. It had the alliances. It was for the first time independent of an industrially paralyzed England, which it dominated financially. Yet after fourteen years of opportunity it found itself isolated. American and British opinion was alienated, Italy was violently hostile, Germany swept by fanatic passion. In middle Europe, it is true, it held its influence but principally through the financing of doubtfully solvent states. It had Poland as a supporter, but linked with it the unsolvable burden of the Polish corridor, which had negatived the efforts of its pacific statesmen. It had come to this pass because through a series of shifting compromises it had fallen back on a purely defensive obstructive policy of trying to maintain an impossible status quo. During this period it can be truthfully said that French diplomacy was incapable of foreseeing what was coming, unable to cope with what was happening, and concentrated on remedying the blunders which had been committed. Esprit de garage.

The fundamental and enduring error went deeper than the details of the Versailles Treaty. It was the attempt to solve by opportunistic methods an historic problem that had to be treated by the application of new ideas. France at the peace conference was confronted by a choice between two schools of political thought; the militaristic and the humanistic. The military party knew there was no possibility of dismembering Germany as it would have liked, isolating Prussia and setting up independent buffer states; but it insisted that the defensive frontier should be extended to the Rhine. This was Foch's advice; treat Germany as a perpetual threat, an enemy to be kept in a state of military inferiority. The alternative was to help Germany solidify its republican tendencies, recover itself economically and by treating it as a friend to be trusted, emphasize the fact that the war had freed it as well as Europe from the tyranny of a Prussian militarism. Moderation and conciliation. The English way. Turn your enemies into loyal allies.

To crush Germany or to rehabilitate it? France did neither. It compromised and in the compromise is all its failure. After fourteen years the dilemma is insistently present. It could not treat Germany according to the military necessities of its own security. Too many allies. Too many opposing interests. Allies are extremely useful in times of war; extremely disturbing when the fruits of victory have to be portioned out. The result was exactly what French diplomacy had foreseen and dreaded as far back as nineteen-fifteen. The weaker partner, Austria, was dismembered for the eventual gain of the stronger, Germany. To treat Germany as England treated the Boers was not then possible. Public opinion, public nerves and national hatreds were not yet ready for such a gesture of far-sighted statesmanship. There was much to excuse a policy of revenge. 1870 was still close. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Germany had annexed Alsace-Lorraine. Germany had imposed a staggering indemnity. If Germany had won did any one doubt how the vanquished would have paid the costs?

Unable then to decide on either logical policy, France directed its efforts to crushing Germany as much as possible economically. There was an obvious necessity for delaying Germany's industrial return until France could recover its own devastated industries. It imposed a war indemnity of such staggering proportions that it confidently believed its hereditary enemy would not recover in fifty years. It permitted two more blunders and for each it was considered directly responsible. It permitted Germany to be deprived of its colonies which might have served as an outlet to a growing population and by so much have released the population pressure on the southern frontiers. It forgot the lesson of Alsace-Lorraine and permitted the creation of the Polish corridor, which has remained the one great obstacle to the later enlightened efforts of Briand and Stresseman to consolidate European peace on a Franco-German understanding. The result: German hatred abandoning England, concentrated on France. Rebirth of the racial idea and the rise of a new prophet, Hitler. Complete abandonment of the Franco-German rapprochement and a new and strange dilemma for France. Failure to perceive that Germany must be kept republican for its own interests is directly chargeable to France. It is directly responsible for the predicament in which it now finds itself.

The reasons for this failure are internal, in the present character of French diplomacy and in the ignorance of public opinion. The bureaucratic system which has devoured France economically has finally absorbed the once brilliant school of diplomats which resurrected it after the catastrophe of 1870. Add to this the instability of ministries based on shifting parliamentary groups, where no clear majorities are obtainable; ministries that last a few months, a few weeks—a day

Continued on page 126

THE FRIEND OF SPAIN

A Spanish Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Day before yesterday the writer of this letter while looking through an open window at the red, fresh-water crayfish, the prawns, the bowls of Russian salad, the boiled goose-barnacles, the hams, the sausages, the trussed up redleg partridges ready for the grill, displayed in the window of the three-floor bar, restaurant and shall we say meeting place that the former waiters of the old Casa Moran have opened in the Calle Arlaban in Madrid, saw an old friend standing at the bar and went in to greet him.

To accomplish this it was necessary to disengage one's self from the attentions of one beggar without hands who smilingly presented the stumps in competition with anything the window showed, while holding his pocket open with his elbow; one Gypsy mother who patted the writer on the back with one arm and gave her child to nurse with the other while urging that one be a good sport and buy the little fellow some solid food; two ambulatory salesmen of neckwear who urged him to discard that old tie on the spot and put on something worthy; a seller of bad fountain pens; a caricaturist who said it was all right to say the hell with caricatures but he had never known prosperity let alone happiness and *he* had to draw caricatures for a living meanwhile; and one old man, very little over five feet tall, with a bright red face and long white mustache who put his arm around the writer and said, very thickly, that he was his pal.

Entering the bar and getting into conversation, I found there was something strange in the manner of the old friend. Where formerly, and in many places, he had tried to dissuade me from drinking this particular beverage he now urged me to have an absinthe. Just one. Why not have one?

No, I told him with some dignity. I was not like that now.

But what about our mutual friend so and so, he asked, mentioning someone we had never been able to agree on. He had always maintained this chap was a charlatan and grafter while I had upheld him as a really noble fellow souled with honor.

He's all right.

He's a good man, said my old Spanish friend. A good man with great inquietude of spirit.

By this time I knew there was something very wrong and thought it must be that my old friend was probably meeting someone in that bar that he would rather I did not see him meet; so I said that I must be off. I had tried to purchase a round but it seemed that everything there was paid for not only by my old friend but by a rather seedy looking new friend who had been gored in the neck and whose name I did not catch.

After three rounds in an uncomfortable atmosphere of mutual esteem and appreciation during which we made several engagements without actually naming a date, I left, very puzzled. I had finally succeeded in paying for a round and I hoped things might be getting back to a normal basis.

Next day I found out what it was all about. It was in the Sunday paper. My old friend had written an article entitled Mister Hemingway, Friend of Spain. Now when you become known as A Friend of France it usually means that you are dead, the French would not commit themselves that far if you were alive, and that you have either spent much money for France, obtained much money for France, or simply sucked after certain people long enough to get the Legion of Honor. In the last case they call you a Friend of France in much smaller type.

A Friend of Soviet Russia is very different. It usually refers to a person who is getting, or expects to get, considerable from Soviet Russia. It may only be one who hopes to get much in or for his own country by the implanting of the system of Soviet Russia. But it is nothing like a Friend of France. A Friend of France is one who has given his all; or as near his all as he could be persuaded to give. They once said, or rather told us, every man has two countries; his own and France. That might be amended now to: every man has three countries—his own, France and the poor house.

Now I do not know just what constitutes a Friend of Spain, but when they call you that it is time to lay off. Spain is a big country and it is now inhabited by too many politicians for any man to be a friend to all of it with impunity. The spectacle of its governing is at present more comic than tragic; but the tragedy is very close.

The country seems much more prosperous. There is much more money being spent. People are travelling who never travelled before; people go to bull fights who could not afford it before, and many people are swimming who never took a bath before. A good deal more money is coming in in taxes than the royal establishment ever received, but now that money goes to the innumerable functionaries of the republic. These spread all over the country and while the peasants are as bad off as ever, the middle class is being taxed more than ever, and the rich certainly will be wiped out, although there is no sign of it yet; a great new bureaucracy is having more money than it ever had before and going in for much comfort, many vacations and considerable style. Politics is still a lucrative profession and those in the factions on the outside promise to pay their debts as soon as they get their turn in power. So that a good business man might vote a man in as head of the government in order that he might pay his wine bill.

In Santander, one of the most unattractive towns in Spain, dusty, crowded, with a bastard Basque architecture alternating with the best of the late Brighton school, but popularized as a watering place by the King going there for the summer because it was considered safer than San Sebastian, there was not a room to stay the night in any sort of a hotel.

San Sebastian, one of the very pleasantest places of Europe, was as crowded but with very different people. The crowd at Santander had gone there because the King had gone there. They were going to go to the seashore because, now, they had the money to. They did not seem to know whether they were having any fun or not. But they had been to the seashore. The people of San Sebastian knew what they had come for and were having a very good time.

Bull fighting, of course, has been in a bad way for a couple of hundred years and the first Sunday story that any newly arrived correspondent sends back to his paper from Madrid has always been that one about Bullfights on Wane as Football Sweeps Spain. This was first sent, I believe, by Washington Irving who was then writing for the, then, New York Sun under the pen name of Irvin S. Washinton. It was a story I always liked to write myself because you finally got so you could do it quicker than most stories; but no one ever improved on Irvin S. Washinton's original dispatch.

A sad thing happened, tho, in connection with this story. A correspondent for the, then, New York Times on arriving in Madrid cabled his story instead of sending it by mail. The Times sent him into coventry, I believe, and refused to admit receiving any communications from him over a period of some years. I used to meet him wandering around and ask him how things were going.

"I simply don't hear from them," he said desperately.

"Do you write them?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Do you cable them?"

"As often as I dare."

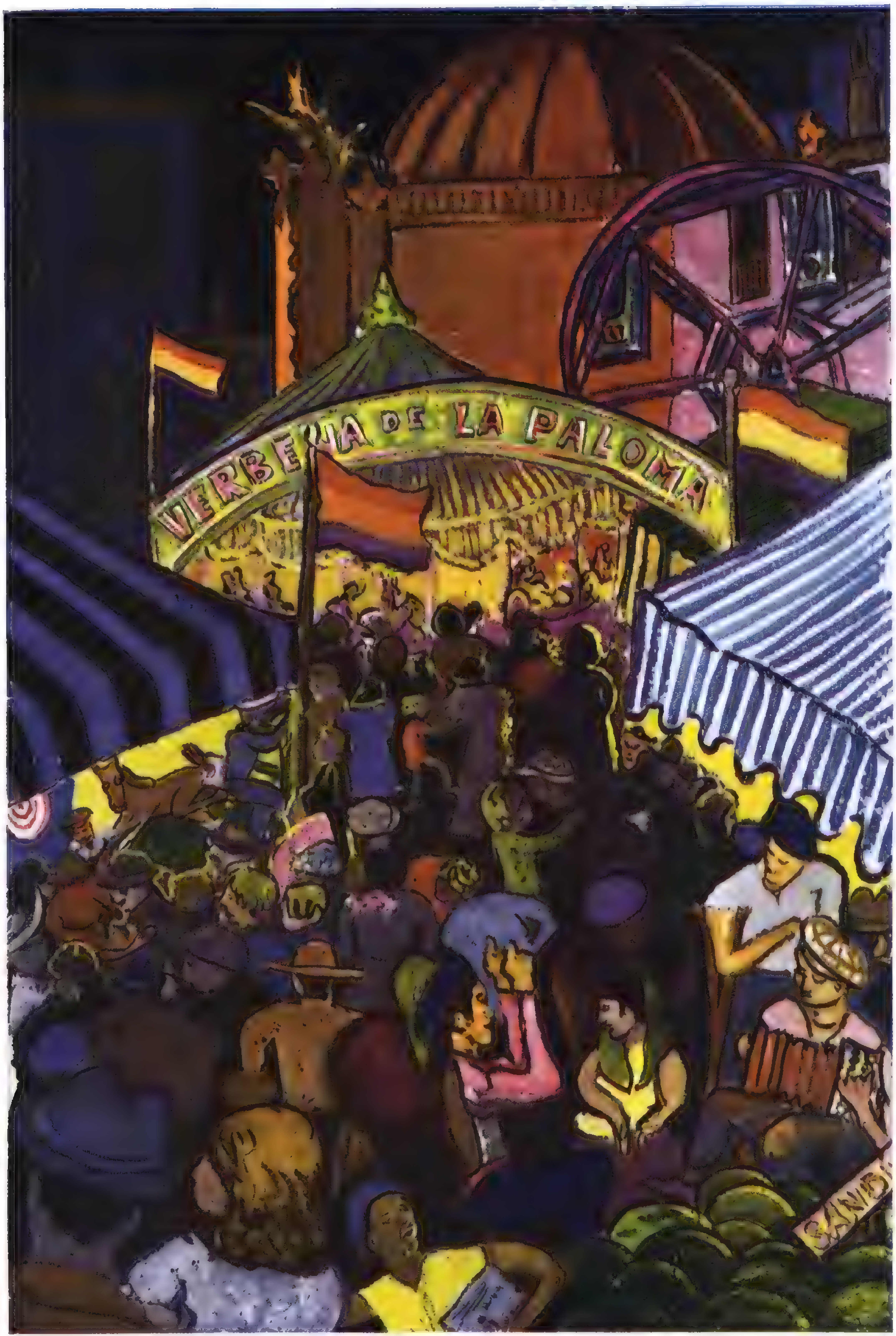
"Do you send them registered letters?"

"I hadn't thought of that," he said, brightening.

"Try it," I urged.

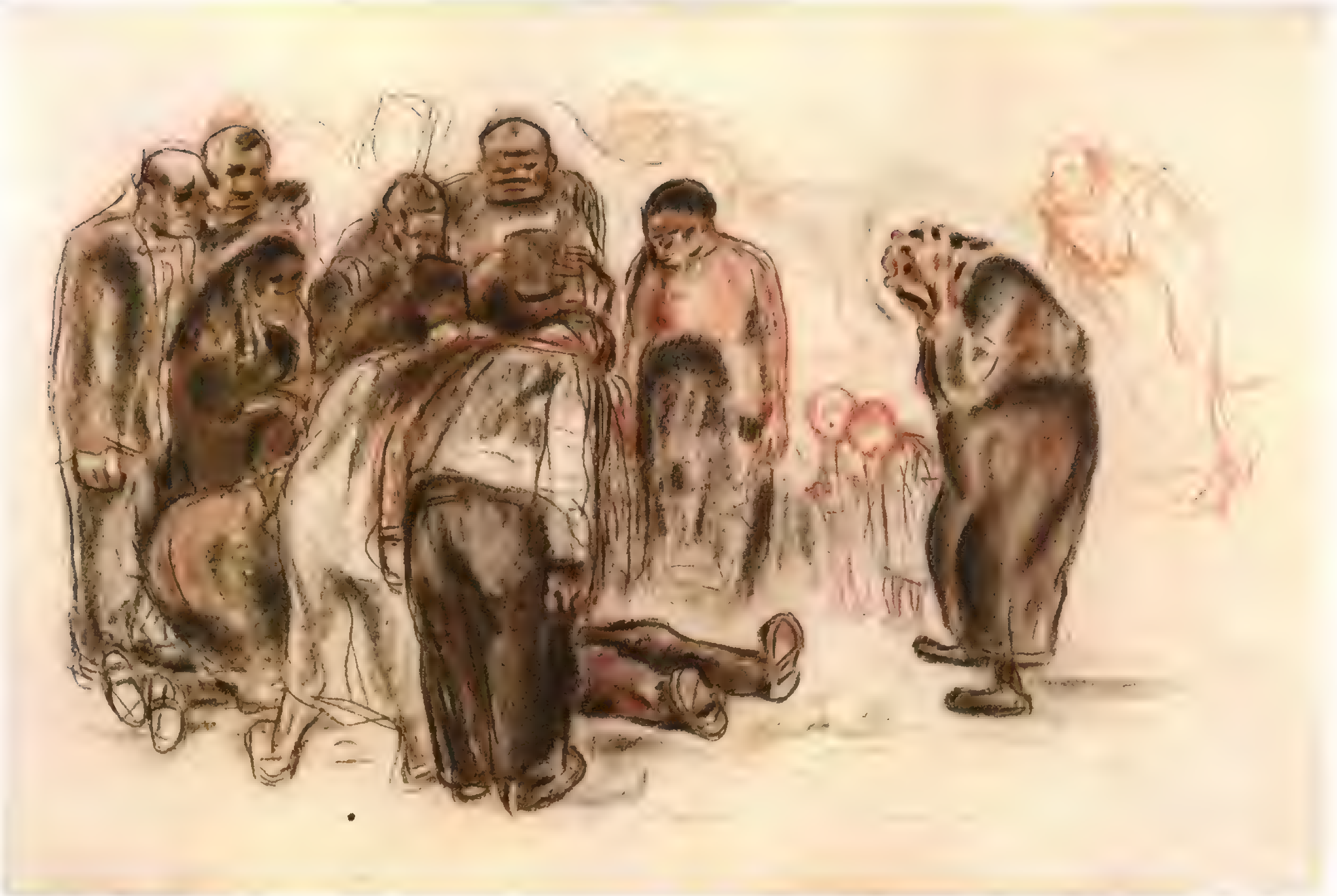
Later I promised to look them up if I ever

Continued on page 136


VERBENA DE LA PALOMA

PAINTED IN WATER COLOR FOR ESQUIRE

FESTIVAL IN MADRID *by* JOHN DOS PASSOS

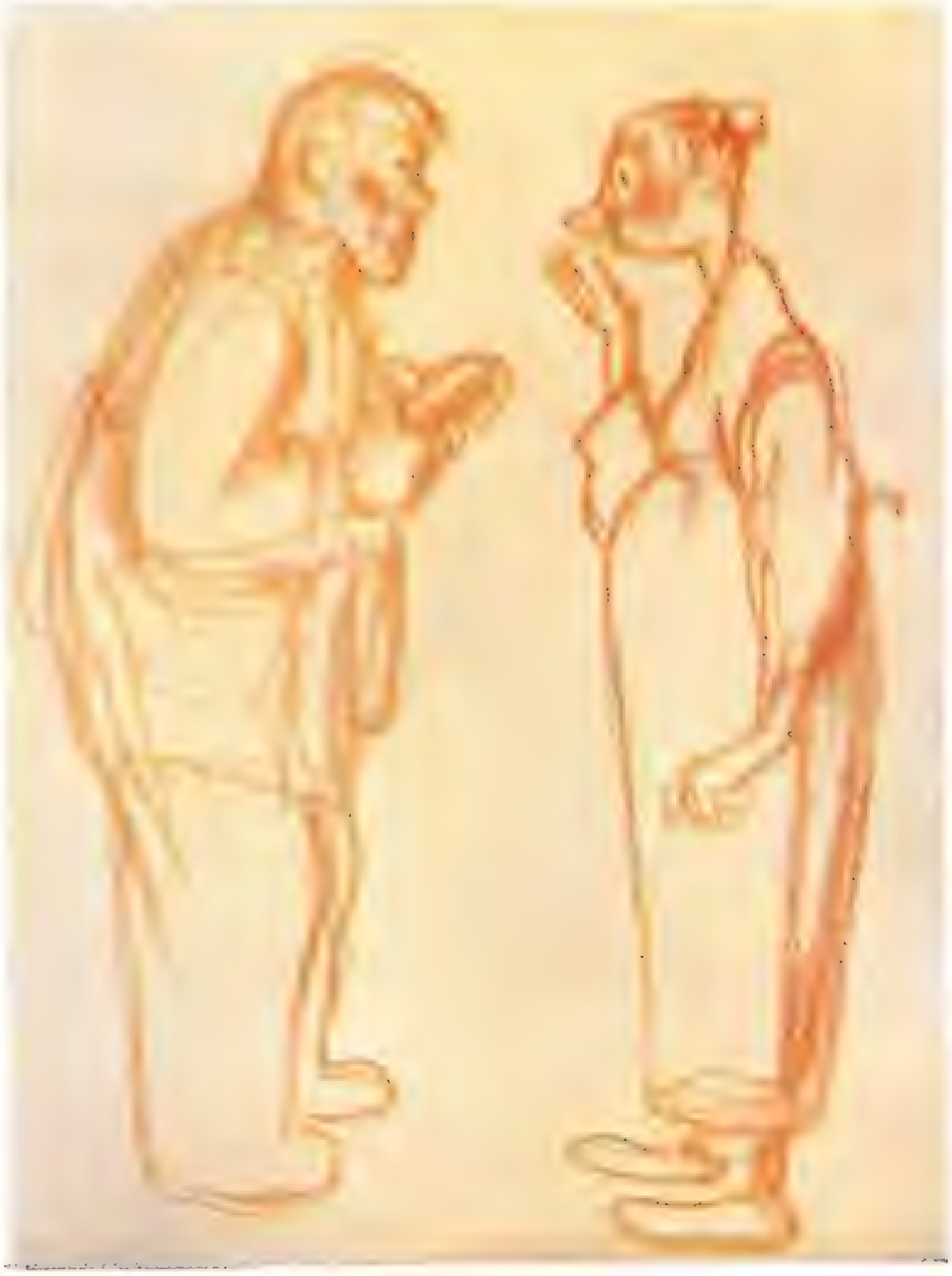


AMBULANCE CALL

BEHIND THE DRIVE

by JOHN GROTH

Chicago, with a body-long automobile drive like a necklace that hangs to the floor; the city the visitor sees. Chicago of the pineapple and the sub-machine gun; the city the newspapers see. Another Chicago, of village peasantry huddled behind hall doorways on Halsted Street, gleaning lumps of coal on Goose Island, living the honest and decent, if dirty, life of the poor in surroundings of squalor; the city that John Groth sees in these dry points, lithographs and sanguine drawings. The city that hides behind the drive, like dirty underwear behind a velvet gown.



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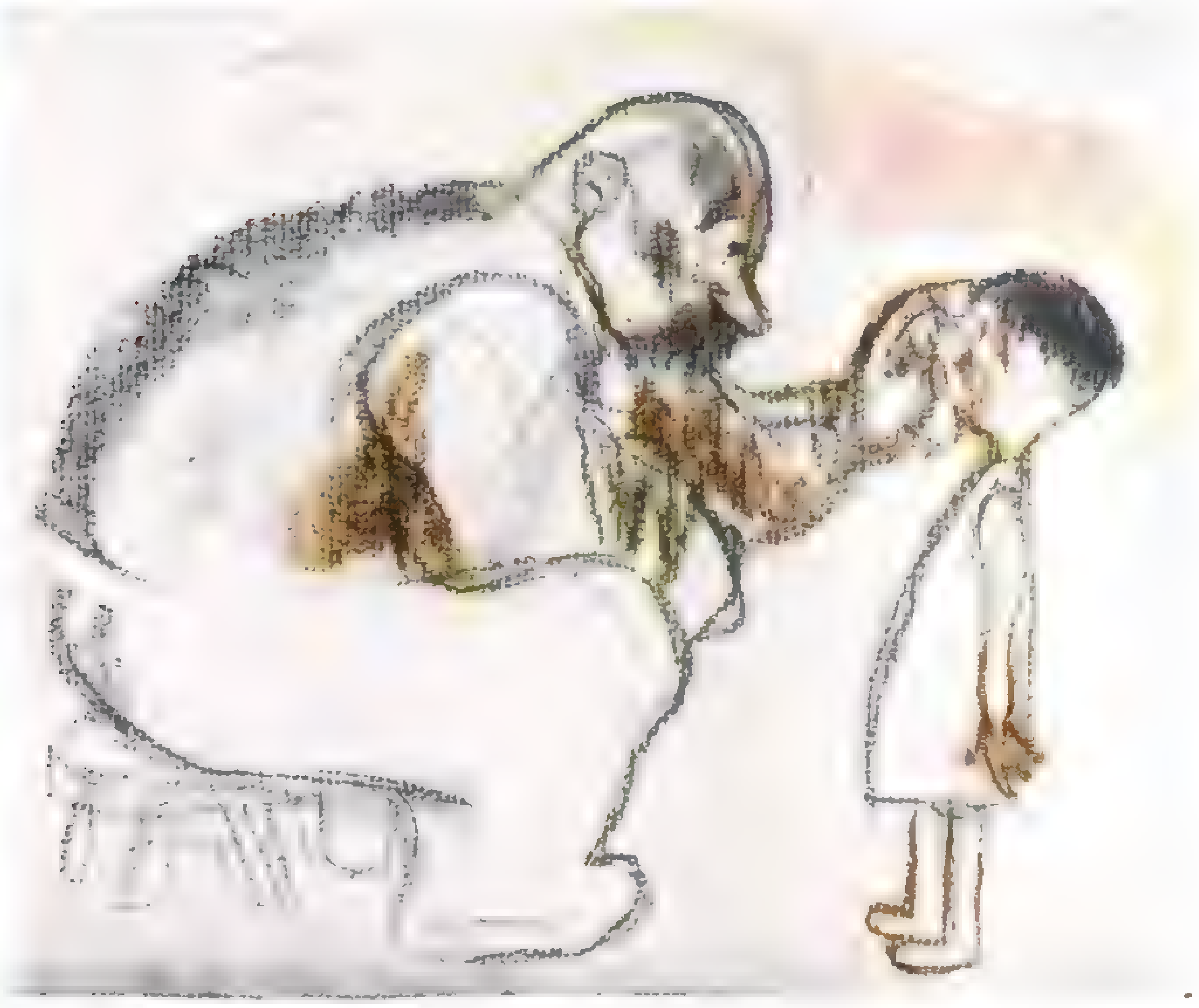
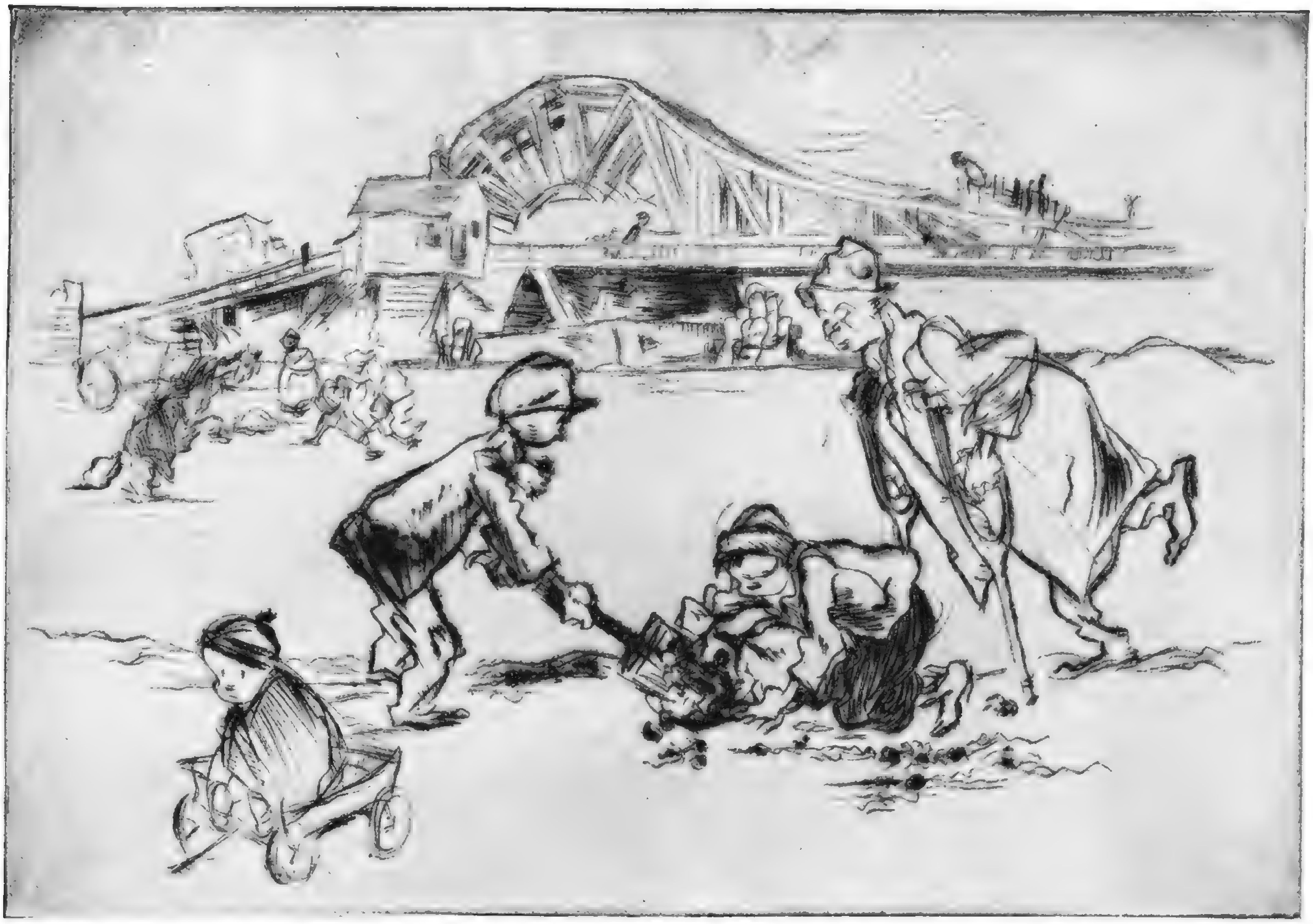
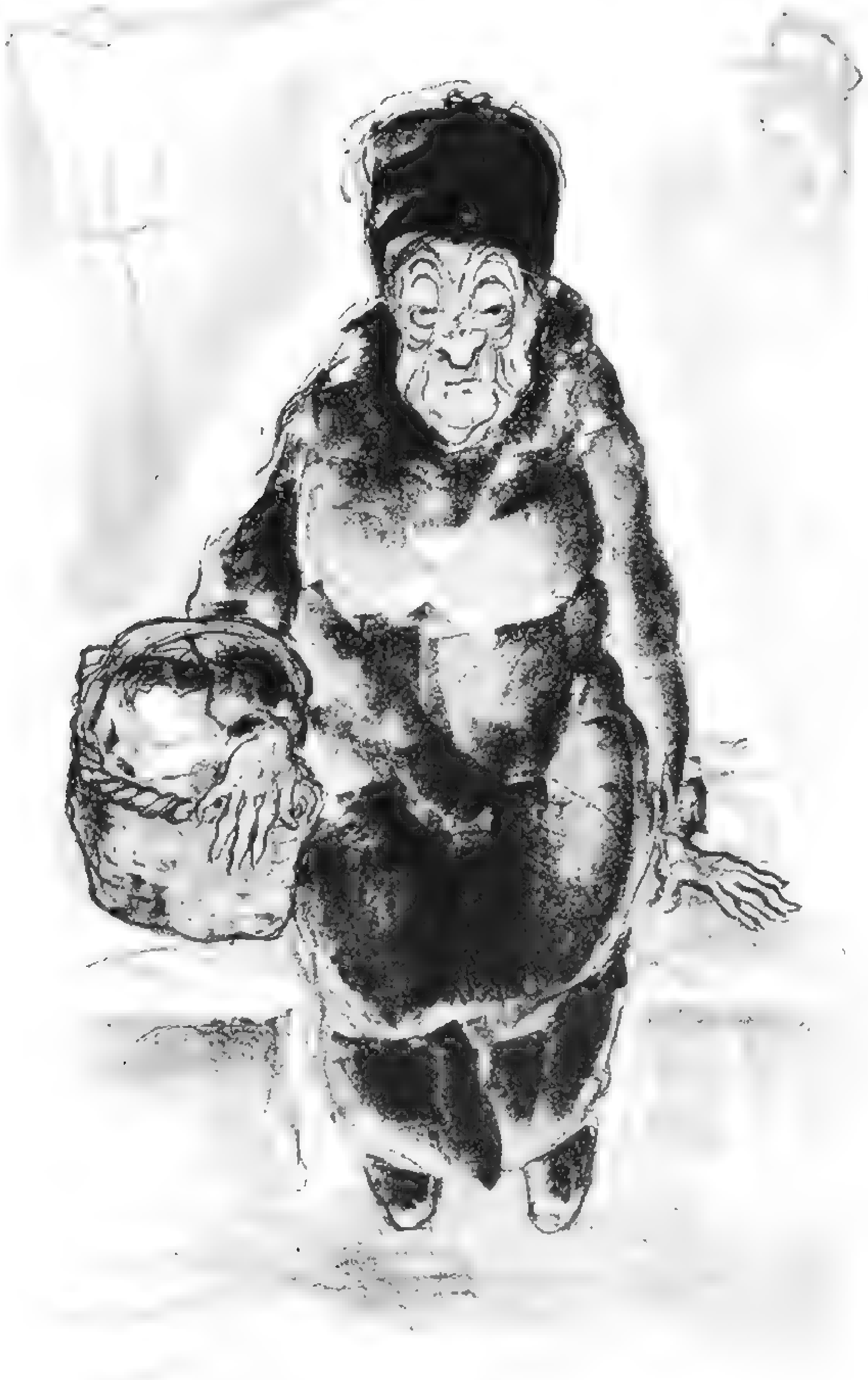


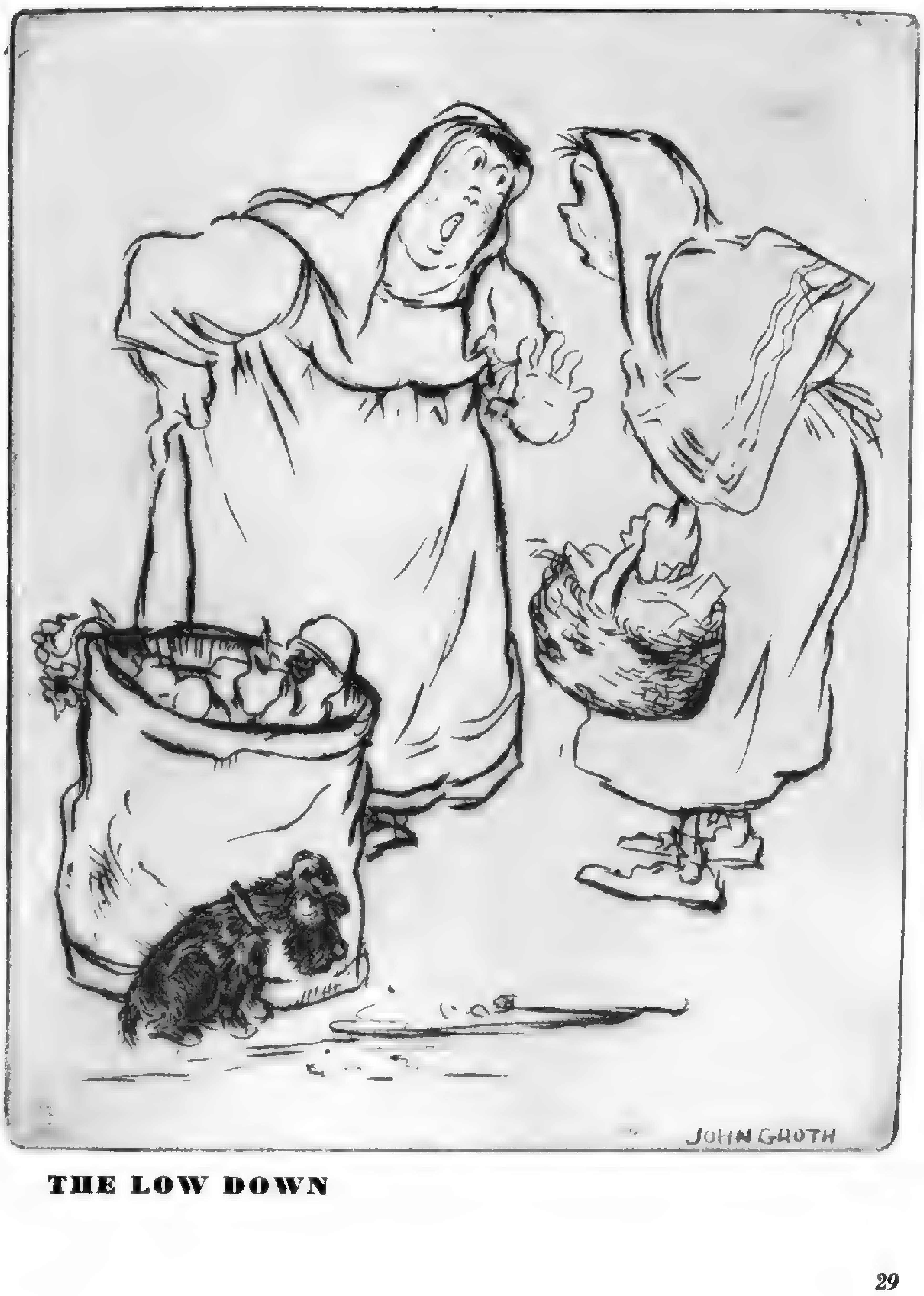
HEALTH SERVICE



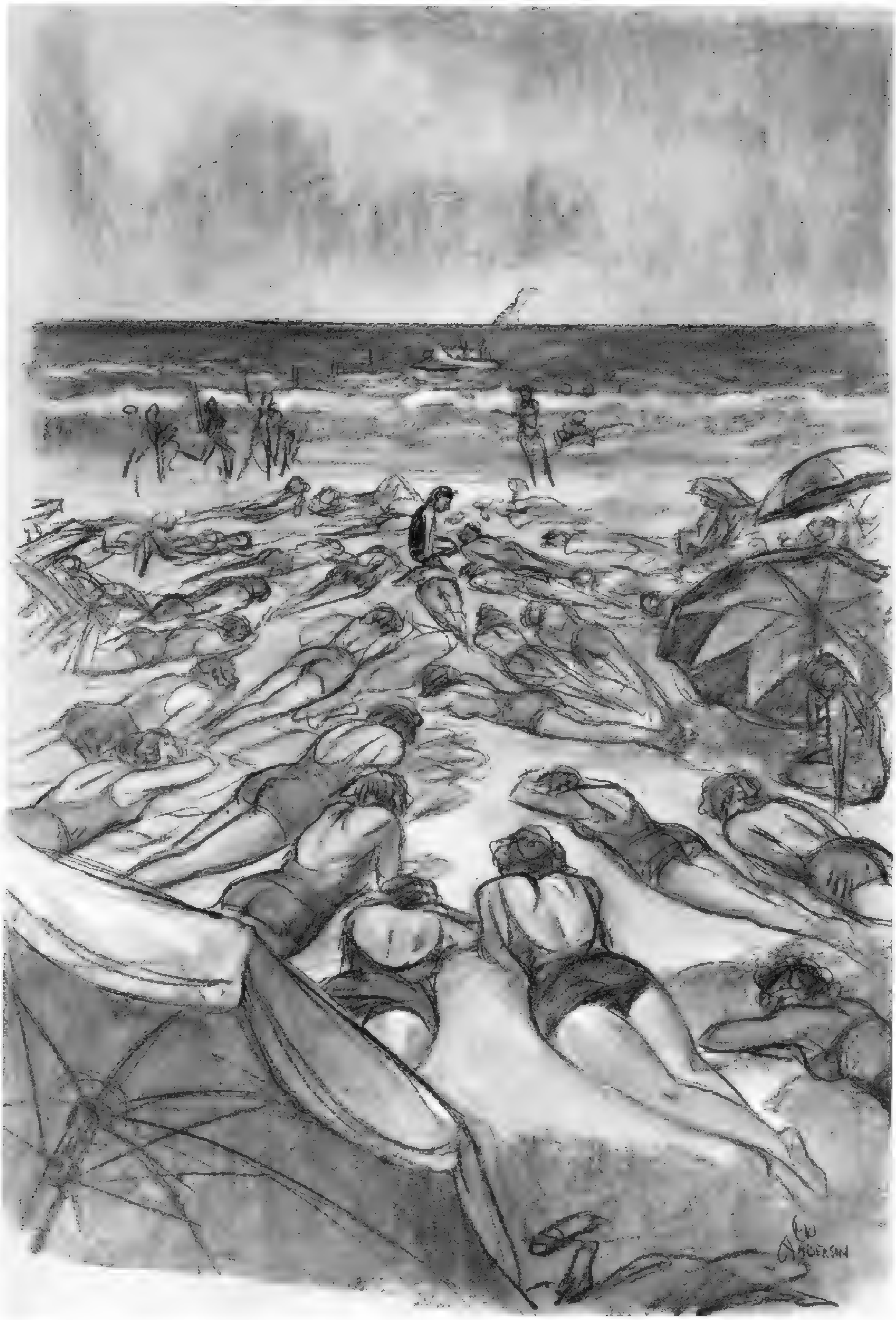
COAL GLEANERS



WEST BOUND CAR



THE LOW DOWN



"Oh, you're different"

Don't Ride Your Congressman

A swift kick in the pants to the notion that America's politicians are dumber than Europe's statesmen

by FREDERICK VAN RYN

At ten o'clock of a cold and raw spring morning when Paris smelled of freshly baked bread, gasoline fumes and unemployed tango dancers, the telephone rang in the apartment of Jacques Stern, the celebrated leader of the party of Independent Republicans in the French Parliament and the present Minister of the Merchant Marine.

"The Chairman of the Association of Veterans of the Seven-Year War speaking," said the voice on the other end of the wire.

"Yes," beamed Monsieur Stern. About to run for re-election, he was choking with tenderness toward any and all veterans.

"We are great admirers of yours," continued the voice, "and it is only natural that you should be our choice for the Honorary Chairmanship of the Association."

"I am deeply touched," began Monsieur Stern. "May I ask you . . ."

"About our membership? You will be interested to know, sir, that over 80,000 patriotic Frenchmen answer our roll-call. It strikes them as being distinctly unfair that while every privilege is given to the veterans of the World War, nothing at all has been done so far for the heroes who fought through the Seven-Year War."

"Impossible!" cried Monsieur Stern. "Do you mean to tell me that not even the usual niggardly pension is being paid to the members of your noble organization?"

"Not a centime, sir. And what is more, no politician is willing to help us. We are really in despair."

"Brace up," said Monsieur Stern. "Your troubles are over! Not later than tomorrow morning I will chastise the Minister of War from the floor of the Parliament and will bring this disgrace to an end."

"Will you risk it?"

"Risk it? Why, my friend, I'd gladly sacrifice my entire career for the sake of helping the old veterans."

"May we announce it to the newspapers that you have accepted the Chairmanship of our organization?"

"You certainly may."

"And will you attend the meeting of the Steering Committee this afternoon at five, on the third floor of No. 142, Rue Montmartre?"

"I'll be there. I am a good soldier."

And so it came to pass that at the stroke of five on April 17th, 1931, Monsieur Jacques Stern, then leader of the party of Independent Republicans in the French Parliament and now Minister of the Merchant Marine, rang the bell on the third floor of No. 142, Rue Montmartre, was met and cheered by some two scores of grateful veterans, was duly photographed and finally made a brilliant speech recorded by the sound cameras.

Two hours later, an "extra edition" of the communistic newspaper "L'Humanité" appeared in the Boulevards. Its front page was decorated with a large photograph of Monsieur Jacques Stern. Its headline read:

> "Stern Guarantees Full Pension To The Men Who Fought And Died In The Eighteenth Century."

It so happens that the Seven-Year War was fought in 1756-1763 . . .

In his statement to the press—he did issue a statement—Monsieur Stern expressed his "thorough contempt for this miserable communistic frame-up" and blamed the whole occurrence on his slight deafness. Believe it or not, he was thinking all along that he was dealing with the veterans of 1870-1871 . . . It mattered not to him that his speech, recorded by the sound cameras, read as follows: "And when I look in your dear wrinkled faces, my friends, I seem to be hearing the cannons of the Seven-Year War, I seem to be distinguishing the precious shadows of the seven unforgettable years of our history . . ."

By the next morning—April 18th, 1931—the Stern Epic became known on both sides of the Channel. They shrieked in the Chambre des Deputés in Paris, none louder than the late Aristide Briand. They roared in Westminster in London, none louder than Lloyd-George. No one remembered in Paris that a few years previously, the self-same Aristide Briand had been caught in the act of transplanting Mesopotamia to Africa and referring to the proud Arabs as "our unfortunate brethren exploited by the British slave-owners." And no one remembered in London that in the days of the Versailles Conference the self-same Lloyd-George had congratulated the world on the victories of "that glorious Russian General Charkov" (the name of a large industrial city in south-eastern Russia, captured at that moment by the White Army). As for Washington, it is pleasant to report that no one laughed at Mr. Stern there. For one thing, too many old timers on Capitol Hill still remembered the invitation to "the Secretary of the Navy of Switzerland" issued by William Jennings Bryan in 1914. For another, the American legislators—Senators and Congressmen alike—have always suffered with a peculiar inferiority complex toward their European colleagues.

Whatever it is that makes a gentleman from Idaho shy and uneasy in the presence of a gentleman from Lyons, both Pierre Laval and Edouard Herriot noticed it in the course of their recent missions to America.

"Il m'a paru gauche, timide et triste (he appeared to be awkward, afraid and sad)," exclaimed the then Prime Minister Laval, describing to friends his meeting with Senator Borah.

"Quel drole de type (what an odd type)," was Herriot's reaction to Secretary Hull.

And while in the case of Herriot, Capitol Hill was really dealing with a man of considerable brilliance, there was no reason why any American politician, least of all Senator Borah, should have been "afraid" of Pierre Laval who is at best a Parisian counterpart of a Tammany ward-heeler. It surely did not take Borah long to recognize that not only was the French Prime Minister blissfully unaware of everything pertaining to international law but his knowledge of the pivotal facts of history and geography would have netted him the lowest possible marks even with the most lenient of American high school teachers. He insisted on calling the State of Idaho that "fabulously rich orchard on the Pacific" and he believed until the very end of the memorable meeting that the Senator belonged to "the party of Jefferson and Jackson." At that he fared rather well in comparison with Aristide Briand. The latter instructed his secretary (while both were attending the Naval Conference in Washington in 1921) not to accept any engagements for Sunday: "we shall take a day off and motor to Hollywood." Not before the atlas, the globe and the time-tables were produced, would Briand believe that some 3,500 miles separate the District of Columbia from the State of California. "It is never too late to learn," he said then, with the gesture of a great man who is always willing to admit his error . . .

No monograph on the ignorance of parliamentarians would be complete without a

Continued on page 148

THE WHITE EWE

A play in one act, and many laughs, of sin as viewed by the virtuous at a close-up

by GEORGE ADE

Luella Whiteford, living in the city.
Mrs. Brad Linzey, of Linkdale.
Mr. Chester Canby, the man in the case.
Rosie, a maid.

(*The scene is the sitting room of an apartment in almost any good-sized city except Indianapolis. The apartment is in one of the older buildings, not gone modernistic. It is comfortably furnished according to the best methods of about 1915. On the wall are a few prints in plain frames—possibly a couple of etchings. The furniture is comfortable but not angular; chairs wide and well-stuffed and the settee at C quite roomy. To simplify set, permit rear wall to be without opening but there should be practicable openings at the stage R and stage L, but doors need not be opened or closed during action. The opening at L (always meaning at the player's left as he faces the audience) leads to a small ante-room and an outside door. The door at R leads to the other rooms of the apartment. If this play should be done on a rostrum or stage which does not permit the usual settings, the actual requirements are merely a back wall with a few simple but tasteful ornaments, winged entrances at R and L, a settee near Center, a table with shaded lamp and books at L of C, comfortable chair at R of settee, another at L of table, possibly two or three smaller chairs against rear curtain or wall. Piano would not be out of place but do not overcrowd the space. Let setting suggest the home-like living room of a small apartment not too expensive and intended to soothe the nerves of about two occupants instead of impressing party guests or unoccasional visitors. If there is wall paper it may be of a rustic English pattern and curtains, if any, may be of chintz. At rise of curtain Luella is talking into telephone (the usual trick method of opening a scene), which she has lifted from a booth on table at R of C. In front of her is low table with cards on it. She may dally with cards during progress of play so as to have something to do with her hands. Hereafter, for convenience, Luella will be designated in dialogue as L. Her sister will be indicated as Mrs. B. Mr. Canby will be simply C. Rosie will retain her full title of Rosie. Luella is about thirty years old, or younger, clean as a whistle, cool as a clam. She is groomed but not dolled. Her hair is dark. Her eyes are cool. She wears a lounging robe of the kind being worn by the well-dressed woman when this play is produced, or she may go in for house pajamas without straining the probabilities. She may listen at phone until curtain is up and stage disclosed. (Many words in dialogue are emphasized to indicate full meaning of speech.)*

L. (*Into phone. Make indicated pauses long enough to give convincing suggestion of talk at the other end of the line.*) *I'll* say they're ready. (*Pause, while she smiles*) If you sniffed real hard, you could *smell* 'em. (Pause.) I was glad to read that statement—about *time* things began to pick up. (Pause.) All right, mister, somebody'll be waitin' for you. (*Pause, laughs*) What do you mean—*goin'* anywhere? I'm goin' to stay right *here* till I sell my papers. (*Pause, during which, sound of doorbell is heard off L*) O. K.—so-long. (*She hangs up phone and starts to shuffle cards again as Rosie comes from L and stands near her and behind. Rosie has been taught a few things but is not the well-trained servant found in any drawing room play.*)

Rosie—Woman to see you.

L. (*Laying out cards.*) Tell her she pushed the wrong *button* an' that beggars, canvassers an' peddlers are *not* allowed in this shack. (*All the time shuffling the cards and possibly laying them out.*)

Rosie—She says she's *got* to see you.

L.—Probably a *touch.* What does she look like?

Rosie—*Terrible*—I think she must be nuts. (*May be pronounced "nerts."*)

L.—Yeah?

Rosie—She says she's your *sister.*

L.—(*Assembling the scattered cards*) Oh, my Gawd! Bad news from the old home *town.* (*Smiles sourly and gazes straight ahead.*)

Rosie—What shall I *tell* her?

L.—Rosie, there are times when a young gal—tryin' to get along in the city—has to take it on the *chin.* Show her *in.* (As Rosie exits L.) Oy, oy!

(*Pause and Rosie re-enters L and stands aside. Enter Mrs. Brad Linzey of Linkdale. She is a woman of about forty who looks older. She is dowdily attired in an attempt to do something with the styles of last year. Not a scarecrow but a discouraged, frumpy-looking sort. The outside weather is supposed to be mild but she carries a light wrap over her arm. She has a handkerchief in her hand. As she enters, L looks toward her puzzled and not pleased. They do not exchange any sisterly kisses. Mrs. B. advances and rests her hands on the back of chair at L of table. She gazes sorrowfully at L who breaks the awkward silence.*)

L. Well, Gertie?

Mrs. B. I—I (*she represses a sniffle and dabs each eye with the handkerchief.*)

L. (*Calmly*) What's the big *idea?* Why the *grief?*

Mrs. B. (*In an emotional condition*) I—I came down on the bus.

L. (*Not by way of sympathy*) Must have had a hard *trip.*

Mrs. B. (*Trying to control herself.*) Everyone in *town's* talkin' about it.

L. You mean everyone *here* or everyone in *Linkdale?*

Mrs. B. Up *home.*

L. (*With some sarcasm*). Still *talkin'*, eh? What is the *latest* dirt?

Mrs. B. (*Looking hard at her sister*) Myrtle Hawkins came home—after she lost her job—

L. I see—Myrtle! What a *pal!*

Mrs. B. She *said*—

L. Gertie, I *know* this is goin' to be good, so we'd better sit down and take it *easy.* (*L. settles back, neglecting cards and Mrs. B. folds her wrap awkwardly and seats herself in the chair behind which she has been standing, dropping her wrap across her knees, later handling it and shifting it to relieve her emotions. L. encourages her to speak.*) Well, what *did* Myrtle say? *Shoot!*

Mrs. B. (*With her composure somewhat regained and adopting a tone of severity.*) She says you're *livin'* up here with a man that's *not* your husband.

L. (*Not visibly startled*) *Yeah?* What *else* did she say?

Mrs. B. Ain't that *enough?*

L. (*Amused*) I'll say it's enough—for a *starter*—up in Linkdale. She might just as well have put it on the *air*—from the *N. B. C. chain.*

Mrs. B.—Well?

L.—Well, it's *so*—even if you do have a rough way of putting it. Only—wouldn't it be a little more polite to say that sister Luella has consented to put herself under the protection of a gentleman friend? I'm one of those girls, Gertie, but you can go back home an' tell the broadcasters that I do *not* call him my sugar daddy. I have *some* shame left.

Mrs. B.—Not *much!*

L.—Well, that depends on the point of view. Things don't look the same at the corner of Fourth and Main as when you're overlooking a lovely park—and—incidentally—the Seventh Commandment.

Mrs. B.—You've got *brazen*—down here in the city.

L.—I've got *everything* down here in the city.

Mrs. B.—I came here hopin' to *sympathize* with you—an' mebbe induce you to come *back.*

L. (*Amused*) Yes, *ma'am!* After the publicity I've had up there—what a local favorite *I'd* be!

Mrs. B.—(*Gazing at her sorrowfully*) Luella!

L.—Yes?

Mrs. B.—How did you happen to *fall?*

L.—I didn't *fall*—I *jumped*—saw a chance to get for myself the finest specimen of man in the world and I *took* him.

Mrs. B. Who *is* he?

L.—Myrtle is a bum detective—didn't you get the *name* of the villain?

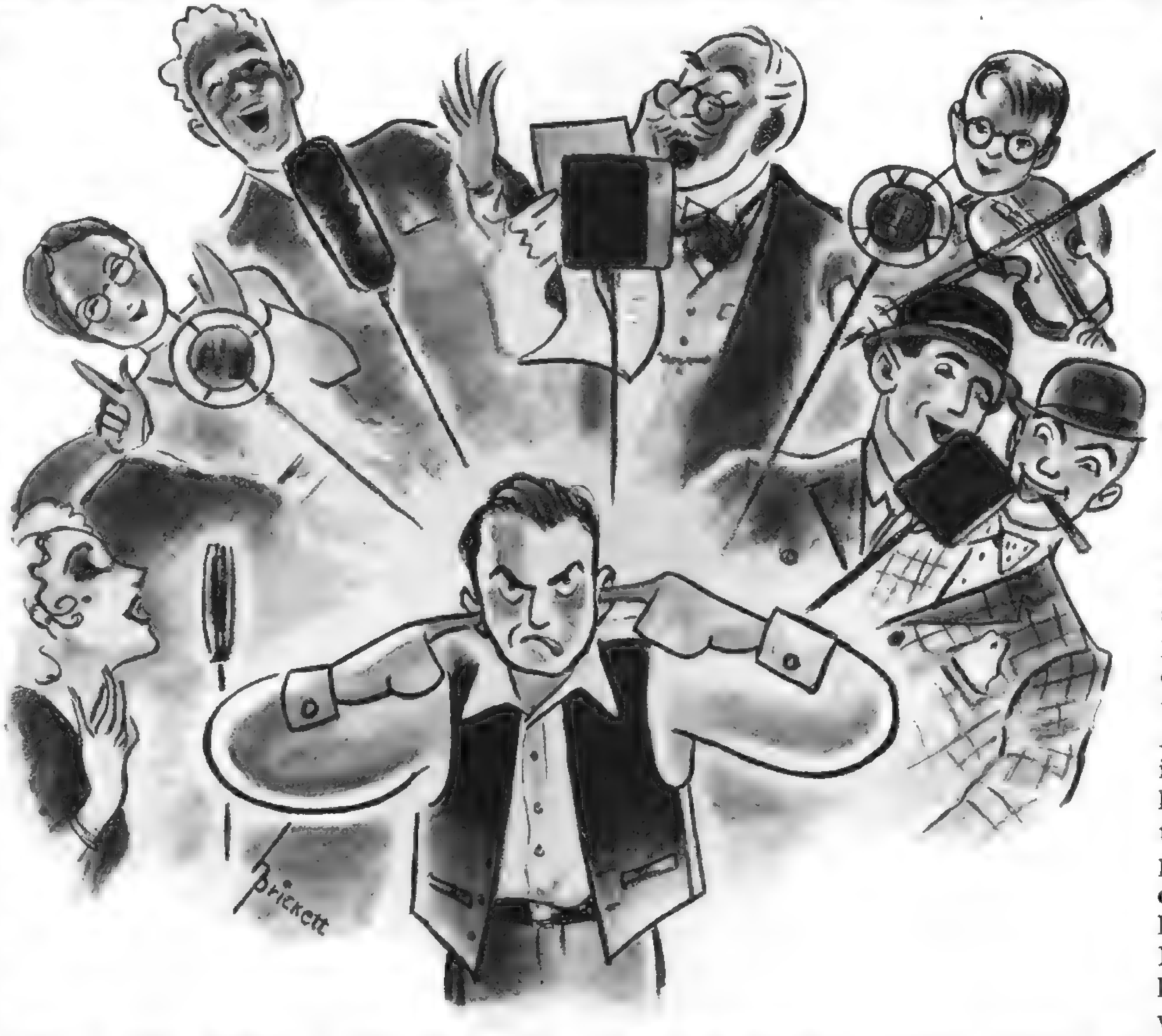
Continued on page 145

MALE AND FEMALE AND RADIO

Unable to create its own *genre*, radio has created a new gender, the neuter of radio-listeners

by GILBERT SELDES

At the end of the year 1933, the annus mirabilis of recovery, radio broadcasting is the most successful and the most annoying, the most inescapable and the most insufferable racket ever put over on the American public and its great friend, the American businessman. Originally a toy for men with a mechanical knack, to which women contributed nothing but hairpins and contempt, radio has now created a new sex for itself, the sex of radio-listeners, hitherto unknown to biologists. That this new gender is identical with the buying public is what the station owners tell makers of toothpaste, grinning cheerfully to show their nice white teeth; but I doubt it. I think the buying public is still largely what God meant them to be, male and female.



In the correspondence of Ted Cook's immortal Aunt Bella there occurred a letter reproaching her for telling a certain story at a party and Aunt Bella apologized, saying, "I knew it was old, but I thought it was still dirty." The comedians (and there's a great name gone to hell) of the radio have reversed the principle; their jokes are not dirty, but they are still old. Obscenity has not yet come to liven the radio, but suggestiveness has and the last days of Ring Lardner's life were made brilliant, for us, by his remorseless showing up of radio's smut, all of which is based on Beaumarchais' old principle that what can't be said can be sung. A sweet melody and a semi-sexless voice seem to render antiseptic the poisonous sentimental smut which is never hearty, never funny, and always a little tiresome. Radio might change "go to bed" to "go to sleep," but the nudge and the wink remained, reminding you of an undergraduate trying to tell a smoking room story to a couple of traveling salesmen.

I was surprised to find radio fan magazines full of pictures of the attractive legs of radio sopranos, but these magazines actually gave me the clue to the present standing of the business: radio is now where the movies were between 1910 and 1915: infantile, intimidated, uncreative, and headed for bankruptcy. If you tell me that a medium which presents the Pope, George Bernard Shaw, the latest football games play by play, and the best symphony orchestras, all within five days, can be none of these things, the answer is simply that not one of these admirable features has anything whatever to do with radio; they existed, some more happily, before radio and would still exist if every microphone in America cracked under the strain of transmitting lousy puns sixteen hours a day, as I hope they will. With minor exceptions, radio has not yet created anything for itself. Its sketches are comic strips or minstrel show humors; its music is all borrowed; its great stunts are all independent events. Again with a few exceptions, radio hasn't even learned a new, purely radio, way of handling the material it borrows. By 1914 the movies were so enslaved to the stage and fiction that they were becoming a great bore and only the development of the movie as an independent art saved the industry. But radio has not yet brought forth a Chaplin, a Sennett, or even a Griffith. Its idea of comedy is still, "My uncle bought a house in the country and he got stucco.—You mean he got stuck.—No, I mean he got stucco."

Like the old movies, radio is successful because it is so dreadfully honest and sincere. It does not address itself, as sponsors say, to the intelligence of a child of twelve—that space is reserved for the pictures. It is devised to satisfy the intelligence of the sponsors themselves; they like their acts and believe in them. It is for them, and not for children of twelve, that the name "Washington" is carefully spelled out three times in fifteen minutes in the name and address of the manufacturer. It is they and not their listeners who think no program complete unless it repeats all the popular songs of all the other programs—the listeners catch on after the third or fourth reprise. And one more thing: it is the sponsors who listen right through the plugging to their products, never dreaming that by a kindly provision of Nature, each radio has a little knob which can be swiftly turned, shutting the damned thing off altogether.

Still, the sponsors are the ones who pay.

I am not suggesting that Amos 'n' Andy were not popular with grownup men and for all I know, humanity is various and multitudinous enough to include masculine adults who palpitate over the Rise of the Goldbergs. Yet I think that radio entertainment today neglects the wage-earning male citizen who is not, by nature, an adorer of tenors or of wisecrackers, though he may tolerate them both. He is not a perpetual dancer, although dance music may help him in the arduous business of reading his newspaper; he has seldom spent more than fifty cents in his life to hear female trios in close harmony, even if he does not tune them out—they postpone family discussions. I am not sure exactly what he would require in the way of broadcasts, but I can think of parallels elsewhere. Let the

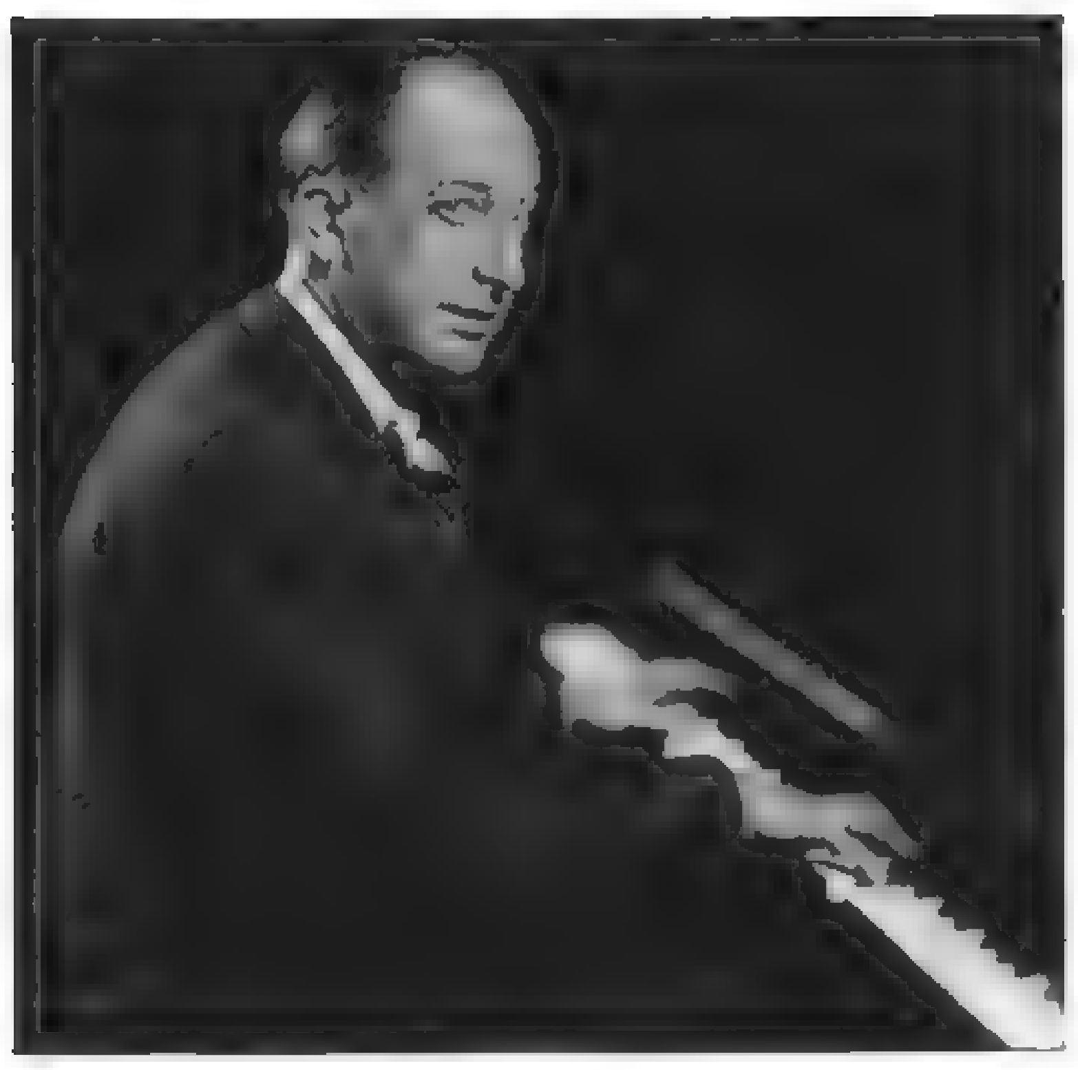
Continued on page 140

WORDS AND FACES

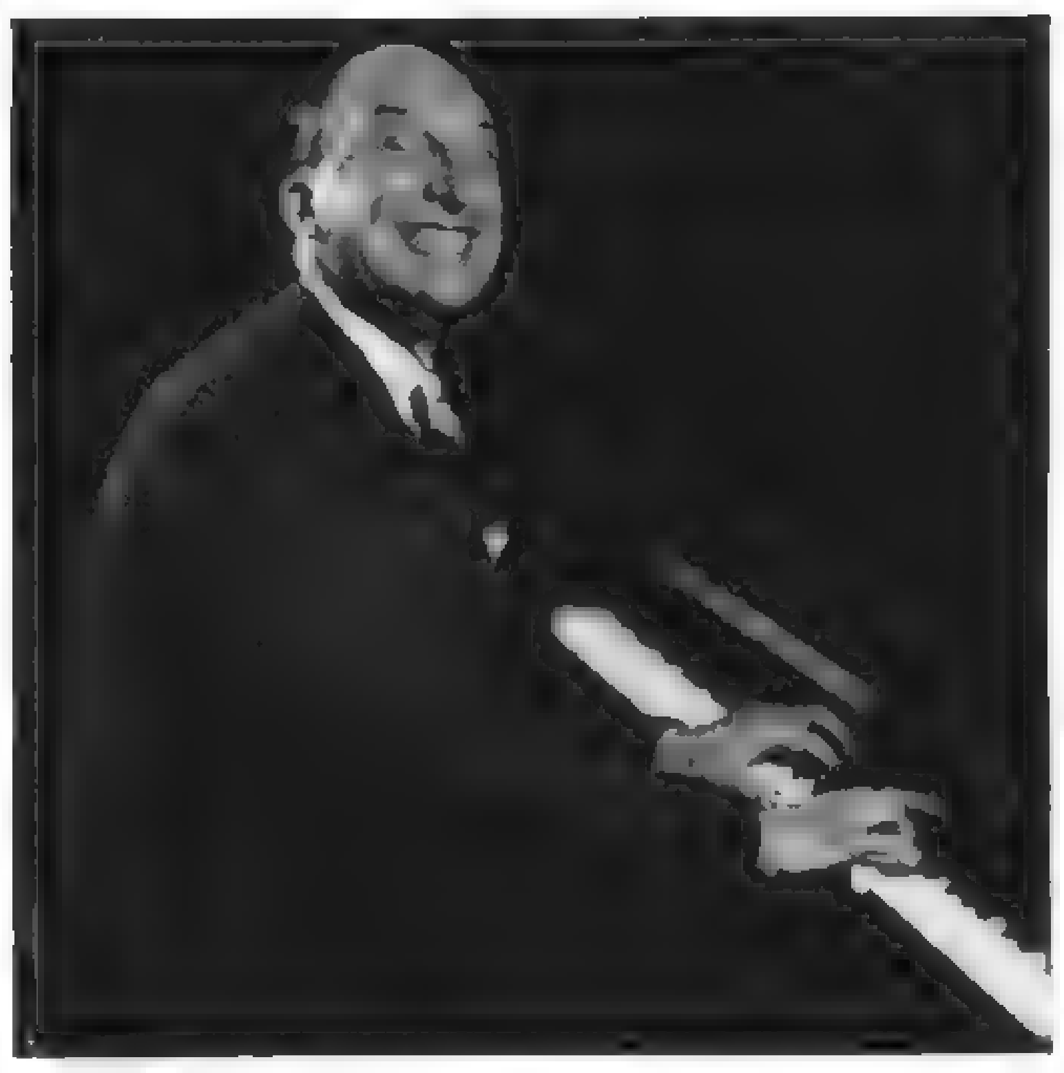
Being excerpts from two songs, one new and one old, as given for Gilbert Seehausen's camera

by DWIGHT FISKE

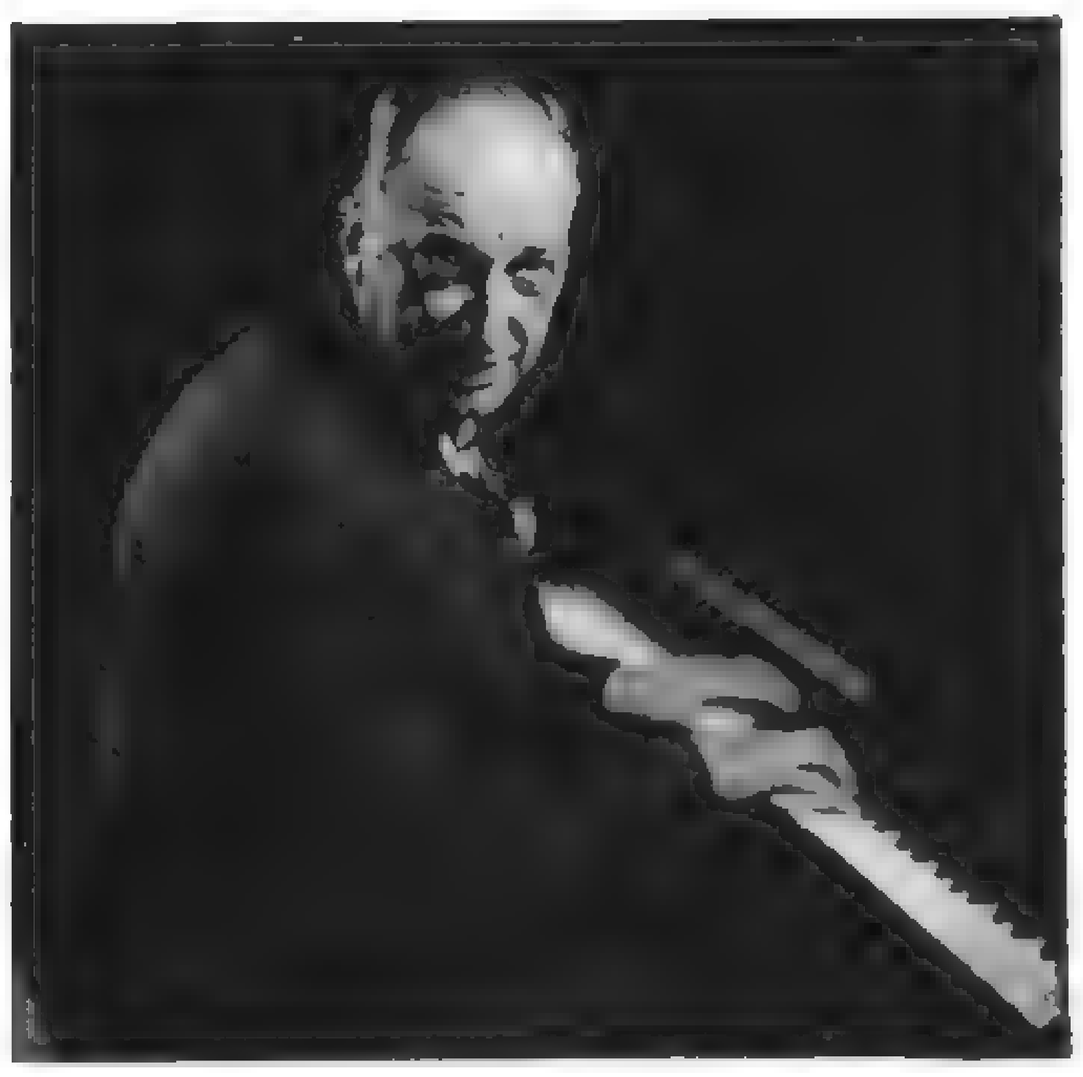
(read from left to right)



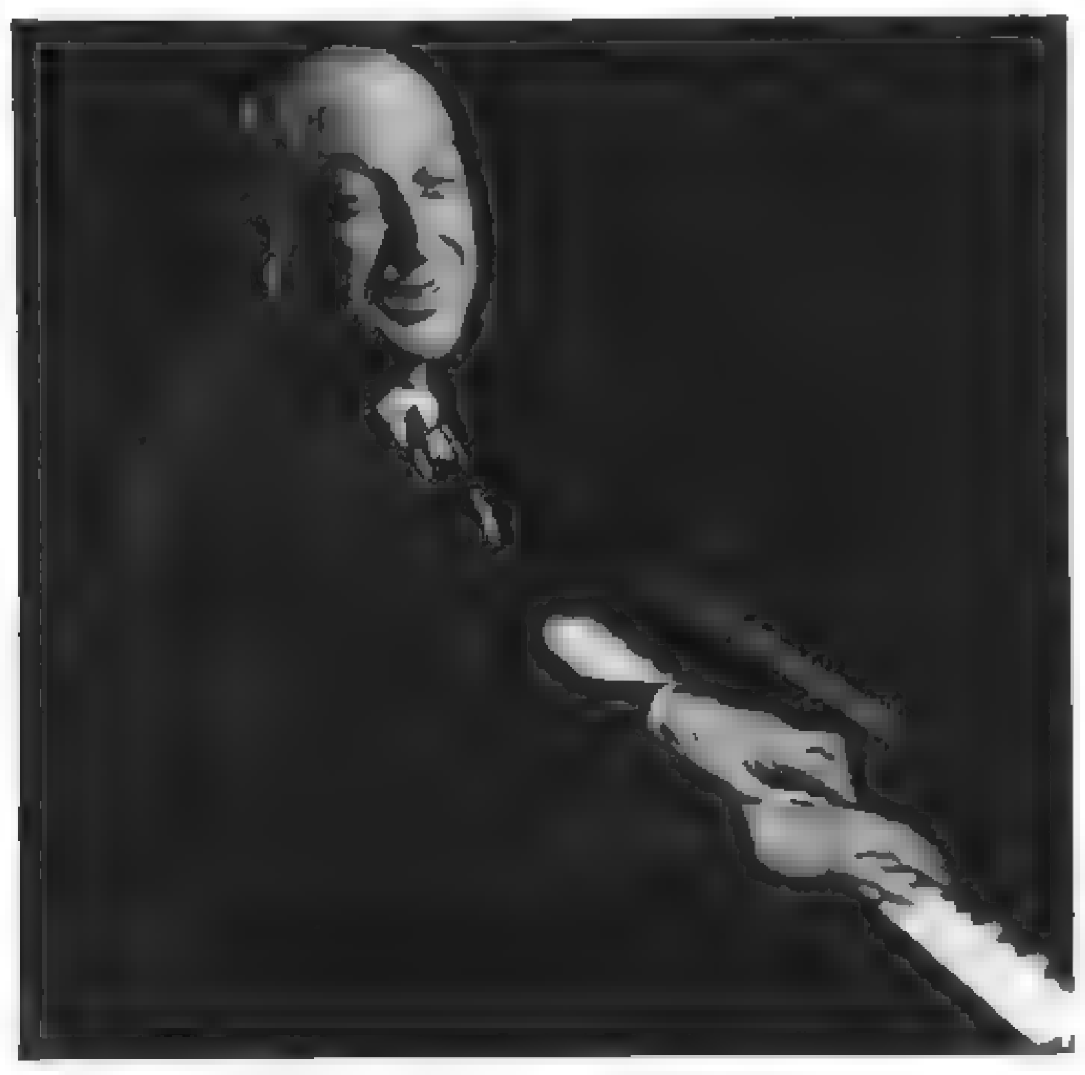
Ida was just a little wayward sturgeon



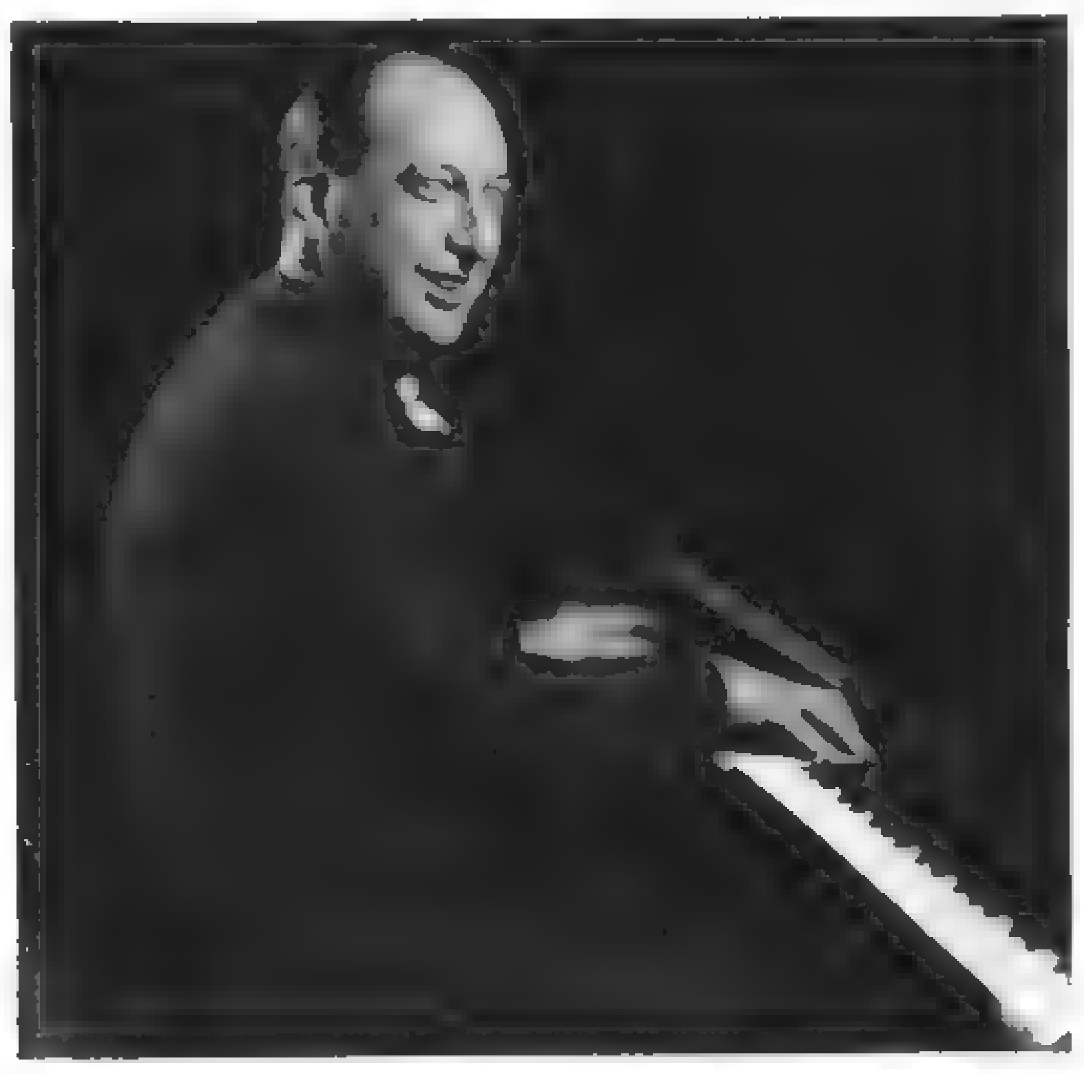
A badge on her shoulder said: I WILL SHARE



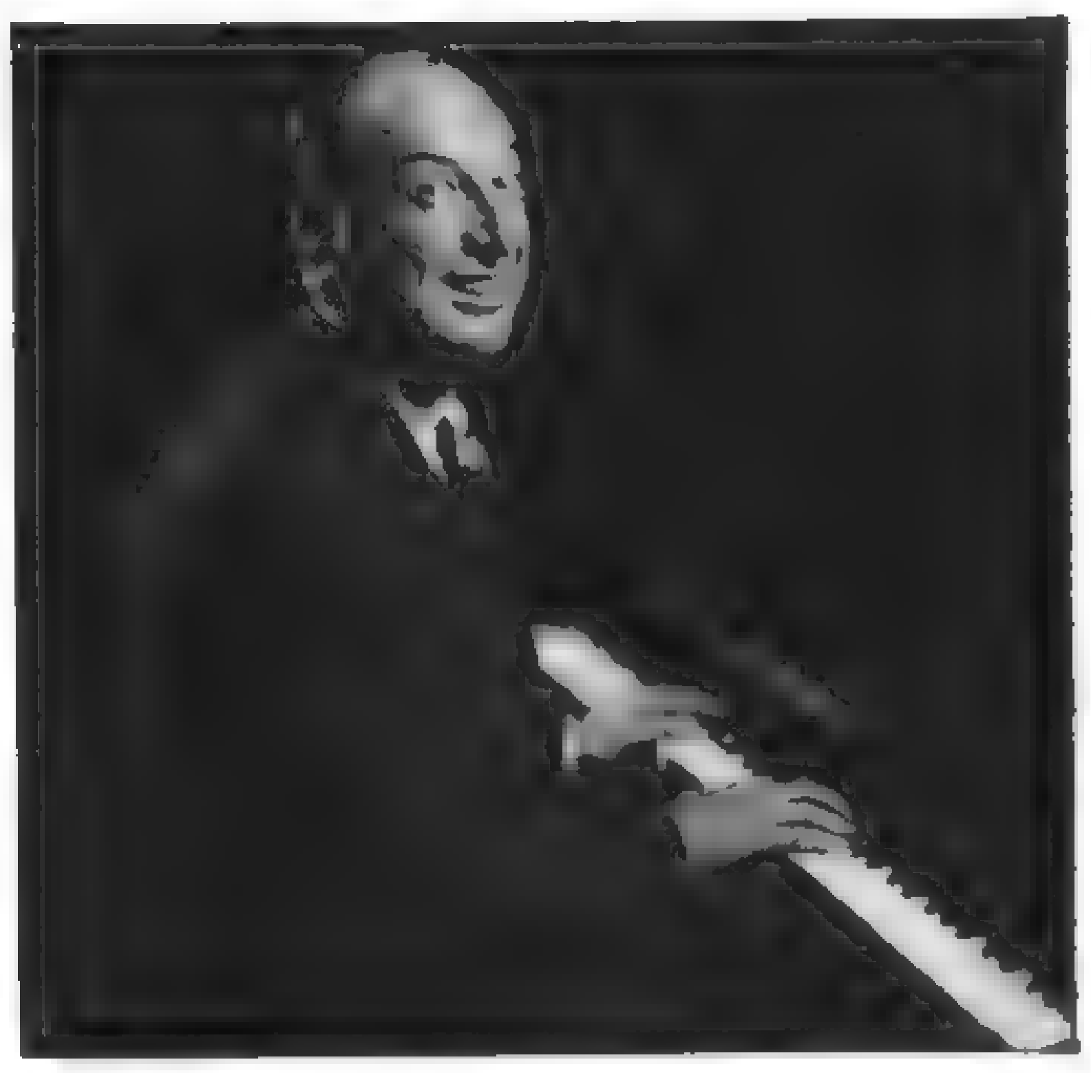
She left home one beautiful morning . . .



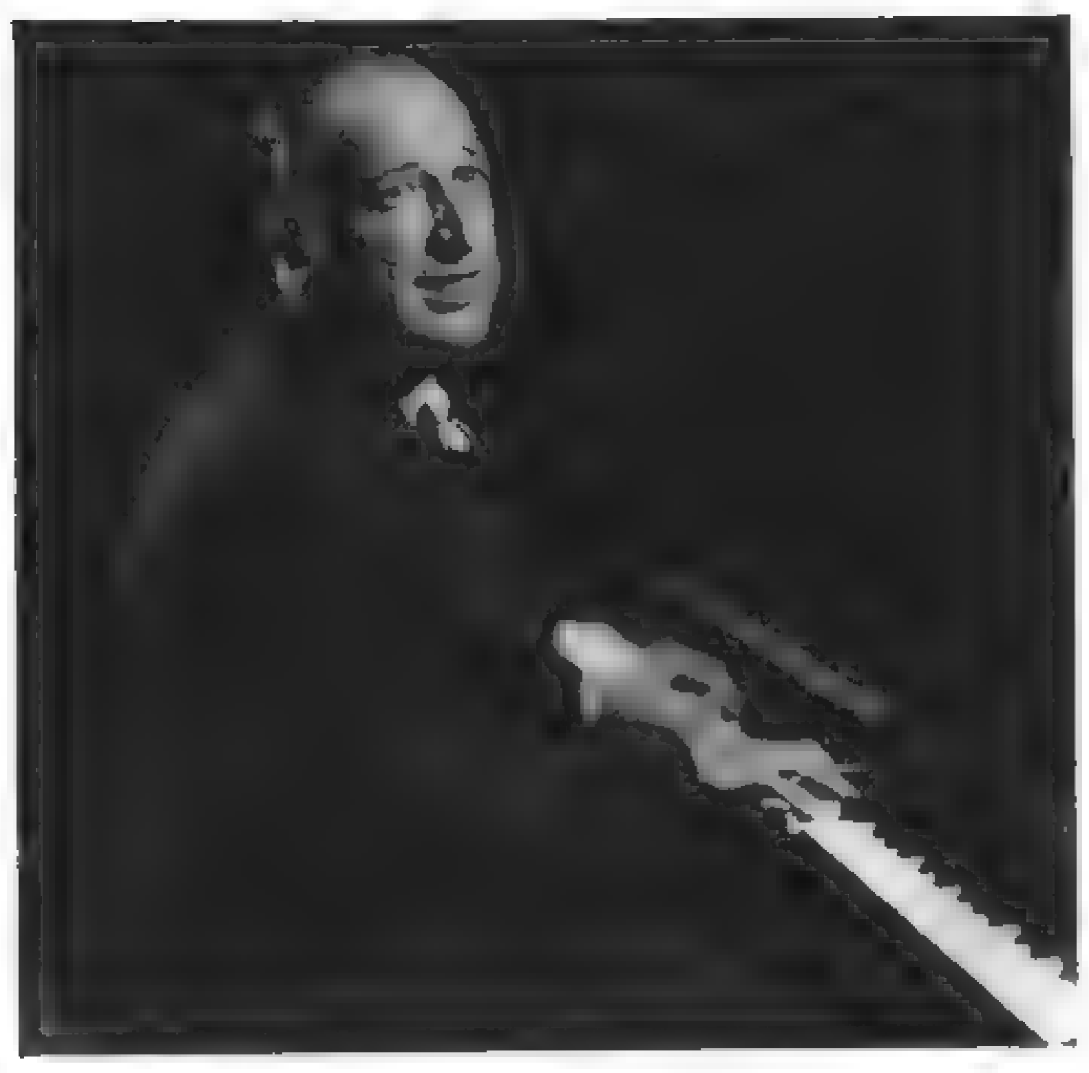
Little Ida was only twelve . . .



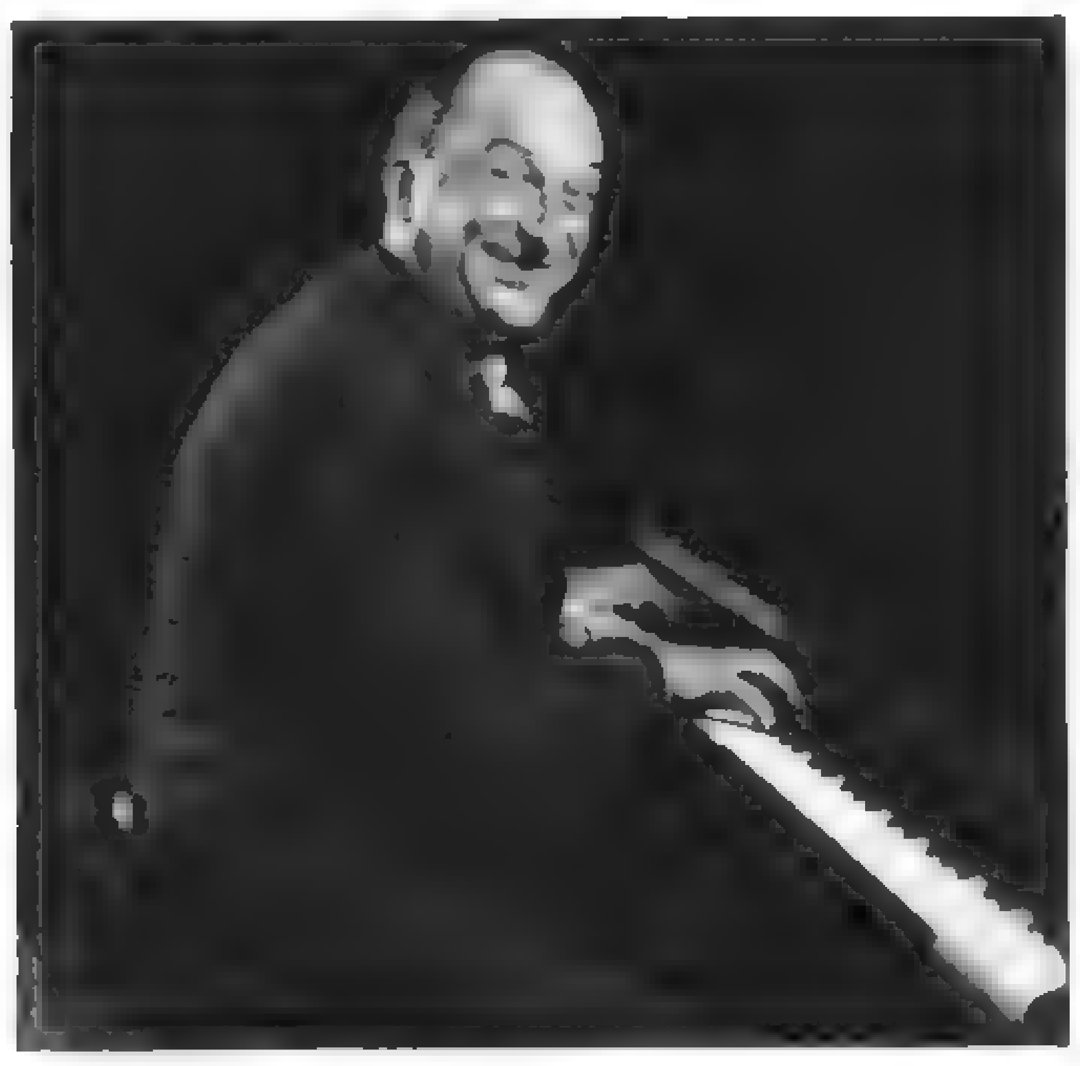
She drifted up the Gulf Stream with the crowd . . .



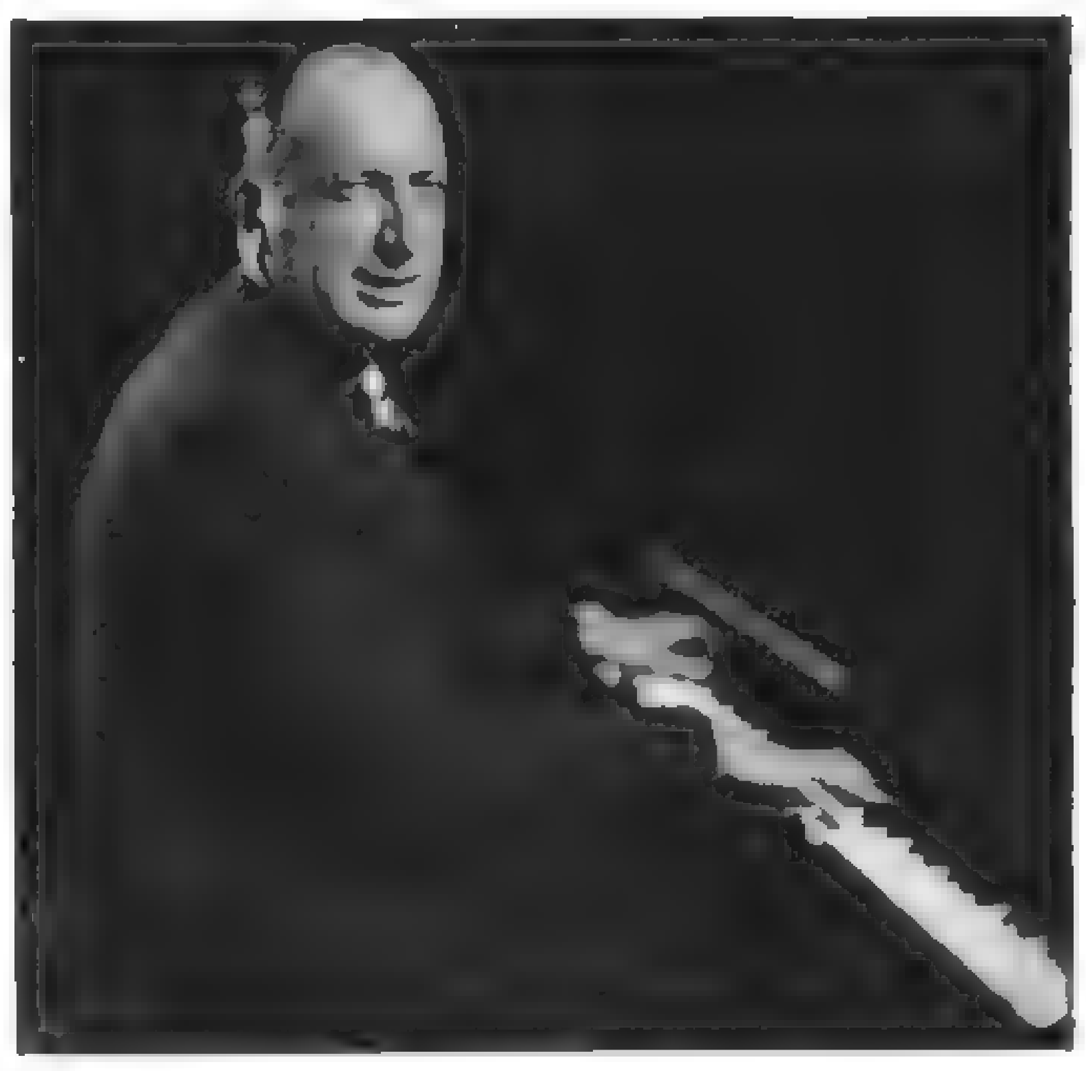
. . . and WHAT a crowd!!!



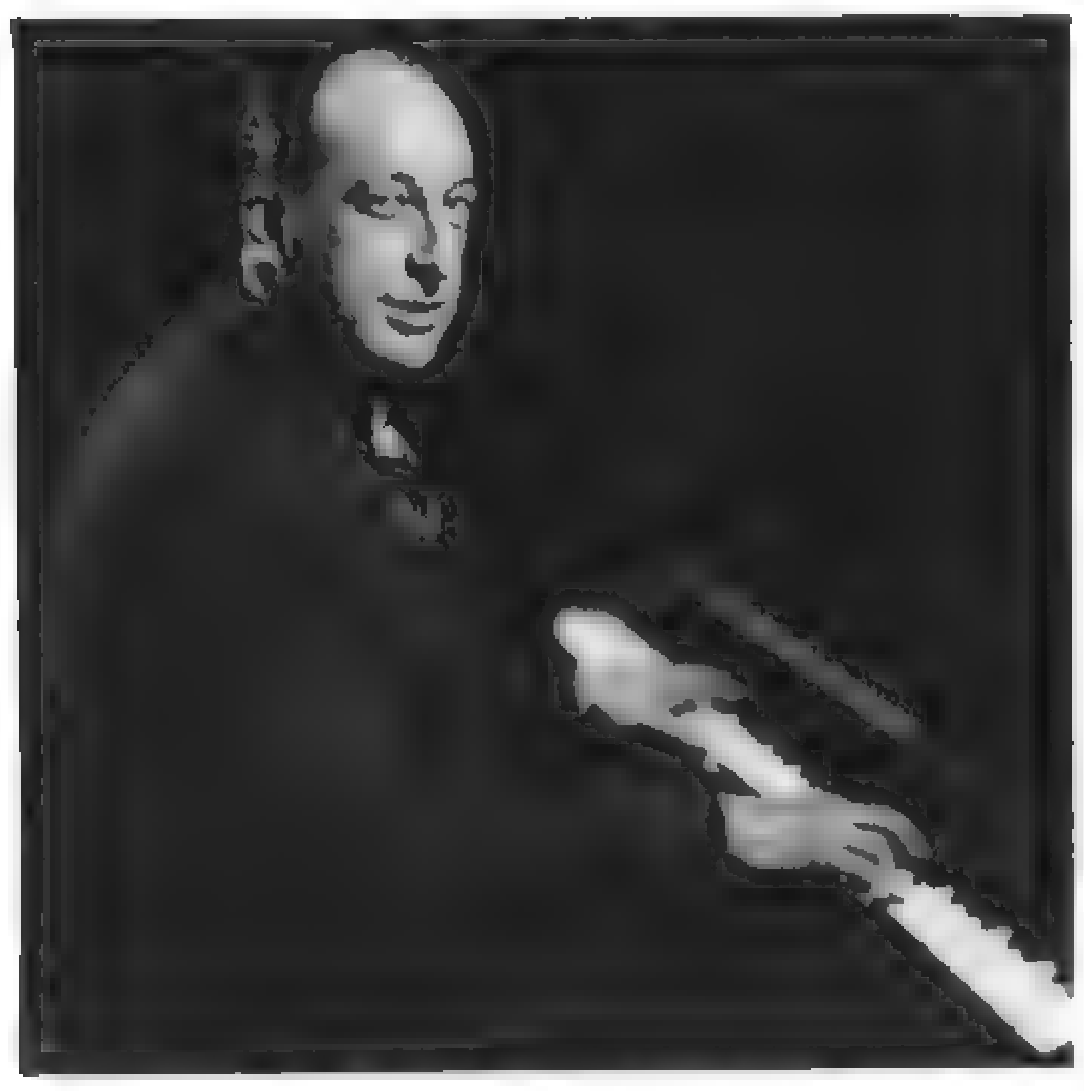
Ida was dying for an affair . . .



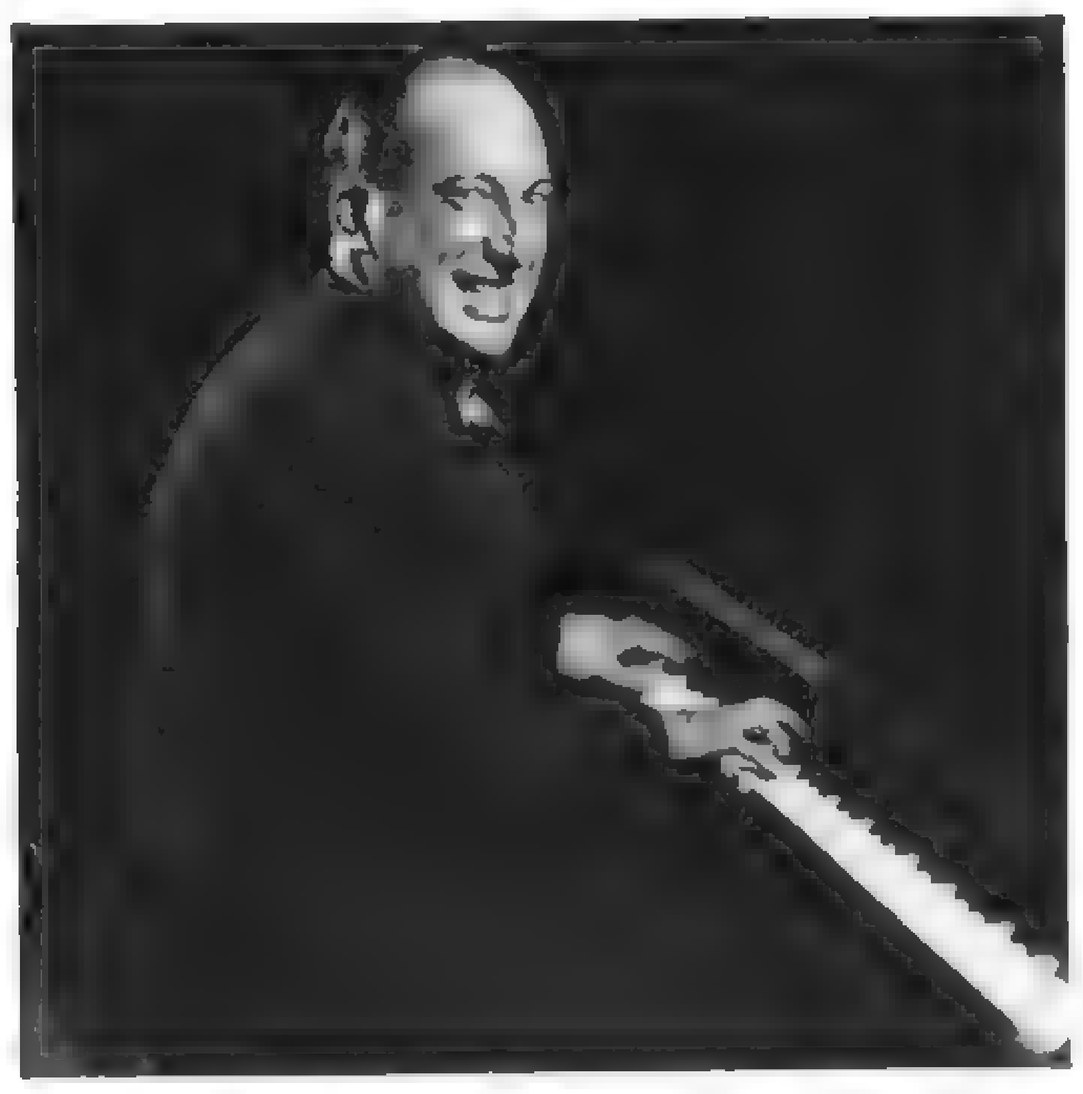
. . . a couple of calls and we'll have some FUN.



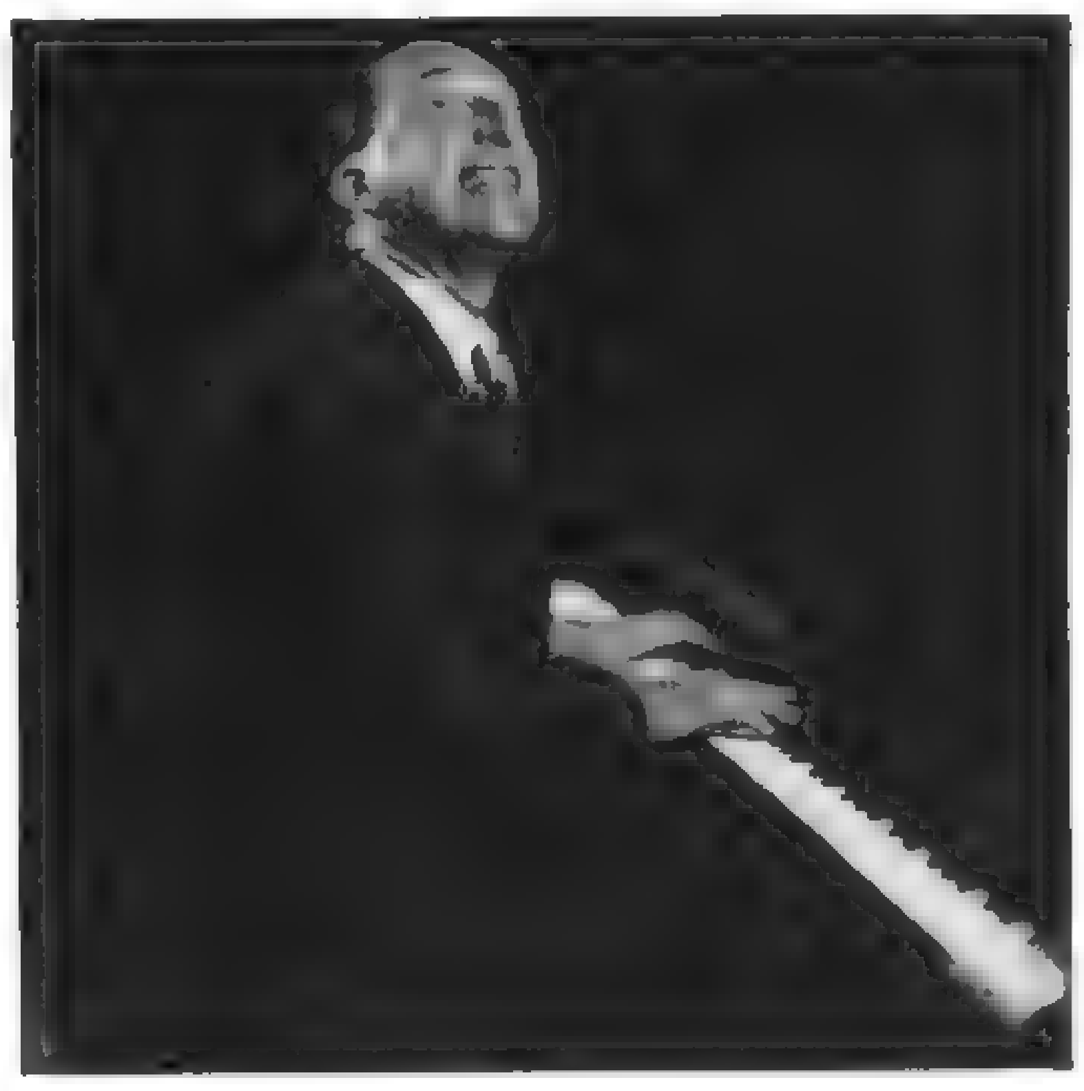
Downstairs was Tristan Wisenstein, the octopus . . .



Ida fainted and didn't know a thing . . .

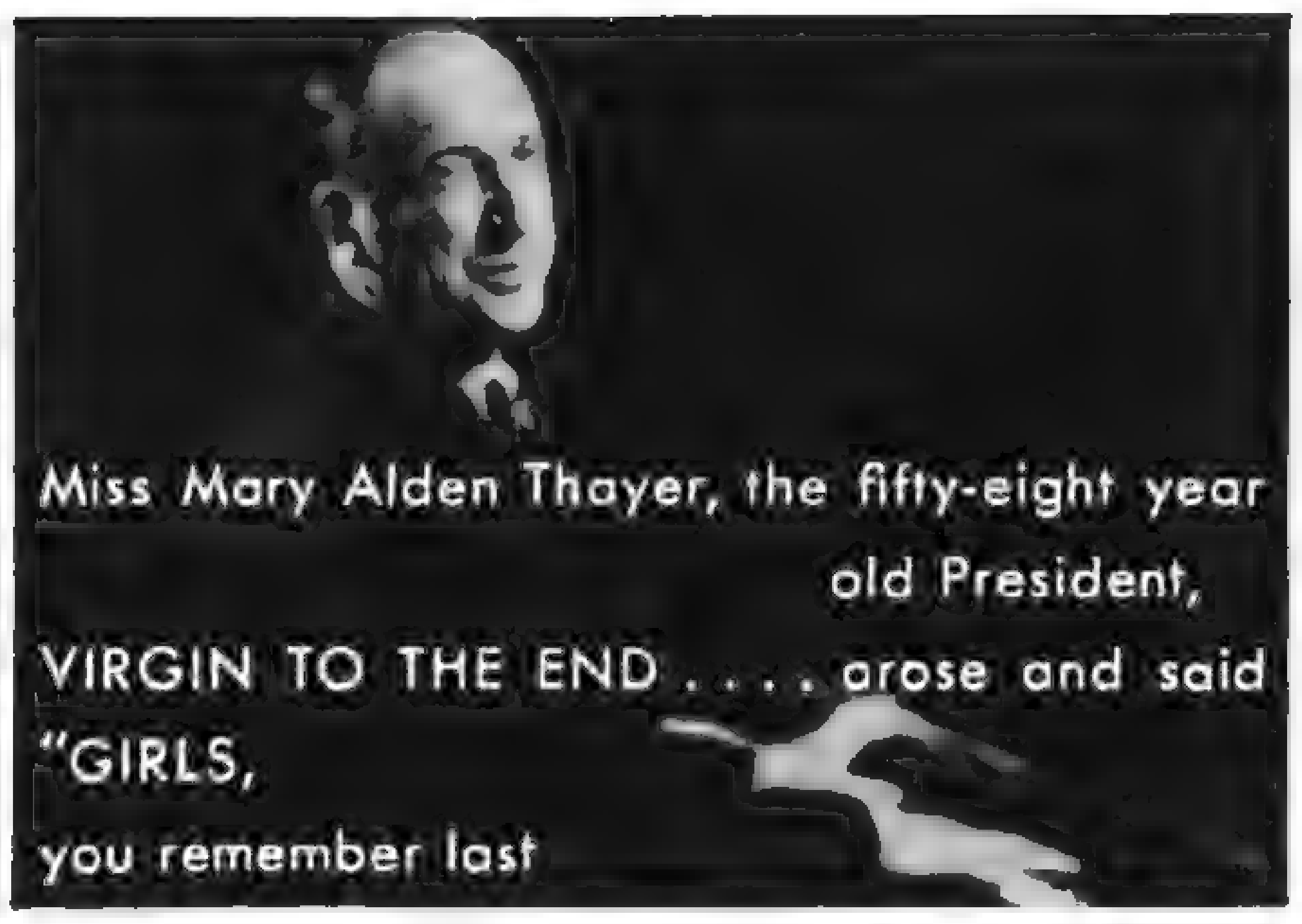


My GOD, Ida, you've SHARED . . .

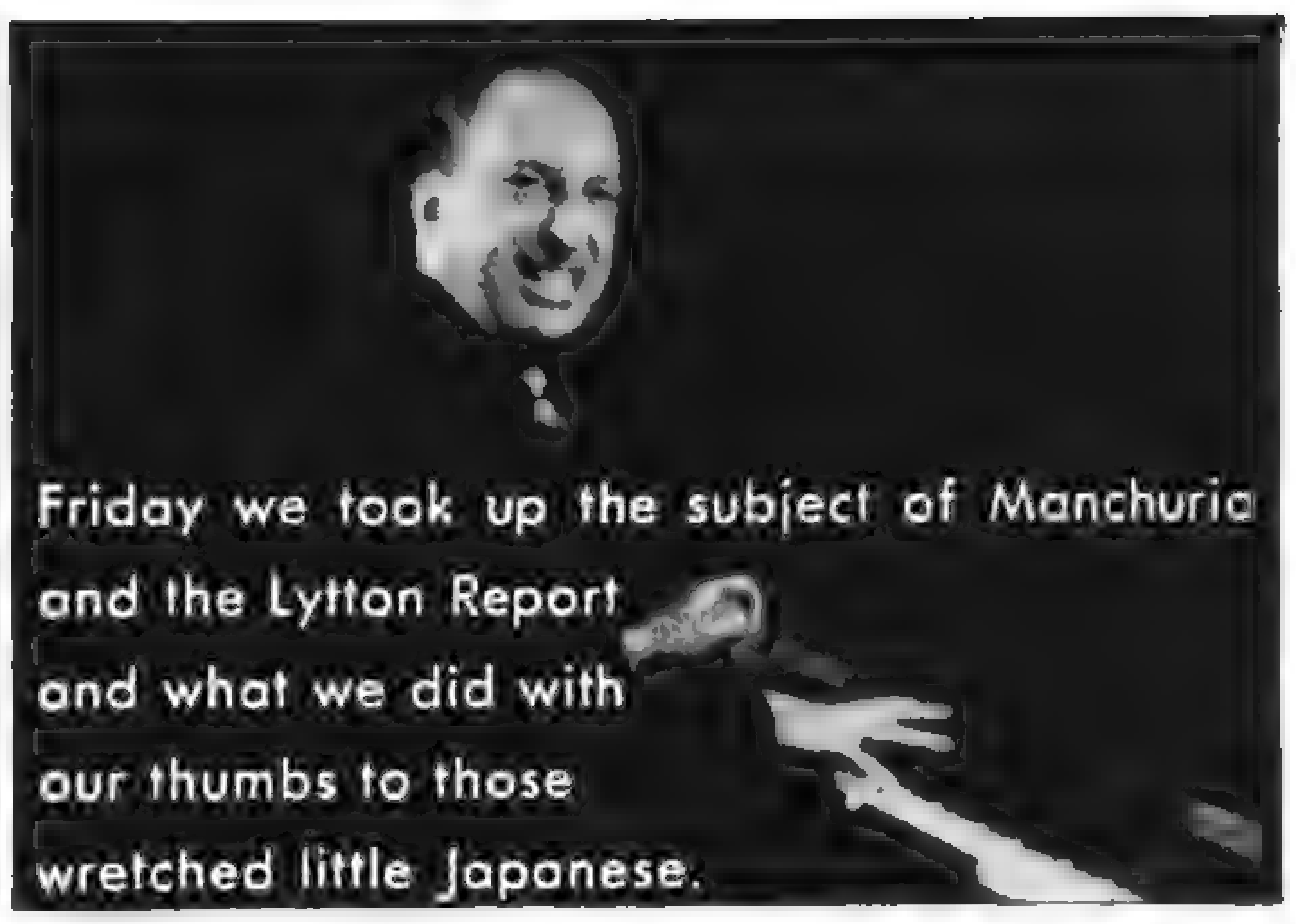


IT'S CAVIAR!!!!

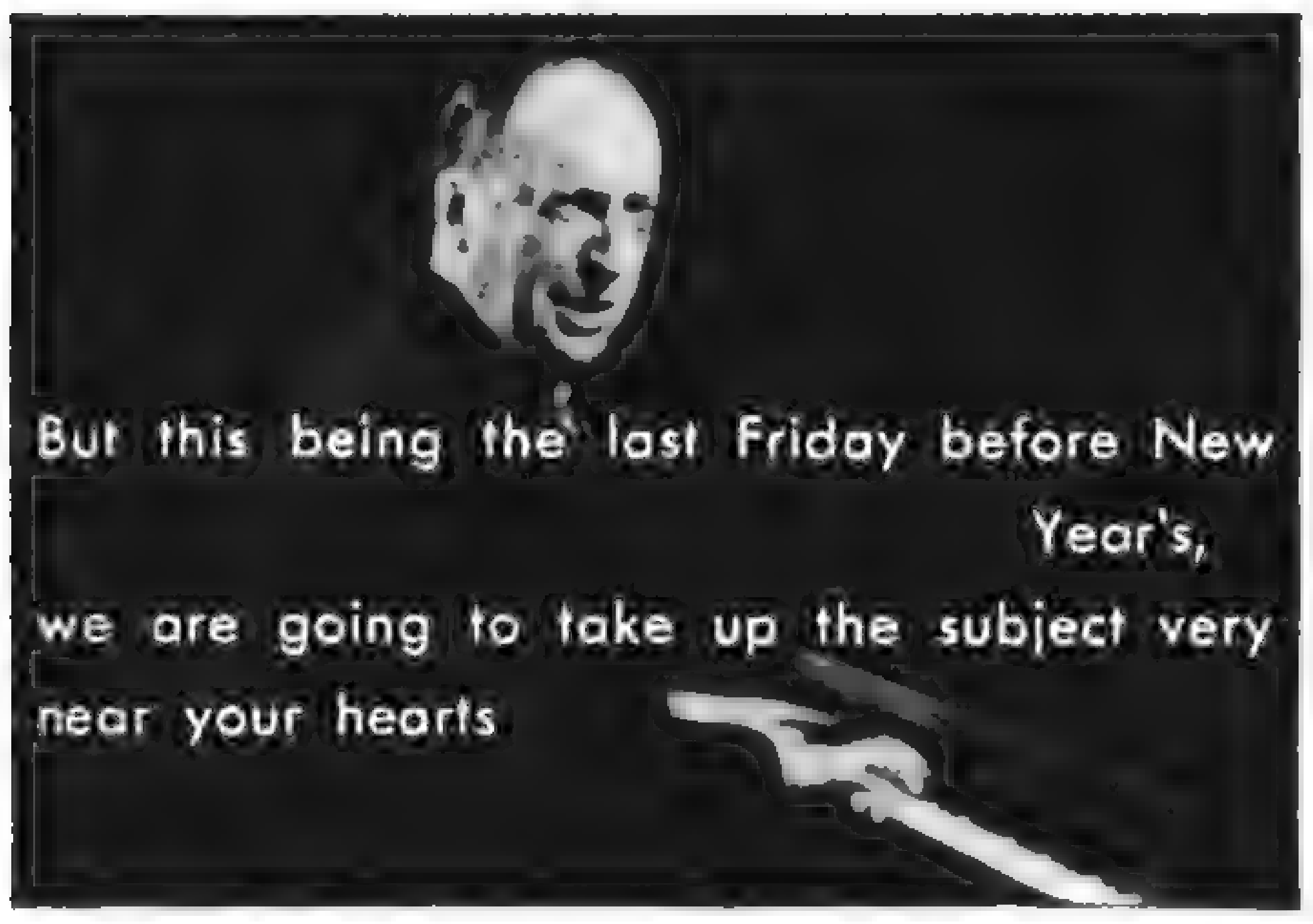
Now it all happened in a little country town. The Women's Guild for the improvement of the MIND AND SOUL were holding their annual Friday afternoon meeting.



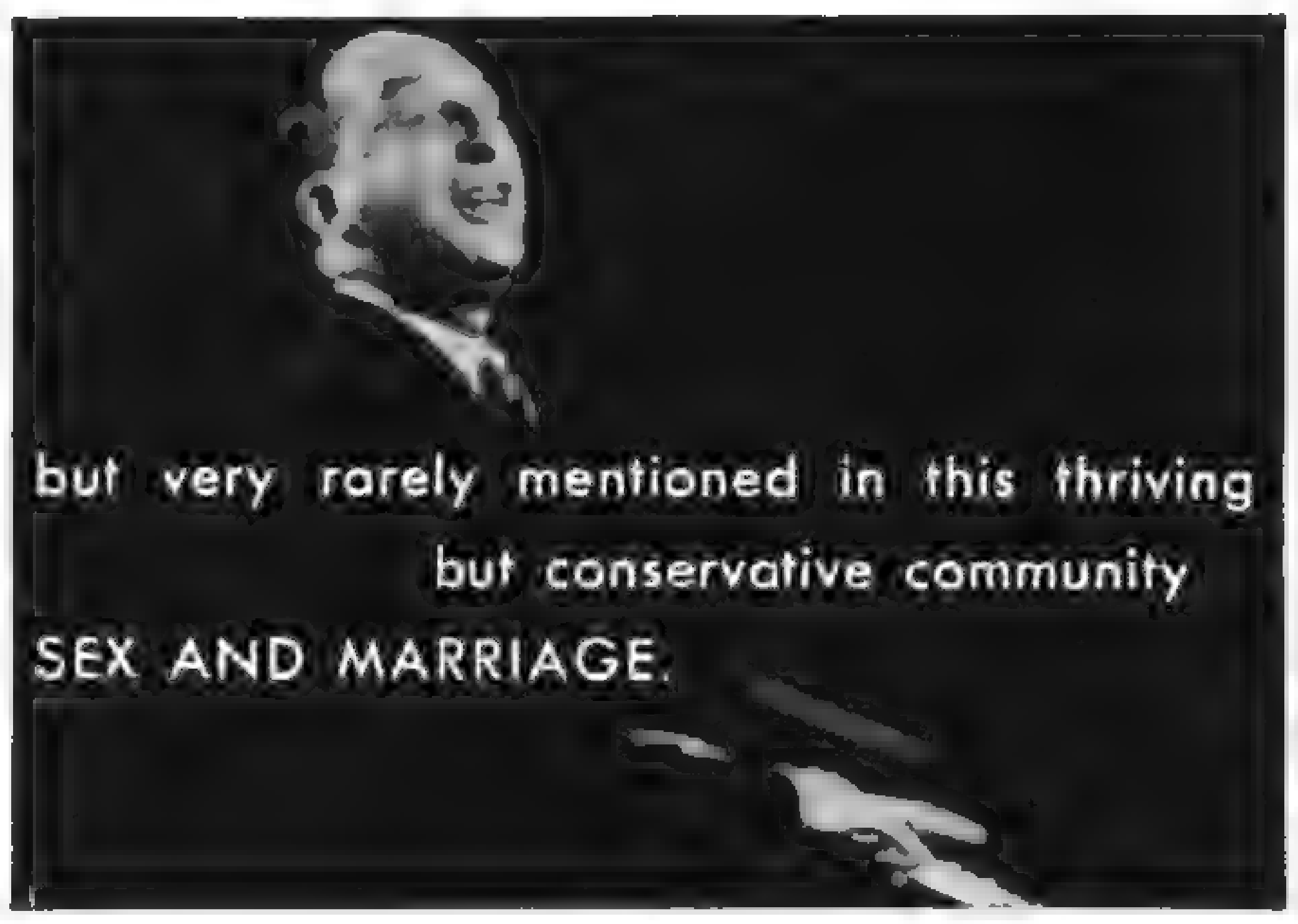
Miss Mary Alden Thayer, the fifty-eight year old President, VIRGIN TO THE END . . . . arose and said "GIRLS, you remember last



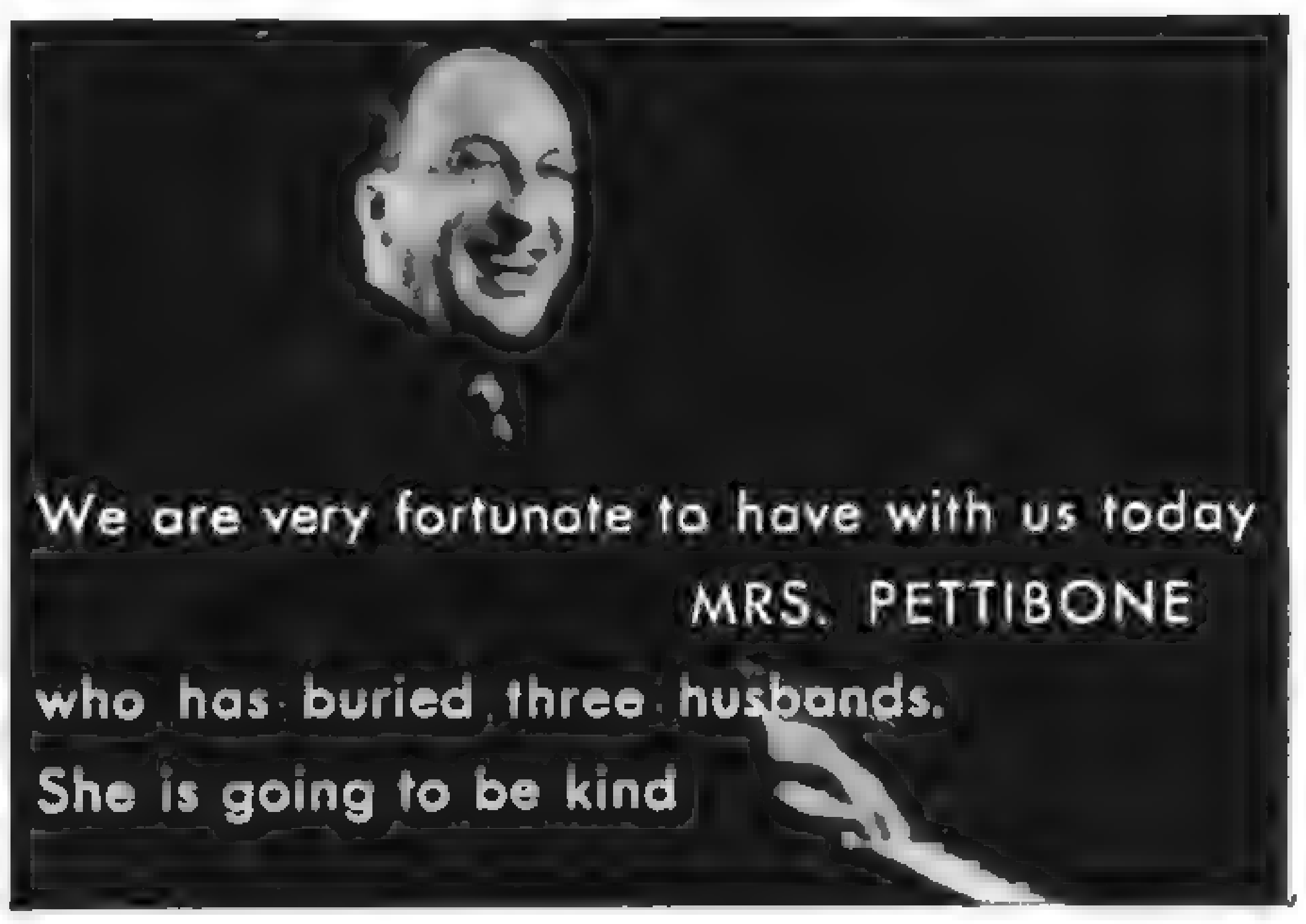
Friday we took up the subject of Manchuria and the Lytton Report and what we did with our thumbs to those wretched little Japanese.



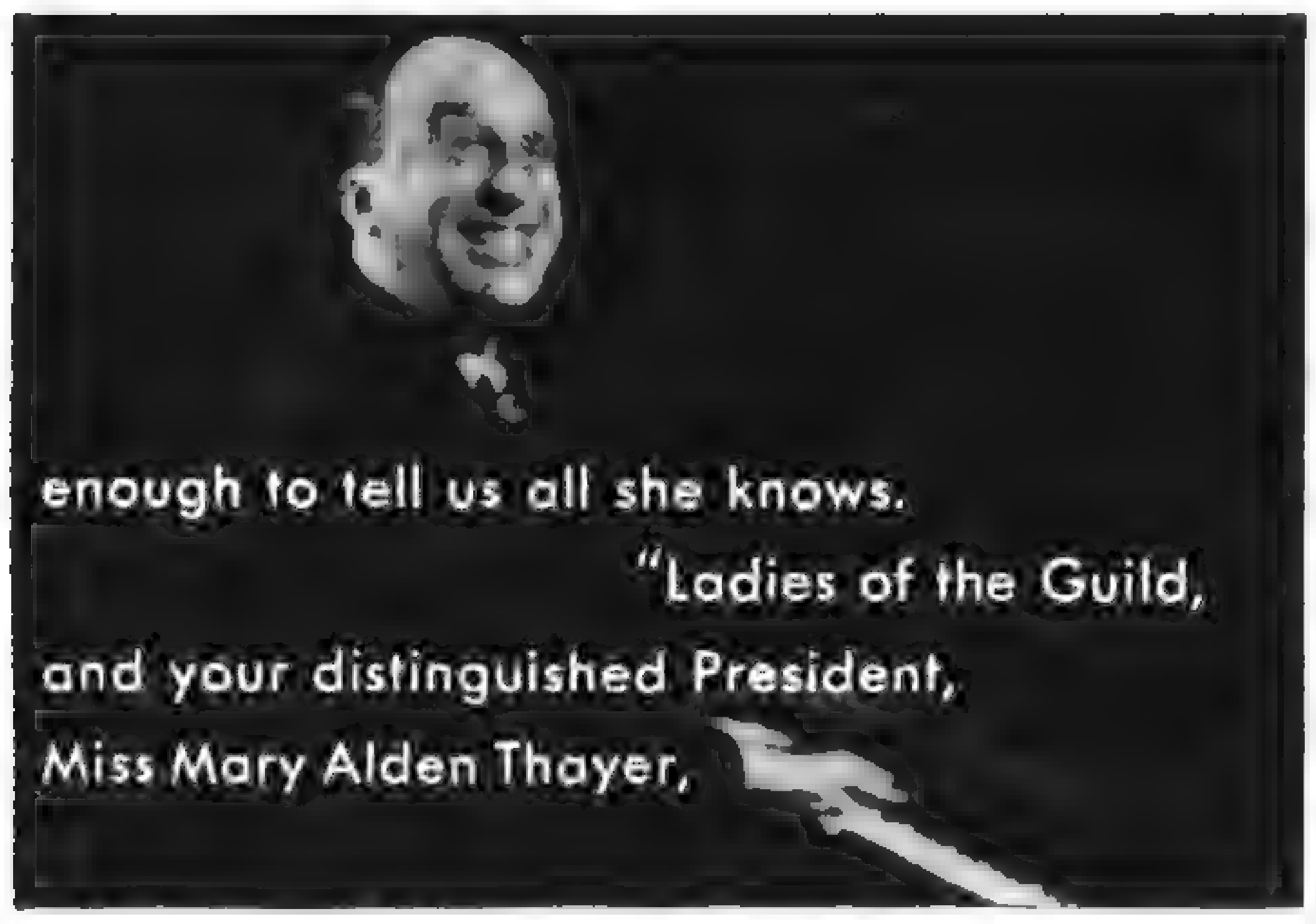
But this being the last Friday before New Year's, we are going to take up the subject very near your hearts



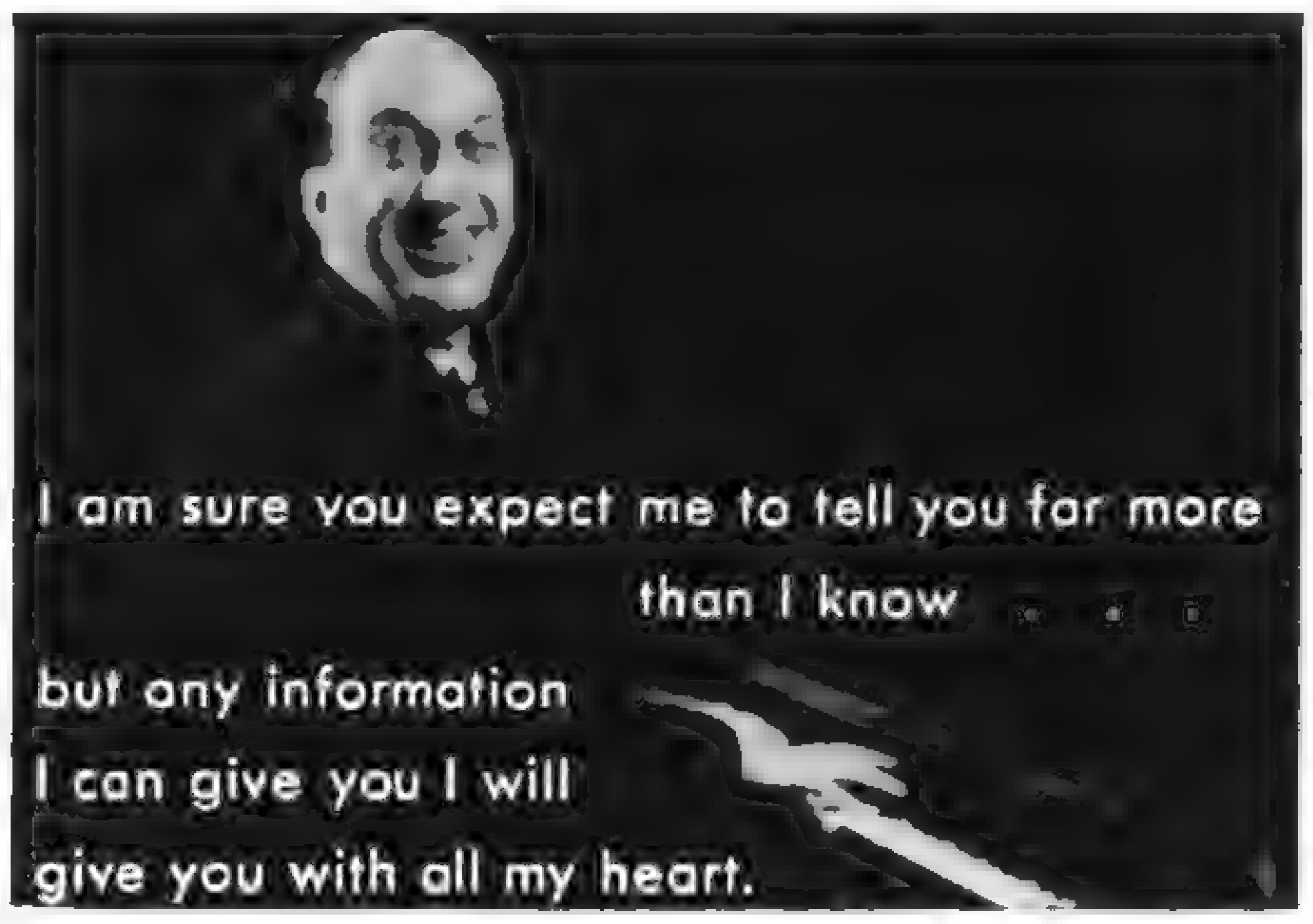
but very rarely mentioned in this thriving but conservative community SEX AND MARRIAGE.



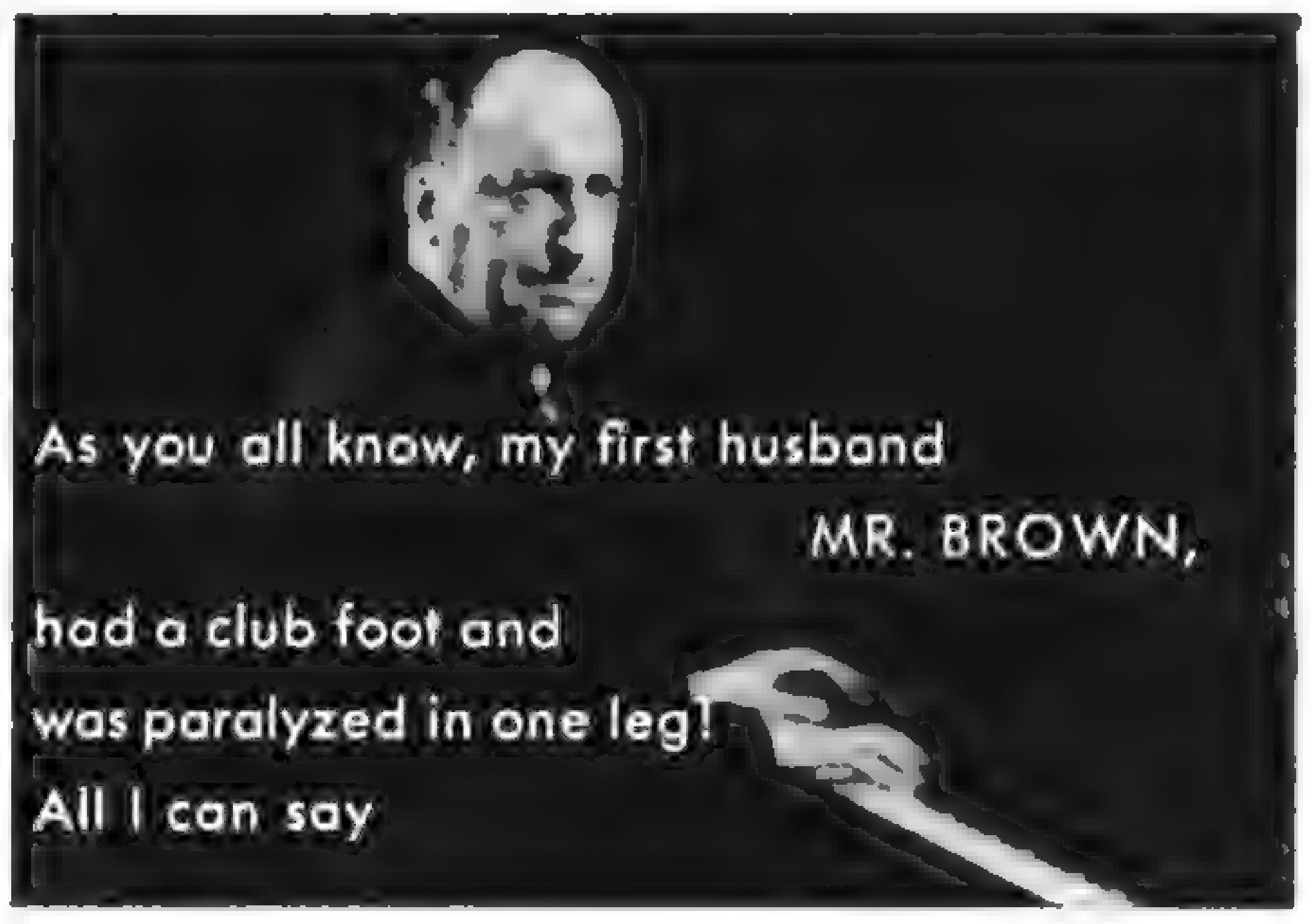
We are very fortunate to have with us today MRS. PETTIBONE who has buried three husbands. She is going to be kind



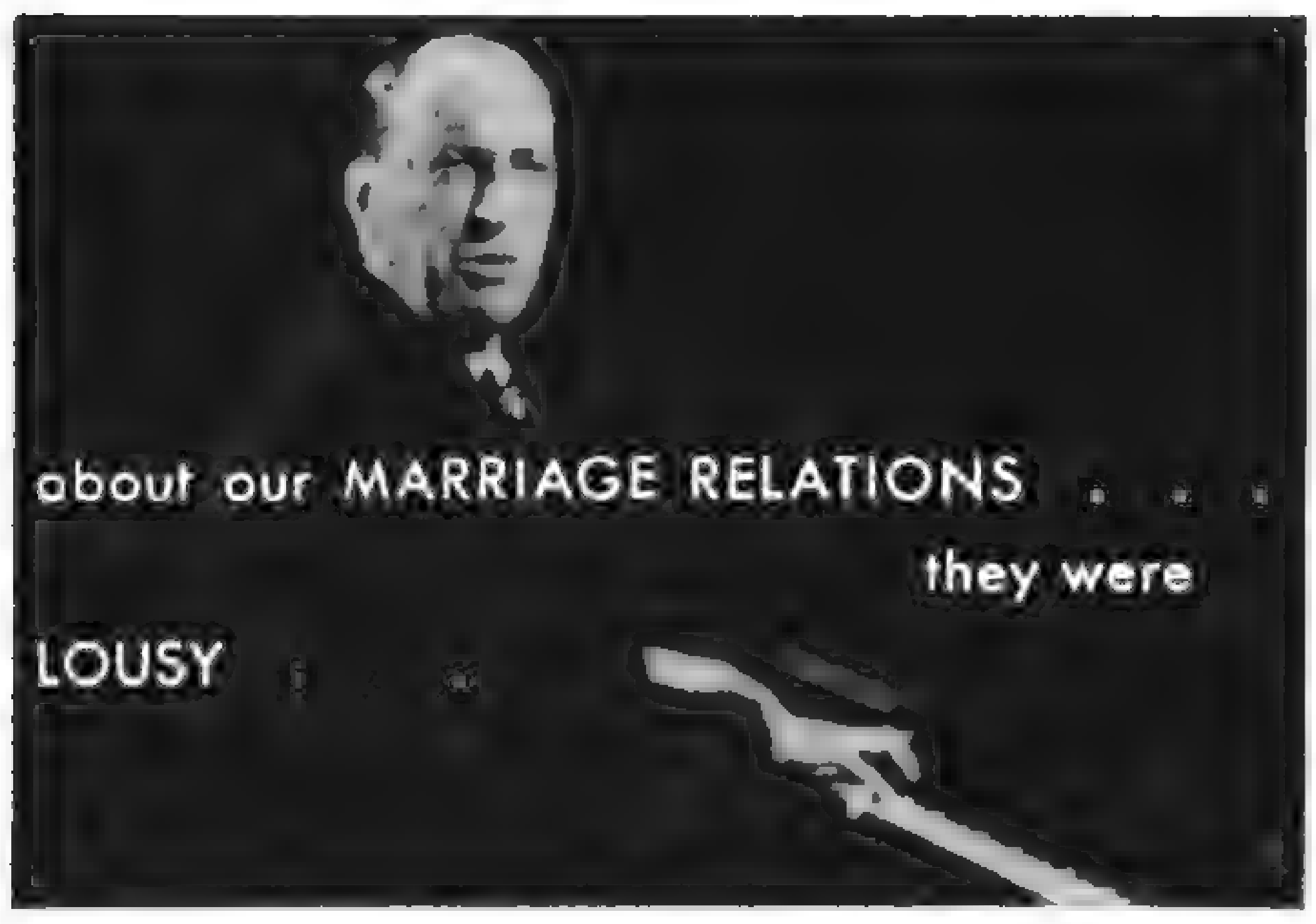
enough to tell us all she knows. "Ladies of the Guild, and your distinguished President, Miss Mary Alden Thayer,



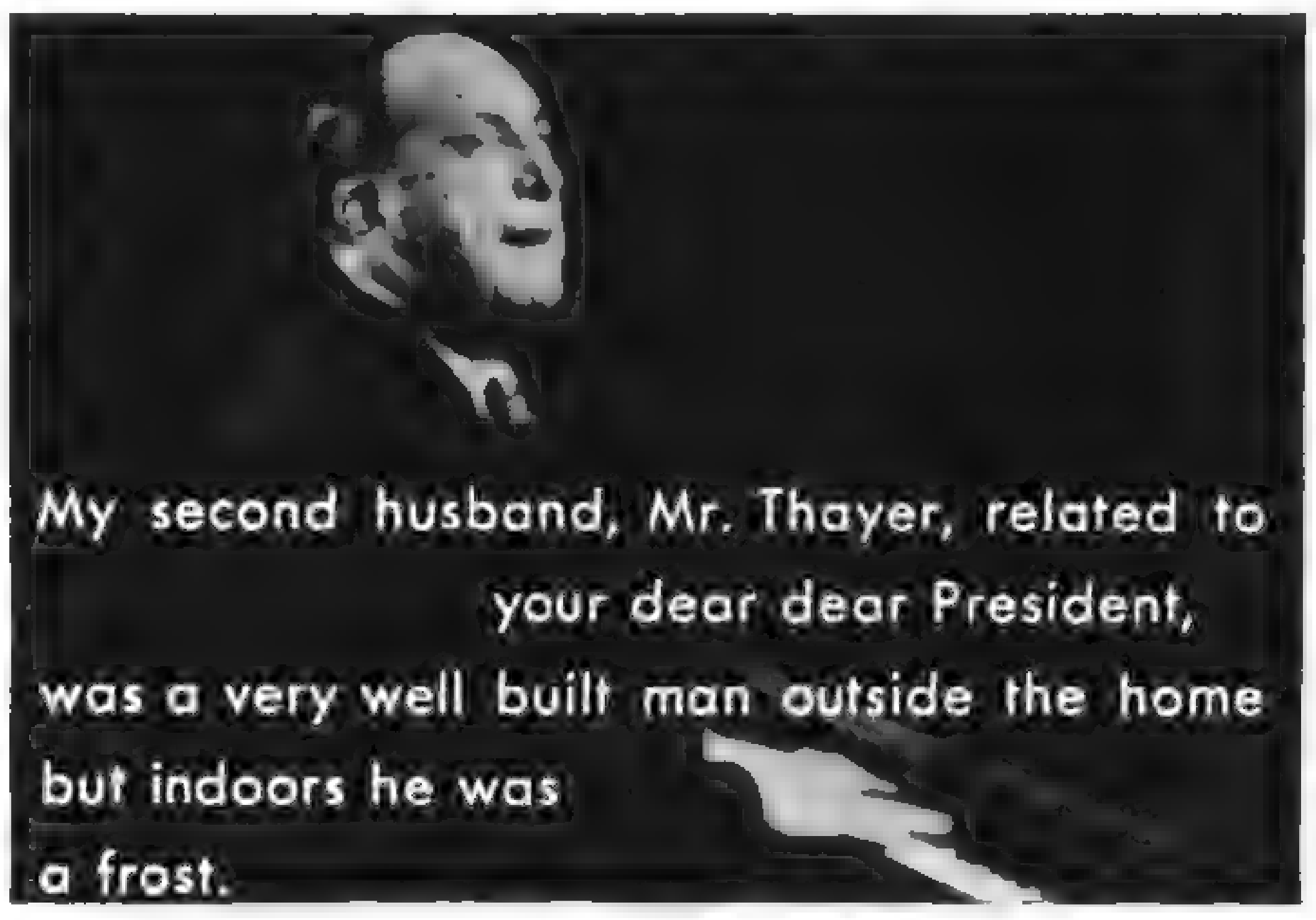
I am sure you expect me to tell you far more than I know . . . but any information I can give you I will give you with all my heart.



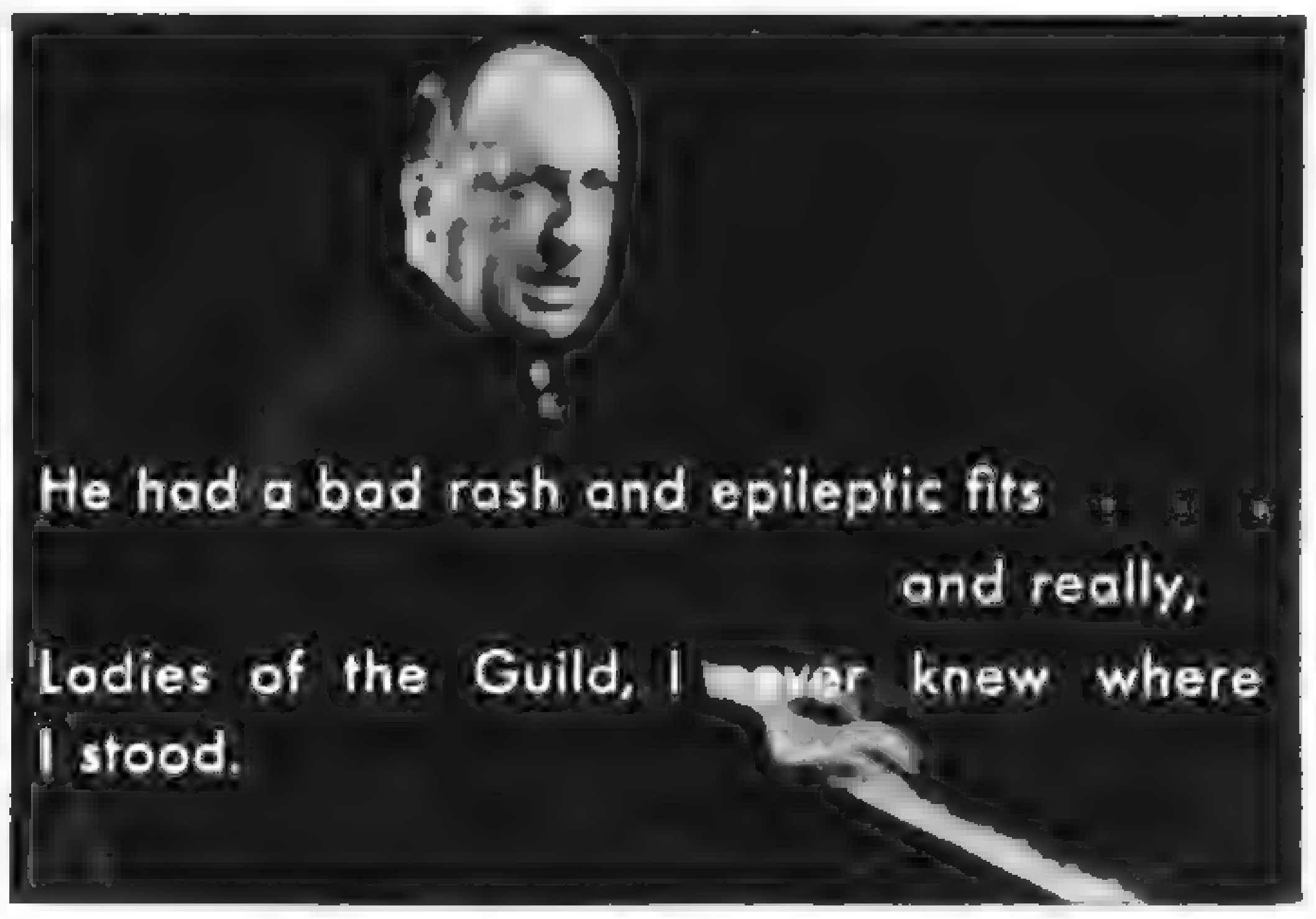
As you all know, my first husband MR. BROWN, had a club foot and was paralyzed in one leg! All I can say



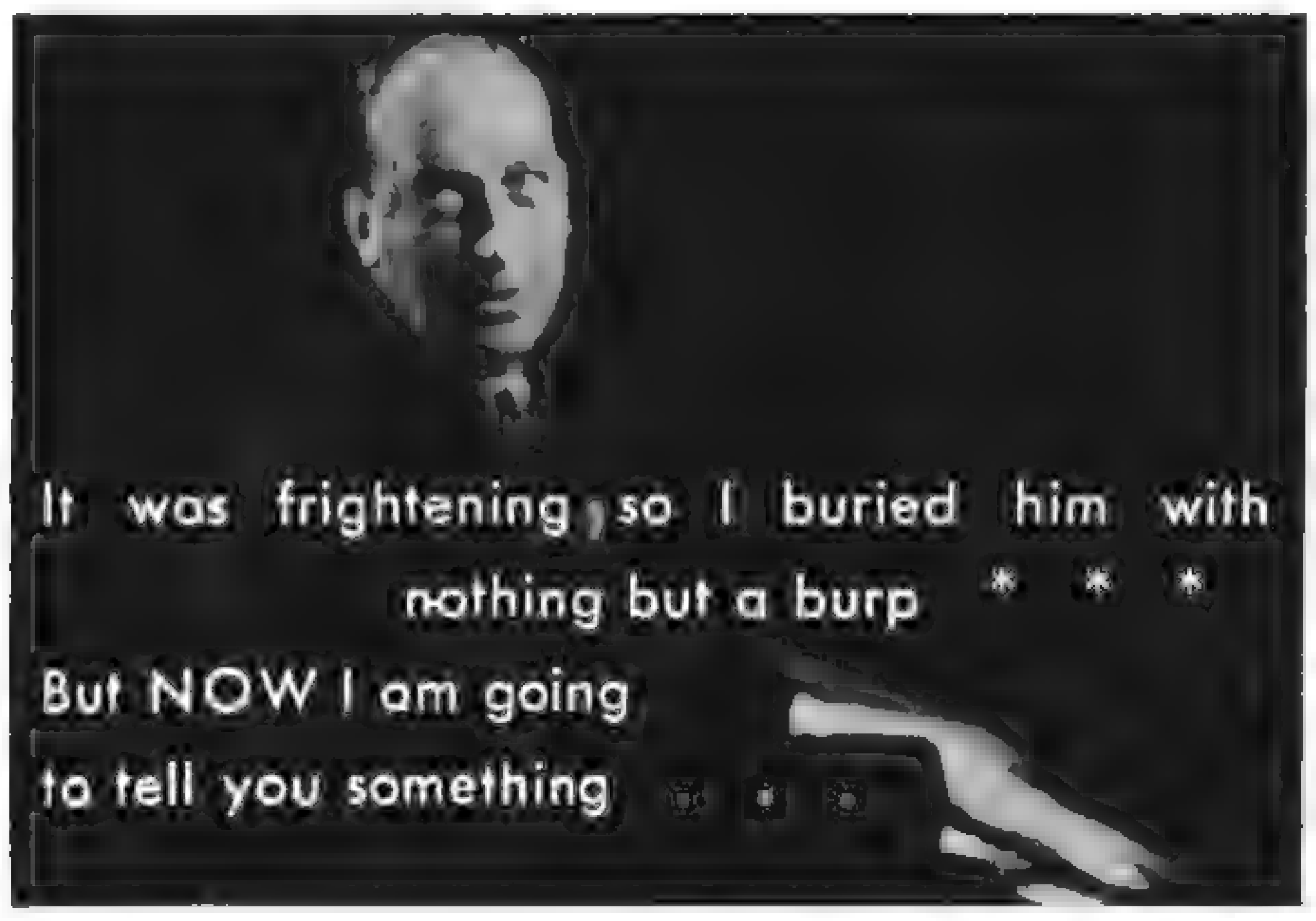
about our MARRIAGE RELATIONS . . . . they were LOUSY . . .



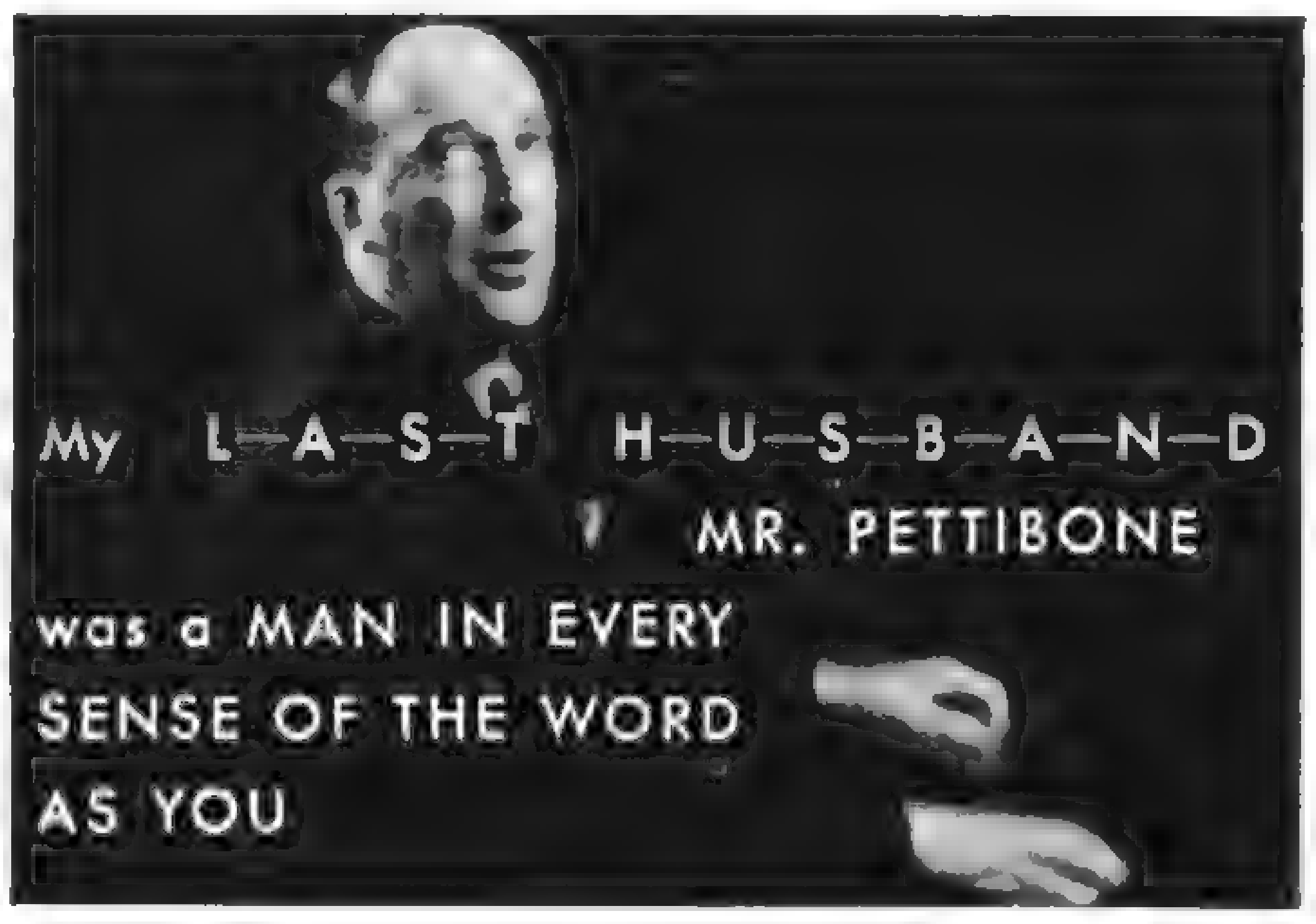
My second husband, Mr. Thayer, related to your dear dear President, was a very well built man outside the home but indoors he was a frost.



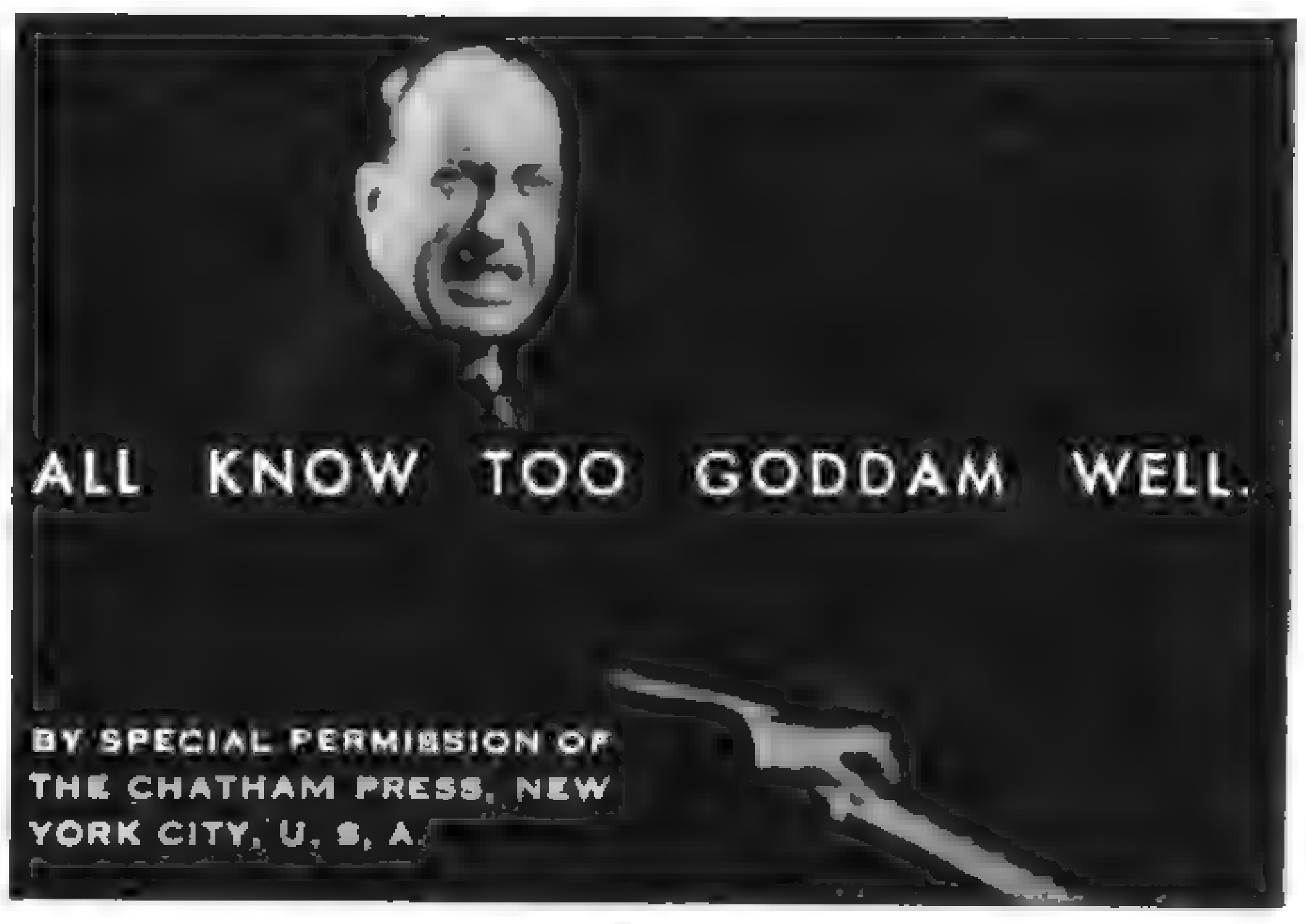
He had a bad rash and epileptic fits . . . and really, Ladies of the Guild, I never knew where I stood.



It was frightening, so I buried him with nothing but a burp * * * But NOW I am going to tell you something . . .



My L—A—S—T H—U—S—B—A—N—D MR. PETTIBONE was a MAN IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD AS YOU



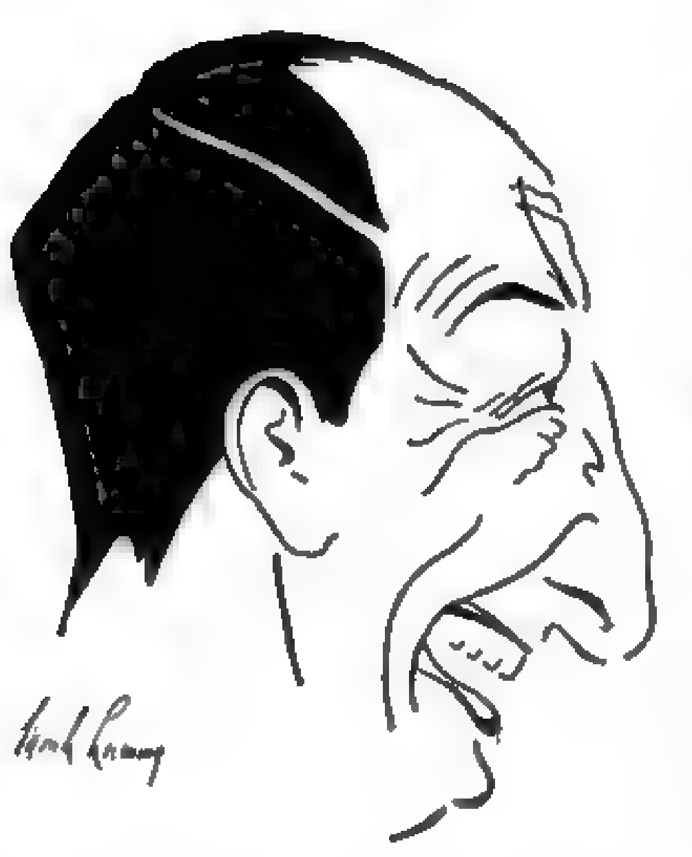
ALL KNOW TOO GODDAM WELL.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE CHATHAM PRESS, NEW YORK CITY, U. S. A.

BEDTIME STORY TELLER

Dwight Fiske of the septic words and antiseptic smile, in a thumbnail word-sketch

by ARNOLD GINGRICH



NEXT to Arthur Brisbane and whoever else may turn out the editorials for Mr. Hearst, Dwight Fiske has made capital letters seem funnier than any other man.

Next to E. E. Cummings, Dwight Fiske has extracted more humor from typographic effects than anybody else.

And next to nobody, Dwight Fiske is the best fumigator of foul air that ever breathed in dirt and breathed it out, still dirty, but attractive. He can and does get by with worse than murder.

Possibly all of this has been said before. One can't read everything. But a few things haven't been said. And there are a few that will stand repetition.

He was born in Providence, just long enough ago. And even then, he couldn't BEAR it.

He tried to prevail upon his mother to do something about it. She did. She married again. And what HE got out of that was a chance to grow up in BOSTON.

You see, scarce before it starts, the life story turns and squirms and twists itself into that ancient mold out of which has been stamped the biographies of all the great artists. They all grow up on a diet of practically *nothing* but FRUSTRATION.

He got his at school in Boston and at college in Cambridge. There he felt, after only two years, that he had his quota. He felt, in anticipation of the vague musings of his own immortal Ida, that there must be more to life than business and banking and brokerage. Foster-father was a partner in Lee, Higginson, and STERN.

Skip the messy interval of pleadings and cajolery, of chiseling and supplication, and let it suffice to find the lad in Paris, eternal shuttlecock to the battledore of Boston.

It is the city of light. The epithet is obviously incomplete. Some complete it as "the city of light hearts." But more as light heads. And most, of light pockets. Of these was Dwight Fiske.

He didn't go to Paris to raise hell. He got his stoop shoulders from bending over a keyboard, not from hunching into patrol wagons. But he did get fallen arches from tiptoeing past landladies, late at night, who were sitting up to ask him to leave next morning.

He was serious in everything, but most of all in his music. He wrote a symphony. That is not surprising. He even got it performed. That is hardly more so. But he didn't get any money out of it. Least surprising of all.

And it looked, for a long time, as if that sort of thing would go on forever. His fingertips were calloused, his hair was getting longer, and the seat of his pants was shiny. You can get awfully hungry just sitting around.

Things, as he would phrase it today, were not TOO GOOD. All that he can say about them is . . . they were LOUSY.

He owes none of his success, but a large part of his luck, to two women. Neither was that traditional helpmeet of best friend and severest critic fame. Because one was Marie Dressler. And the other was Tallulah Bankhead.

But before that, even, there was The Man from San Francisco. The Man was giving a party in his Paris apartment. And the guest list read like a roster of the arts. But nobody would play or sing. Mme. Quelque had forgotten her music. M. Chose was indisposed. In a corner eating sandwiches sat Dwight Fiske. Leaving the sandwiches, he diffidently offered to play. That shows how much he wanted to.

Next morning, the landlady knocked on his door and Dwight, of old habit, put on his hat and started packing his bag before bothering to answer. But she handed him a note and a check for a HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS. The note said, This is because you were the only one who was DECENT enough to *try* to keep my party from being a BUST.

The money lasted two years, or long enough for Marie Dressler to hear Dwight do a parlor trick. He would sit at the piano and talk, to a running accompaniment of his own, about someone in the room, the point being to see how soon the subject of this piano-portraiture could be identified.

Marie Dressler thought the trick was too good to be wasted on parlors, and in her characteristic bustling way bullied him into preparing something for public performance, promising or threatening that she would have the performance arranged before he would have anything prepared.

Out of that performance came a job as accompanist, with a chance to do one group of his own, on a Pond's tour of the American Hinterland. So were another two years shot to hell. Among others, the Rotarians of Albuquerque were not panicked. There Dwight and his partner were introduced by the chairman for the day as "two of the funniest fellows in the world." The solid citizens who comprised the audience were impressed, if confused, for did they not know, to a man, that the two funniest fellows in the world were a guy named Gallagher and another named Shean? Anyway, the rousing send-off proved to be a wet firecracker, for though the two entertainers strove manfully, both together and in turn, to live up to the terms of the introduction, they came panting through to the very end of their repertory without raising so much as a chuckle. Dripping with the effort, they brought their program to a painful close, and the citizenry began stalking out in eloquent silence, only to be arrested by the chairman with, "Hey, wait, don't go. It's *going* to be funny."

The yeomen of Albuquerque were among the last to admit that they found Dwight's humor unfunny. Others have failed to appreciate it since, but since 1927 people—that is, People—have been afraid to admit it, for fear of being thought, on the one hand, Puritanical, or on the other, not quite bright.

Bankhead put him over in London. But she didn't want to listen to him, when friends brought him to play for her. Just couldn't be bothered. She was the toast of London, and every Tom, Dick and Harry was trying to take advantage of her position and influence, and in defense she was being pretty brusque. Finally she agreed to listen, but only for a moment. She sat enthralled. And when he left, she enjoined him to commit to memory the number of her house on Farm Street, for he would be coming there often. That was tantamount to a promise that he would play before everybody who was anybody in the smart world of London. And it was a matter of days before Dwight Fiske was the one-man entertainment staff of the smartest night club in London.

He has a face that looks like the scoreboard of a popularity contest between Al Smith and Jimmy Durante.

He can't remember when he couldn't play the piano. He feels he must have learned to play as he learned to talk. And that's as good a way as any to explain why his peculiar art-form defies imitation.

His music is 50% of the success of his entertainment vehicle. His antiseptic smile, which takes the edge off dirty words, is another 10%, and his acting is another 10%. The acting is almost entirely facial. He shrewdly eschews gestures, both on and off the keyboard.

Vincent Lopez heard him one night and got a great idea. He would let Dwight sing (or talk—he renders his lyrics the way a poet recites—he *never* cantilates) and he, Lopez, would accompany him with his band. Until someone offers to be the vaudeville partner

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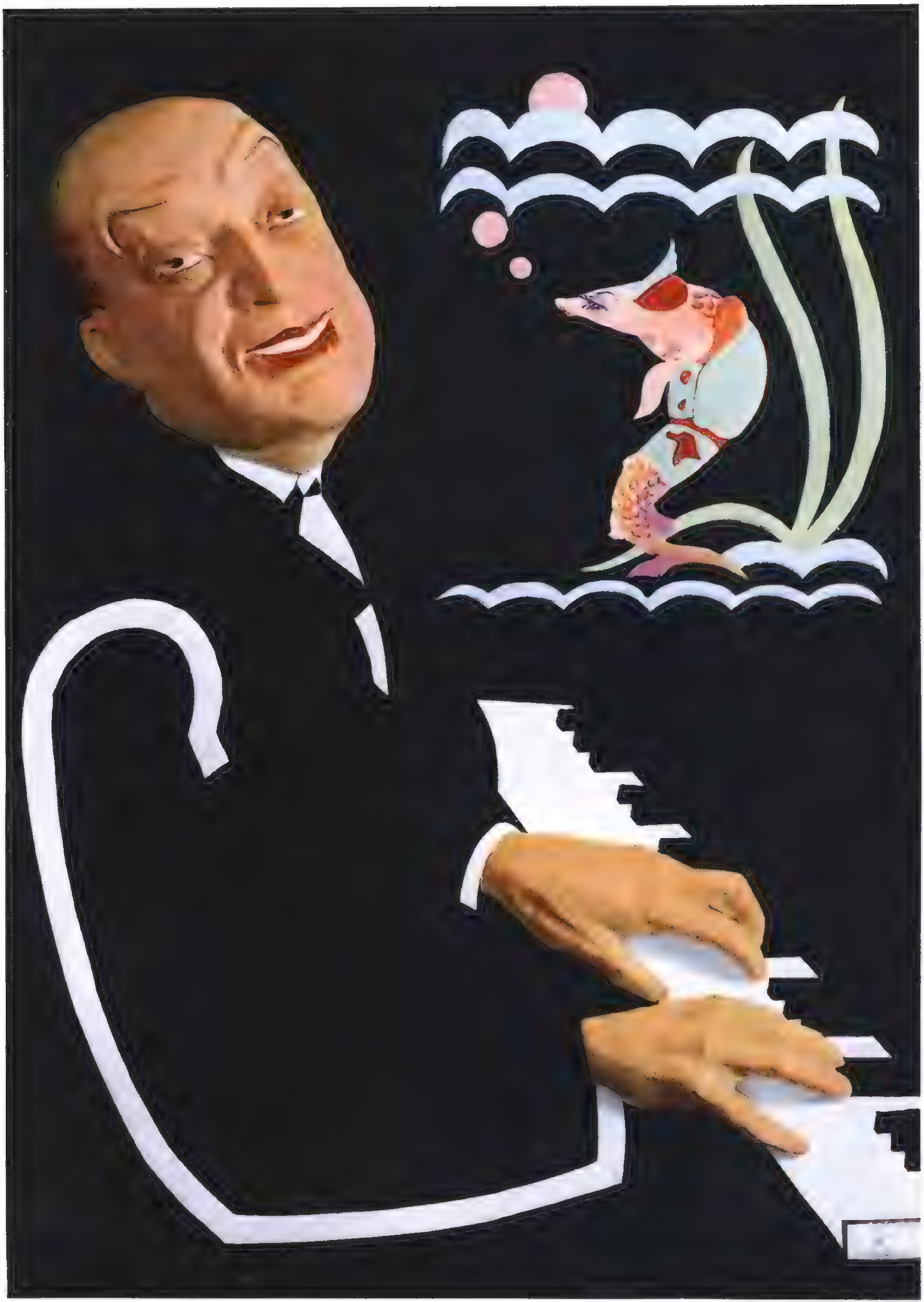
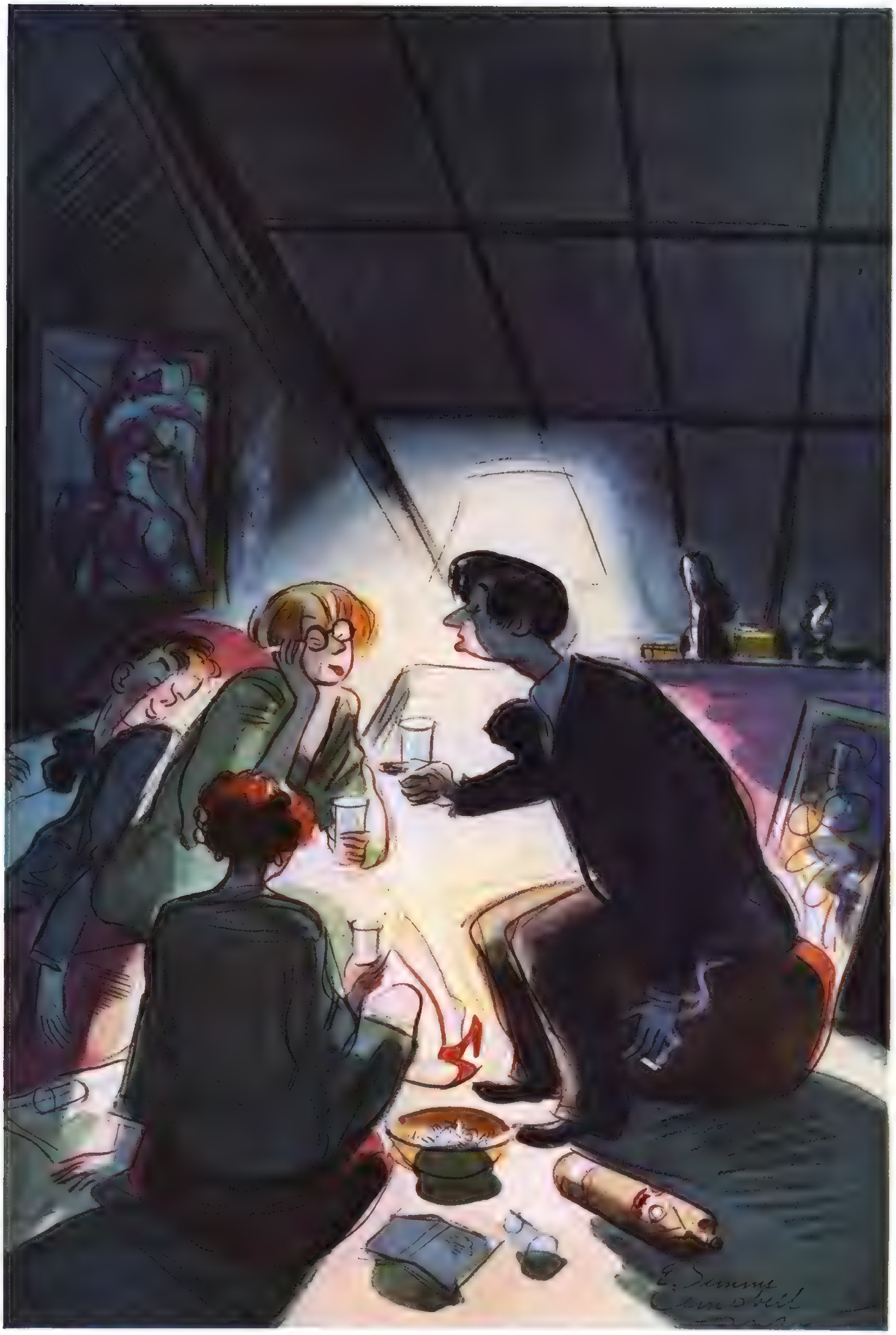


DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

DWIGHT FISKE AND THE SOUL OF IDA *by* P. SIDLE


E. Simms Campbell

"Take Joyce, take Ezra, take Gertrude Stein—let's take another drink"

CAN'T WE BE FRANK?

A mild discussion, at least in intent, of the Jewish question, particularly of intermarriage

by MONTAGUE GLASS

Some years ago, there appeared a number of apologies in the magazines, of what might be called the *why-I-am-a sort.* Bishops wrote articles called *Why I Am a Methodist* or *Why I Am Episcopalian*, politicians made lame explanations entitled *Why I Am a Democrat* and *Why I Am a Republican*, economists at the current magazine rate of two cents a word, dictated five thousand words of justification, entitled *Why I Am a Socialist* or *Why I Am a Bi-Metallist* and there were even rabbis who followed the example set by all the others. These rabbinical articles were of course called *Why I Am a Hebrew* or *Why I Am a Jew*, but there the matter seemed to end, because nobody succeeded in writing an article entitled: *Why I Have Red Hair* or *Why I Have a High Tenor Voice.*

The red heads and the tenors seemed to take it for granted that people would attribute red hair or a high tenor voice to an accident of birth, and I do not therefore conceive it necessary or pertinent to give any reason whatever for *Why I Am a Jew.* I was born that way, and can explain it on no other ground. This seems to me to be not only a reasonable explanation, but an inoffensive one, too, and accordingly, I shall not be at all surprised if several hundred clerical gentlemen and laymen who were also born that way, will leap to the defense of their birthright, if one can call it that, and start all over again with articles, explaining not only "*Why I Am a Jew,*" but also accusing me of cowardice, anti-Semitism, grand larceny and manslaughter.

To me, however, there seems nothing of cowardice in recognizing things as they are. In fact, like the man with the red hair, the Jew with his Jewishness ought to regard an accident of birth purely as an accident and not as a theme for an apologetic essay or for an article pointing out how many talented people have red hair. Thus I have recently been given a book in two volumes by André Spire called *Quelques Juifs et Demi-Juifs*, in which Mr. Spire instances the number of talented Frenchmen, and even Frenchmen of great genius who have been Jews or half-Jews. Among them he mentions Marcel Proust, which was news to me, but Mr. Spire in addition to this Jewish anxiety to put his best Jewish foot forward, speaks also with a French realism. He says:

> Certains Français avaient entrepris de réduire certains autres Français à la condition de citoyens de seconde classe.

This means of course, that certain Frenchmen have undertaken to reduce certain other Frenchmen to the position of citizens of the second class, and one might add, certain Americans have done the same thing, but to my mind, it is quite impossible to argue the reducers into promoting these alleged second class citizens to the first class by reminding them of what marvelous mathematicians, violinists, writers, lawyers and doctors this alleged second class has produced. In fact it is almost enough to argue these reducers into kicking the alleged second class citizens into the steerage by way of quite natural spitefulness. The Greek people, you will remember, ostracized Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." They probably wouldn't let him into their golf clubs, summer hotels and Greek letter fraternities either. He was too "blame" just for them, and was also, doubtlessly fond of music, devoted to his family and of the highest probity in a business deal. We American citizens who are considered to be of the second class by our fellow citizens, who in turn consider themselves to be of the first class, need not dwell on this state of affairs. We are too well acquainted with it.

Before going on to consider what might be a remedy, let me mention Harry Leon Wilson's account of a cat which was half a wild cat. It belonged to *Cousin Egbert*, in Wilson's *Ma Pettingill* stories, and on a neighboring ranch, the owner kept what *Cousin Egbert* called a flock of beagles. Wilson said that the beagles and the half-wildcat were victims of a common mistake. The beagles thought the wild cat was a rabbit and the wild cat thought the beagles were rabbits. You will see by this citation of an authority, that I am not at all a *serious* person, as the French say. I'm just saying what I think, and plenty of you will say that I don't think enough. But what I do think in my small way, is that when my class of citizens leave off thinking they are of the first class and that the other class, much larger in size, is of the second class, it will be a good start toward causing the other class to surrender its claims to superiority.

Occasionally, I live in a house in Pasadena, that gem of the Foothills with its profusion of snow clad peaks, palm trees and traffic signals, and within recent years, a synagogue has been founded there. What then would be more natural for the well-meaning minister of that synagogue than to call on me and ask me to become a member —especially as I have been married for twenty-five years to a lady whose maiden name was Patterson and who does not belong to such patriotic societies as the Mayflower Descendants, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames, because she too knows that her eligibility is an accident of birth, and besides, she might meet friends and relations whom she has fortunately not seen for years. I may say too that the question of religion has never arisen between us during the whole of our married life. Her folks belong to the Dutch Reformed Church, and that too, she conceives to be something which can't be helped such as the red hair and high tenor voice above mentioned.

Now then, let's get back to the minister of this congregation who wanted me to become a member. By sheer chance, I suppose, he had red hair, and his clothing, far from being clerical, was of a fashionable cut, light in texture and color, with a four in hand tie of a sober striped design. All in all, I took him to be a gentleman who had called to interest me in nothing more religious than a real estate development or in some other gold brick which might possibly be made of fourteen carat gold, but he began immediately to acquaint me with the object of his visit by asking me out of hand: "Mr. Glass, are you proud of being a Jew?"

As I said before, there was nothing about the gentleman to indicate his religion. He spoke the English language of the Pacific Coast, in common usage among Presbyterians, motion picture directors, paying tellers and school teachers, and perhaps had I known that he was a minister of a Hebrew congregation, I might have slapped my chest and by way of behaving as a host ought to behave, I would have affirmed that I was indeed proud to be a Jew and then offered him a cigar. But unless one is promoting something for gain, the instinct among people in California and in the rest of America is to tell the truth, and therefore I said that I was neither proud nor ashamed of being a Jew. I did not at the time say anything about red hair, or about a high tenor voice, because for the next five minutes I never had a chance, for my visitor immediately slapped *his* chest and avowed that *he* was proud of being a Jew. He justified his pride by mentioning a lot of my friends in the motion picture colony, in Hollywood which is fourteen miles from Pasadena as the crow flies, but who wants to be a crow?

I do not apprehend that these motion picture experts, all of them brilliant people, display their remarkable talents for the purpose of glorifying Jews generally, nor do I believe that a certain Christian sect should feel proud of itself because Notre Dame University is so good at football, but I had no opportunity to tell him so because he immediately followed up this alleged argument by saying that he was proud of being a Jew because he was a minister of the only monotheistic religion in Pasadena—or perhaps he said the world.

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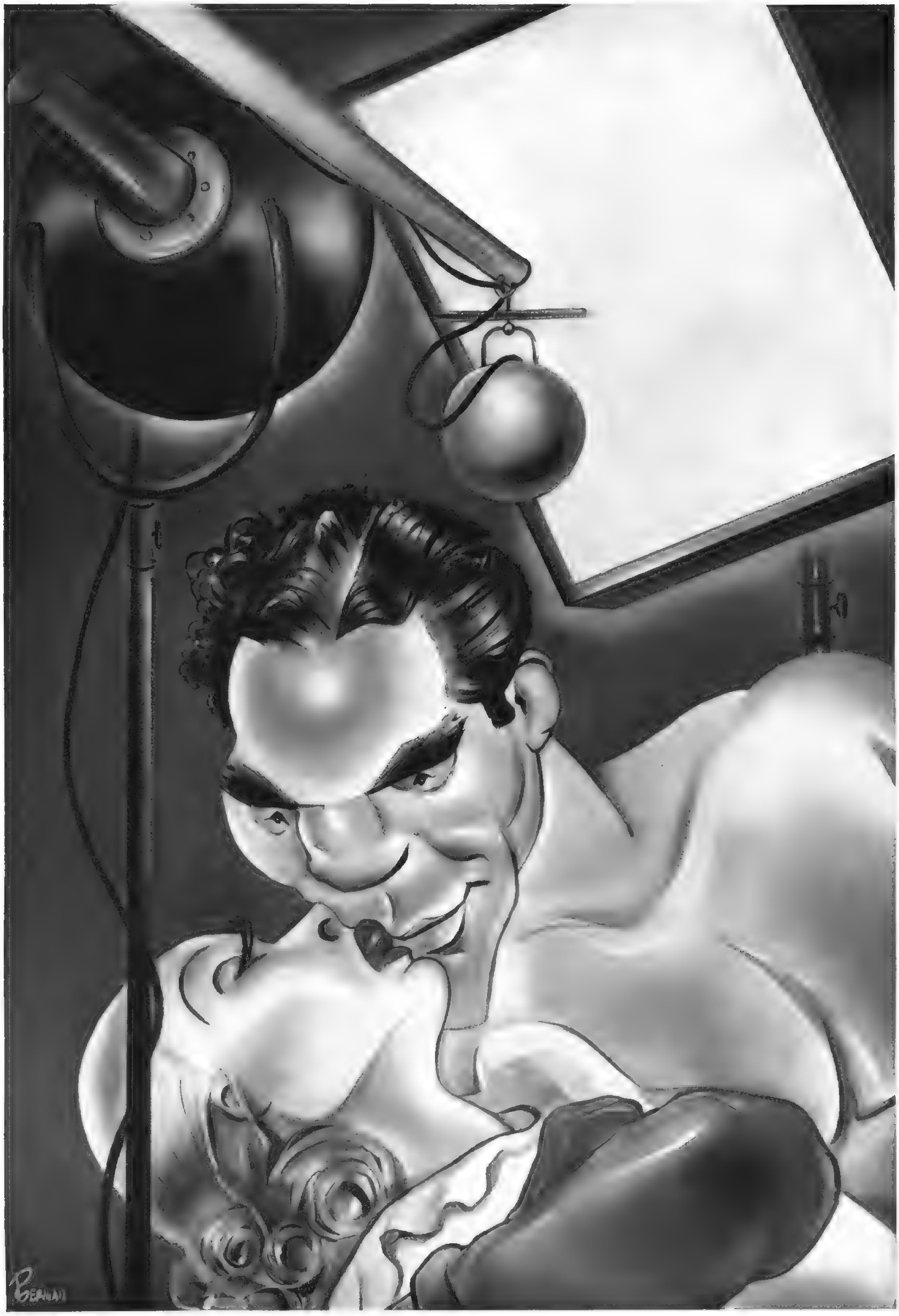


"I only hope this Hollywood business doesn't ruin him entirely"—J. Dempsey

BAER'S BEST CRITIC

An expert opinion of Max Baer, and of all the heavyweights in general, as told to Paul Jones

by JACK DEMPSEY

In my opinion, there are very few good heavyweights at the present time, Baer and Carnera being practically the only two worth taking the trouble to write about.

I'll say more about Max Baer later on. For the present, let's take them as they come, beginning with the champion, Carnera.

A good many sports writers would have you think that Carnera is a stupid stumblebum. Don't believe it. He isn't any Einstein, I'll admit, but he has an average share of intelligence, and the best proof of that is the tremendous improvement he has shown since he first came to this country.

You might say that any man would improve who had an equal number of fights under his belt, and I'll go along with you on that, provided that he has enough intelligence to be capable of learning by experience.

In any line of work, a man, if he has a fair mind, ought to get better and better, as he goes on. If he's really stupid, he won't even stand still. He'll get worse and worse. You've seen it and so have I.

Stop and think a minute of all the White Hopes, the big, husky farm boys, some of them with a better physical equipment than Primo has. You can't even remember their names, can you? They had plenty of fights, but they never learned anything, and they never got anywhere. That's why I say that Carnera must have a pretty fair head on him, or he'd still be in an Italian circus.

Carnera has learned a lot. He is not a great fighter, and I doubt if he ever will be, but he is a good fighter, and perhaps, next to Baer, the best in the market today.

For one thing, his tremendous size and strength make him a hard opponent for any medium-sized challenger, or rather I should say, for anybody of normal proportions. After the bout in which he took the championship away from Sharkey, you heard a lot about the terrific force of his blows, just as you *did* after the unfortunate match which resulted in the death of Ernie Schaaf. Personally, I don't take any stock in those stories. I still don't believe he can punch.

I think Ernie Schaaf's death was a direct result of his poor physical condition at the time of the Carnera fight, and an indirect result of the punishment he took in the previous match with Max Baer.

His defeat of Sharkey looked impressive at the time, but since then, the gob's record makes it look like he would be a set-up for anybody. Levinsky beat him in Chicago, and Loughran trimmed him in Philadelphia, and they're both second-raters. I hate to say that about Tommy Loughran, who was one of the greatest boxers in the history of the game, as a light-heavyweight, but it's the truth, as I see it.

Still, there you are. Carnera is a pretty good fighter, even if he can't hit. Who is going to beat him?

First of all, we have a couple of ex-champions still around, Schmeling and Sharkey.

Rule Schmeling out, if you haven't completely forgotten him already. Maxie was too nice a boy to make a first-class fighter. It just wasn't in the wood. Fighting was a business proposition entirely with Schmeling, much as it was to Gene Tunney, the big difference between them being that Schmeling lacked Tunney's cleverness. Gene was really good. Schmeling wasn't. He was lucky to come along when the best of the heavyweights were none too good.

Sharkey was once a fair fighter, but too much of an in-and-outer to deserve the championship. Rule him out. He seems to be all washed up, and probably nobody realizes it better than Jack himself, after his last three bouts, against Carnera, Levinsky and Loughran.

I don't think we can expect anything from the ex-champions. As for Loughran, in my opinion, he is on the down-grade. In the days when he was light-heavyweight champion, there wasn't a better boxer in the business; although he never had a punch, it was a treat to watch him work. His record over the past two years has been such that I consider him definitely a second-rater. An in-and-out performance is all right when you're a comer, but when you're around the top, it's a bad sign.

So much for Loughran. Levinsky doesn't rate any consideration for the title. He's a big strong young fellow, who is able to absorb an amazing amount of punishment. He can hit, but no fighter that knows his business would allow Levinsky to get a good shot at him, as the Kingfish is only a wild puncher. To see him fight is something like watching Babe Ruth strike out.

Now we come to Max Baer, in my opinion the best man in the ring today.

Baer can box, he can hit hard, and he can take it to a nearly unbelievable degree. He has everything, but—so far he hasn't developed the proper mentality.

I don't mean he's stupid. Far from it. I mean he has no mental balance, and absolutely no self-control. That's not unusual in fighters. It's true of about fifty per cent of them, and it explains why so few of them get anything out of the game.

To train properly for a big fight requires about six weeks of hard, grinding, dull toil. Nobody likes it, but it's something you have to go through with if you want to go into the ring at the peak of condition. It requires self-control, and that's just what Baer hasn't.

If he could keep himself in check, even for the short space of six weeks, enough to prepare for a fight, I don't think there would be any question about his being one of the greatest fighters of all time. If he fights Carnera in the next six months, I personally do not believe he would have the slightest trouble in defeating him, and becoming champion of the world. After that there's no telling what will happen, unless Max decides to settle down.

It all depends upon how much strength he has left in him.

Even when he gets into the ring with an opponent, it seems impossible to make Max take things seriously.

When I was fighting, I had just one idea in my head, as long as I was inside the ropes with another boxer, and that was to finish him off as quickly as possible, or get finished off myself. That's what people come to see, and I think I gave them what they wanted. That's why I can't understand Baer's attitude.

He is very likable, very warm-hearted, very affectionate, and maybe that's the reason he doesn't like to finish an opponent who is at his mercy. As soon as he finds himself in this situation, he begins to clown and pose around the ring like an actor. If he only realized it, the best favor you can do a beaten man is to knock him out quickly and get it over with. You're both better off, and the crowd gets its money's worth.

Here's an instance of what I mean. In the Baer-Paolino fight, which I refereed, he lost the decision to the Basque, simply on account of his clowning in the ring. He should have won hands down, if he'd tended strictly to business. The same thing happened in his fight with Schmeling, only not quite as bad. He didn't lose, but he fooled around enough to make those of us who were interested in him pretty uncomfortable.

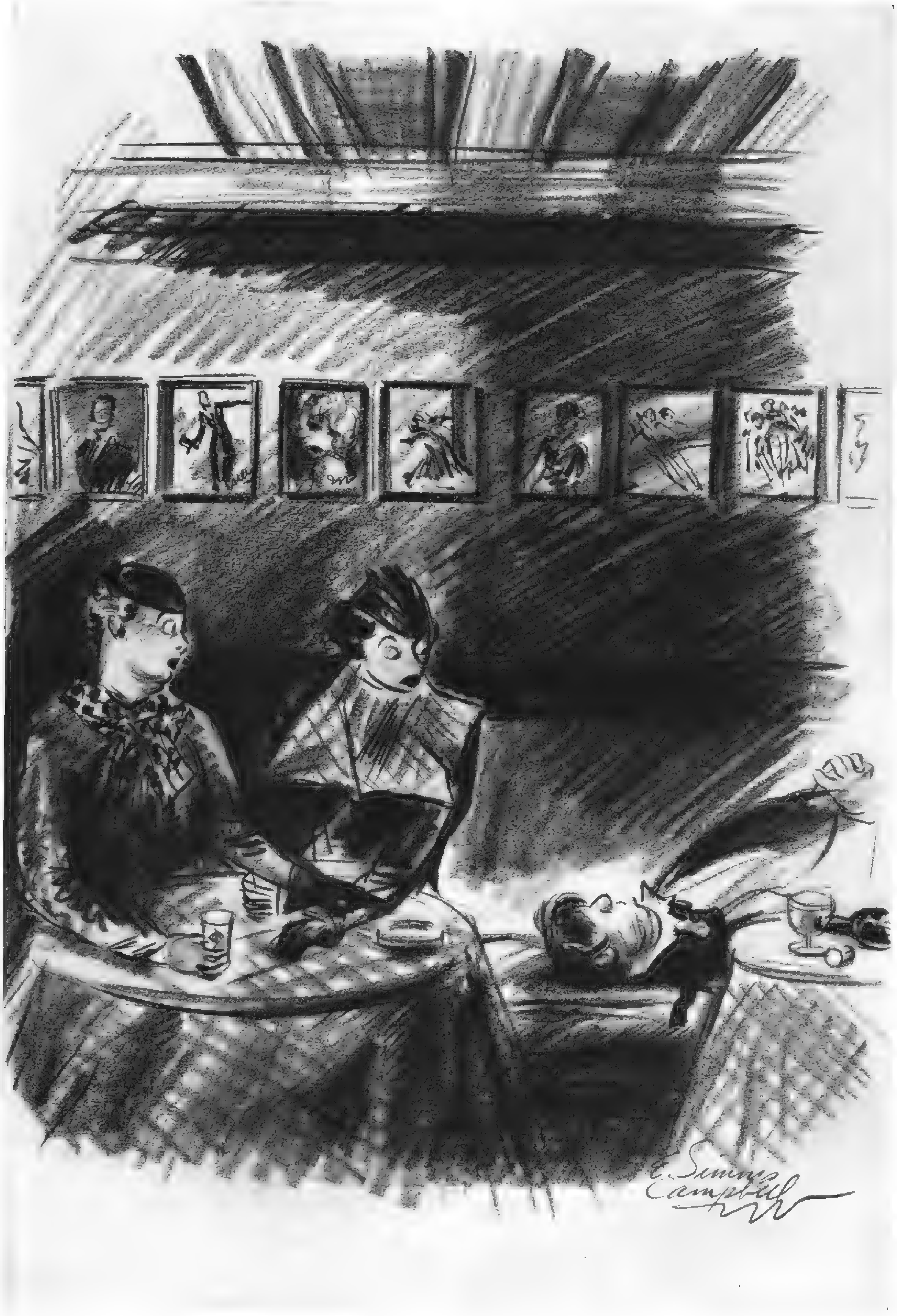
I guess he's a natural actor. That would explain why he is so much better in the movie he is making than anyone expected him to be. But the ring is no place for acting.

I only hope this Hollywood business doesn't ruin him entirely. Just recently he was divorced but I doubt if that sobers him for any length of time.

That about cleans up the list of heavyweight possibilities, and like I said, Carnera, the champion, and Max Baer are the only big boys worth talking about at the present time.

Paste this prediction in your hat. If Baer fights Primo in the next six months, if he trains properly and doesn't start clowning and acting up, we'll have a new heavyweight champion.

And I'll go further than that. Unless I miss my guess, Max Baer has it in him to be one of the greatest fighters of all time. I think he'll come through.


E. Simms Campbell

"They say he writes better when he's that way"

Little Augie and the Davis Cup

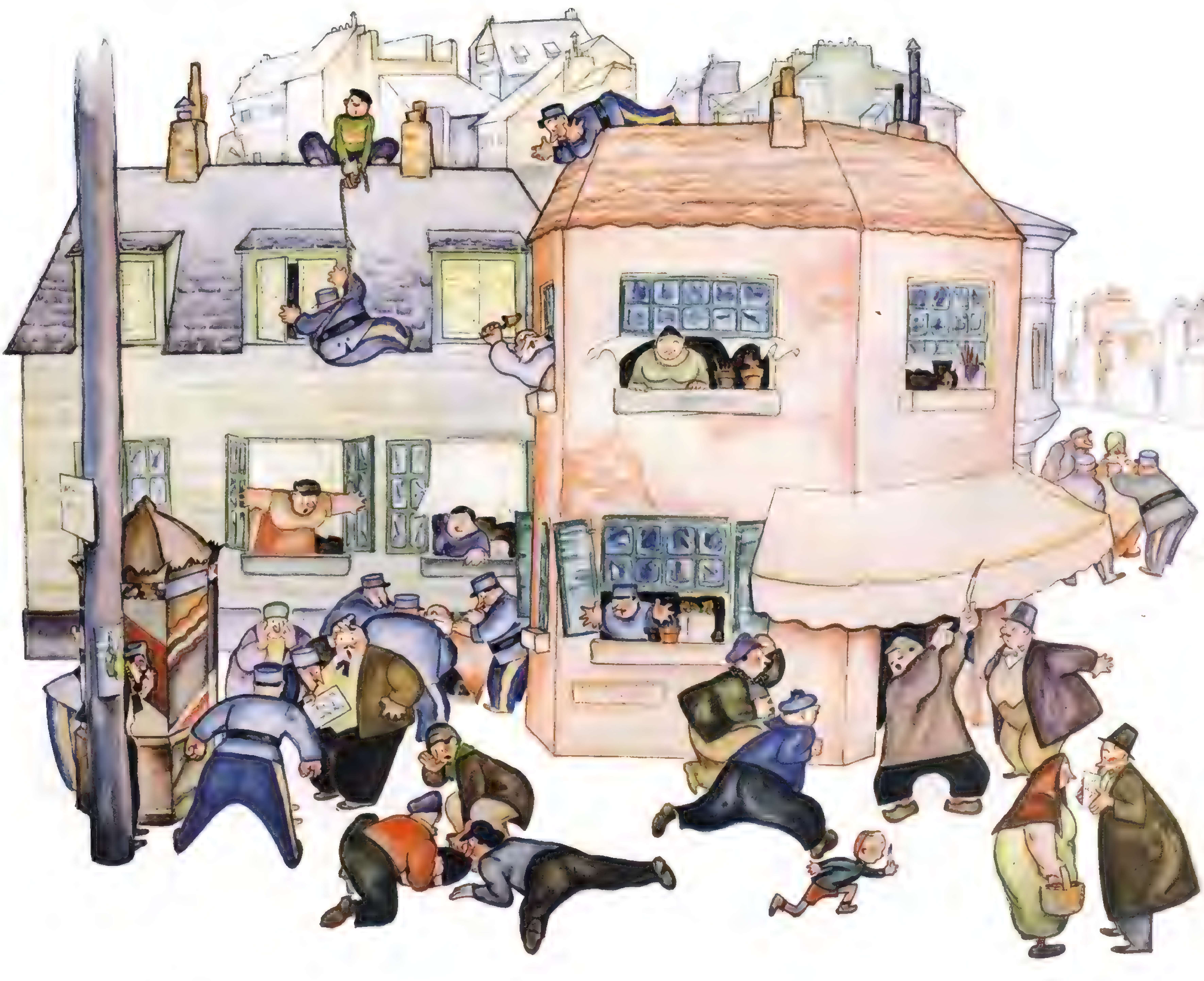
A humorous short story of the foibles and fervors of the French when honor is at stake

by ROBERT H. BUCKNER

EVERY Sunday afternoon from three until five o'clock throughout the summer of '32, Monsieur Bondidier, Frank Beals and myself, played tennis at the Peugeot factory. The courts, which are on the roof, command a grand view of the Seine, the Isle des Cygnes and the Eiffel Tower. Here even on the sultriest day in August there was a light breeze from the Bois, and after our game the three of us would sit in the shade of the toy pavillion, talking and rattling the ice in the tall glasses.

In most matters we three were as different as sunrise, noon and evening, but we did have in common a love for tennis. Beals, of course, had been born to the game, and played it with the most discouraging skill and nonchalance. For years he had served at Auteuil as an official in the Davis Cup matches, and he knew everything and everybody connected with the sport, for sooner or later all the international players dropped into his famous bar in the Rue Castiglione, where he presided as the undisputed umpire for two grinny negro waiters, Slew-foot and Sam, whom he had rescued from a stranded jazz-band.

Our companion, M. August Felix Xupery Bondidier (*Little Augie* to Beals), was short and fat, with a moustache far less mature than his wife's. Really, he resembled nothing on earth so closely as one of the butterballs from his own kitchen, to which a faint strand of hair had become accidentally attached. He had, so far as we could ever discover, only two passions in life—food and tennis. The first he had inherited naturally from a Lyonnaise father, and the second he had acquired recently from myself and Beals.



In his zeal he had once attempted to combine the two in a most amazing dish of his own invention, which consisted of boiled potatoes served upon a network of spaghetti in an oval platter, and which he called *pommes de terre au tennis*.

As you know, every good Frenchman must have some definite objective for his years of retirement, and the twin goals of Monsieur Bondidier's life were, to perfect the cuisine of his neat little hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, and to become a member of the exclusive sporting set at the Pistolet Club. He said as much often, brightly and frankly.

Frank Beals and I spoke only a fair French and *Little Augie's* English consisted of only six words—*yes, so sorry* and *come back again*—so that we depended largely in our conversations upon the odd pictures we drew on the backs of envelopes and passed around amid shouts of laughter. It was one of these pictures (and I still have it), idly sketched by Beals on a Sunday that August, which began the whole farce; a business which, before it was over, had upset the sacred sanctum of the Pistolet Club more than anything since the Dreyfus Affair.

This drawing, like all of them, was an extraordinary creation. It depicted a huge bowl, the two handles of which were clutched by naked men with feathers in their hair. Frank told me later that he had meant them to represent the Spirits of Lafayette and Light Wines, but unfortunately he gave another explanation at the time. At any rate, Bondidier took the envelope, turned it around and gazed at it for a while with an uncertain smile.

"Ah, c'est une salade Americaine, n'est ce pas?" he asked.

I took a look, hitched up my verbs and vowels and hazarded a guess. "No, that's no salad bowl," I replied. "Why, it's that old hokum bucket, The Davis Cup!"

This meant practically nothing to M. Bondidier. So far as he knew, tennis was a game which Beals and I might have invented. We proceeded to explain about the Cup, and suggested to him that he accompany us to Auteuil to watch the final-round matches between France and America.

Little Augie's round face flushed with sudden pleasure. But why not? He would go with us, his very good friends. We would take a lunch perhaps, and make it an occasion, a *peeknic!* So the French were the champions of the tennis? That was interesting, indeed a great honor. And this salad bowl, it was *theirs*, eh? Service for the service, wasn't it? And Bondidier chuckled at his pun. He retrieved the drawing and looked at it again with an enlightened expression which was shadowed however by a single flicker of uncertainty. The two gentlemen, he inquired, pointing with a stubby forefinger, they were without doubt les messieurs Davis, no?

I said I hardly thought so, and looked across at Frank. The peculiar glint of fiendish glee in his eyes and in the arched eyebrow gave me a sudden cold sweat, for I knew that look of old, and what it meant. Before I could stop him he had pulled his chair closer to Bondidier and reached for the drawing. He looked all around us suspiciously,

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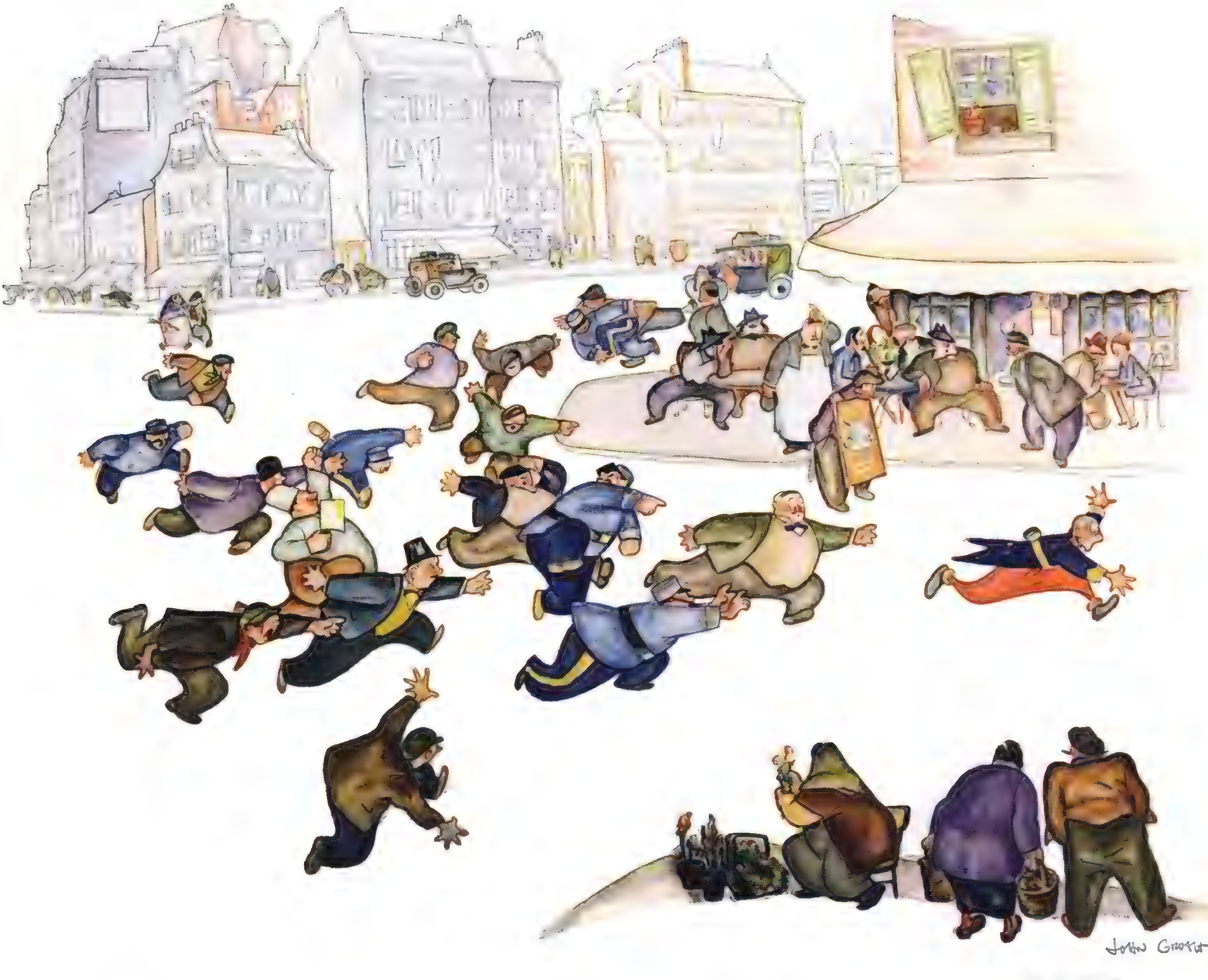

WHY I BOUGHT LAND

One who has been accused of being crazy on this subject rises to ask "who's crazy now?"

by FRED C. KELLY

For several years, I feel sure, a number of my friends have wondered if I'm not a little crazy on the subject of land. I have been buying land whenever I could scrape together a little money until now I have nearly a square mile of Ohio woodland and meadow—far more land than I really need, particularly as I am not a farmer and own no live stock except two dogs. Frequently, especially at tax-paying time, I wish I had less land. But if I have too much it is because I did not know what else to do.

For a long time now, it has been evident that values of all stocks and bonds, goods of every kind, even of gold itself, were uncertain. I have seen people lose fortunes invested in corporations for so trivial a reason as introduction of a new system of bookkeeping. Actual value of whatever the company owned was just the same as before, but seeming earnings—and, consequently, market prices of the stock—were changed by a different method of honestly recording certain sets of numbers! Surely anybody will agree that it is not quite the acme of prudence to place one's savings where too exposed to sudden spells of evaporation entirely beyond one's control. Yet that is what most of us did. After I had sat by and watched money disappear, just as magicians' rabbits disappear from little paper bags, it occurred to me it might be much nicer to turn my modest savings into a form that neither moths, rust, nor bankers, could corrupt.

I already had a little land, and on walking over it, became convinced that it was exactly the same area as when I first bought it. Moreover, there was no reason to think it would not produce just as much food as ever. True, this food could not be exchanged for as many tokens called dollars as might have been done at one time; but then the primary purpose of food, from my own personal point of view, is not to sell it but to eat it. I am passionately fond of food and assume there must be other people who feel about food much as I do. Hence any form of wealth which not only won't evaporate but will provide goods to sustain life, must have permanent value.

The more I thought along this line, the more it seemed wise to take what little money I had and invest it in land rather than leave it to the care of those wise men who handle investment trusts, trust funds, stock market pools, or by other means devote themselves to performing miracles with other people's savings.

I thought, too, of France where, even during severe depressions, I had never seen many bread-lines. Perhaps this was because eighty per cent of the sensible French people live on farms—many of them small farms, but large enough to provide a family with food during periods of unemployment. I wondered: If every American family that once had the price of a good little ten acre farm, but subscribed for an investment service or consulted their banker, and bought stocks or bonds rather than land—would the bread-line be so long?

I was inclined to buy more land. But the still, small voice of the tempter whispered in my ear: "You played the stock market for several years during the boom and took out more than you put in. Why not keep your funds liquid to take advantage of future buying opportunities in stocks?"

To which I replied: "Yes, but I came out a little ahead only because I chanced to be lucky. Nearly everybody lost. Isn't it sometimes less important to make more than to keep what you have?"

During these years since that Wall Street Hallowe'en party of October, 1929, when stocks first began their series of crashes, we have had plenty of evidence that the entire world is out of gear—abnormal. Why try to apply ordinary rules to a world in chaos? Shrewd economists and statisticians capable of preparing zig-zag lines that look like typhoid fever charts on large sheets of paper long ago found that certain conditions suggest the end of a bear, or downward, market. But since '29 we have had three sets of falling markets one right after another. In other words, when all rules of the game indicated stocks were as low as they could go and ready to turn up, they started to go down again just as much as they had before—and they went through this bit of phenomena three times. Trying to guess what to do in such a situation is certainly not a suitable avocation for a man partly Scotch and trying to hang on to what little he has contrived to save. No, I prefer land!

Because I happen to have written two books dealing with psychology of the stock market, I have received within the last few weeks several hundred letters from persons who wish to know how to take advantage of what (as this is written) seems to be an old-fashioned rising market. Few of these people mentioned any special equipment in the way of education, training, or background to enable them to succeed where the overwhelming majority fail. Most of them doubtless were without technical experience or capacity for close and prolonged study. They are a little like a young man who, asked if he could play the violin, said: "I don't know—never tried it." Almost anybody is highly optimistic about his own abilities to think he can make money by playing the stock market—since carefully compiled figures from brokers' records indicate that less than three out of each one hundred who attempt it ever win.

Of course the explanation for this hope of beating a well nigh unbeatable game is the almost universal belief in luck. Even the person who pretends to be entirely free from superstition nevertheless has far more belief in luck than he would admit. An average person on seeing a funeral procession, doesn't worry much over the suggestion that he himself may some day be the chief figure in a similar parade. He thinks his own end is still so far off that it doesn't much matter now. Even though your insurance company says you have an expectancy of only seventeen years more, you are secretly convinced that the insurance company has greatly underestimated your longevity and that you are easily good for another forty years! Nearly every man thinks he himself is likely to be especially blessed and come out of any situation a little better than most of his fellows.

There is no gainsaying that if anyone had bought stocks last March, even if he picked them at random, he had a fair chance to double, triple, or even quadruple his money during the few weeks following. If he had the luck to buy *certain* stocks he might have made $15 for every dollar invested. But no normal person was likely to put a substantial part of his ready cash into the market when stocks were at their lowest point. Having heard so much unfavorable news, year after year, it had become part of our normal thinking processes to assume stocks were going to continue going lower—to keep on doing what we had long seen them do. Even if a person did chance to buy at the exact low point and promptly made a fortune, it is doubtful if this would do him much good. Being normal, he would believe in the repetition of whatever phenomena he has most recently been observing. That is, having seen the market rise, he now becomes convinced that it will keep right on rising. He buys more stocks with his winnings, for the purpose of gaining still more profits. Once again, he may chance to meet good fortune. But if so, he becomes *just that much more daring.* When his guess is finally wrong—as it some day must be—he will lose far more than he would have lost in the beginning, because his faith in the uptrend of the market, as well as his faith in his own judgment, has led him into deeper water.

So great is this tendency of most people to lose their money that I am inclined to believe the whole method of charging interest should be reversed. Not long ago a woman came to me and said she had money to invest and she wished I would take $10,000 from her and use it to play the stock

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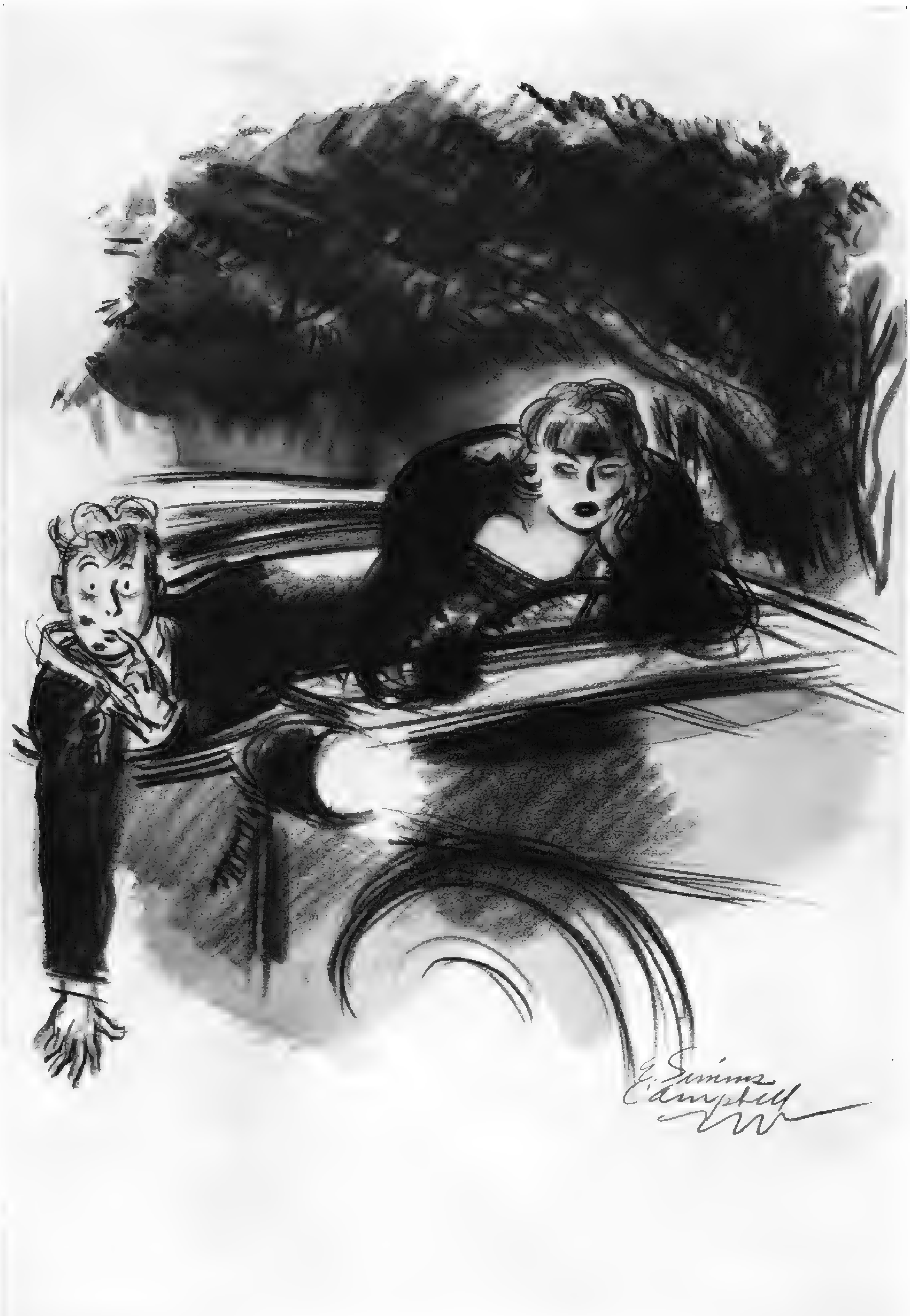

E. Simms Campbell

"I suppose I'll have to marry him now"

THE WATCHER

A grim tale of mean streets in Limehouse, of a burglar shaken by the sense of being watched

by THOMAS BURKE

THE dingy little shop, a general store, stood at the corner of two dim streets of Limehouse, far away from the main road. It stood alone in a world of little houses, and its air was forlorn and dejected. It was closed now, and its blinds were down, but even when it was open, it looked little less forlorn. It seemed to have no self-respect; to be only perfunctorily a shop, and the people who kept it clearly didn't care whether they kept a shop or not.

That sort of shop in bright and busy surroundings is dismal enough, but this shop, set alone at a corner of a street that was gritty, ill-lit, and empty of people, seemed at the last gasp of depression. It was so ordinary, so much a replica of thousands of other lonely corner shops in dim streets, that it spread a slow stain of foreboding on the evening.

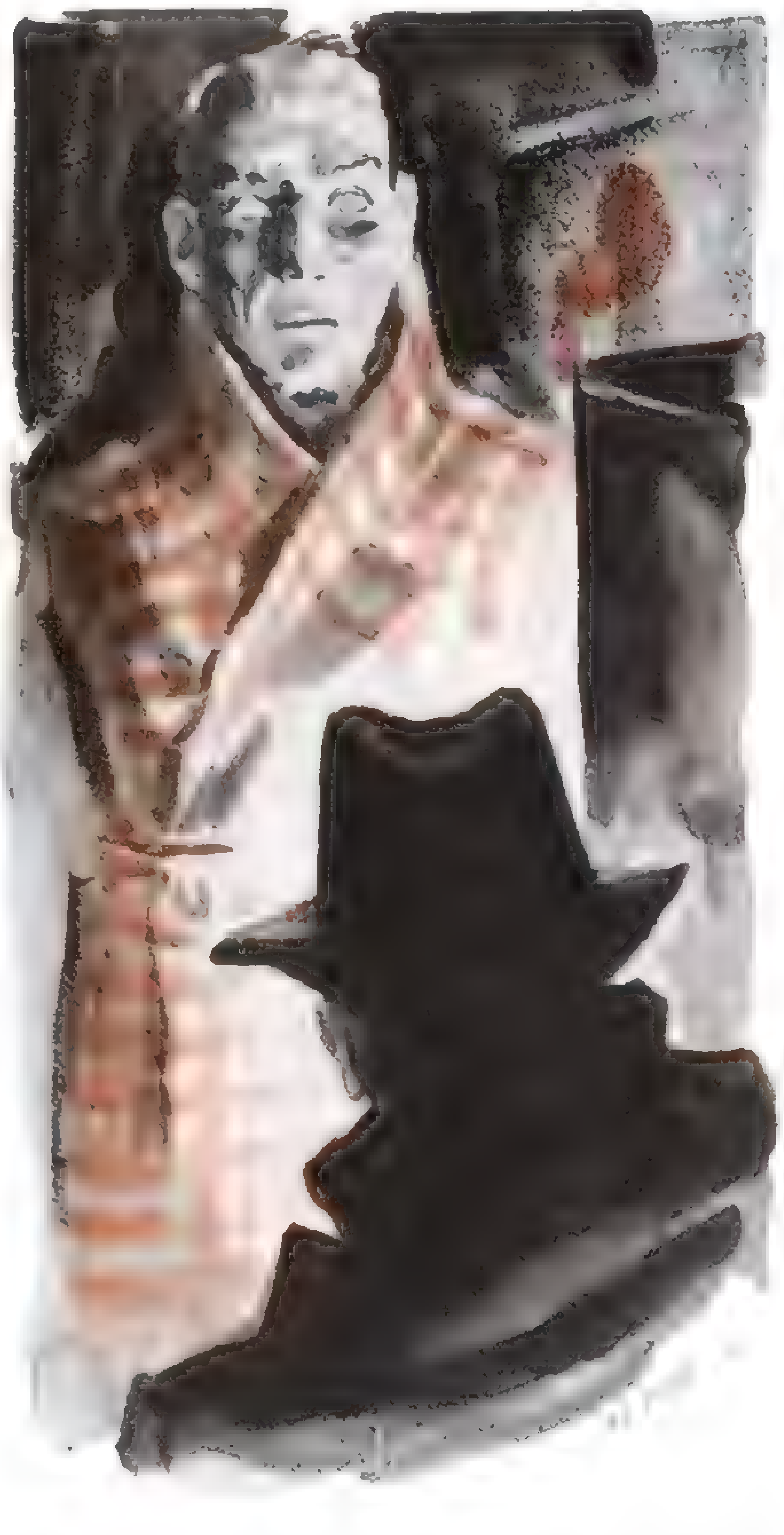
It even sent a touch of this foreboding to the shabby man who was approaching it. He was approaching it on definite and urgent business, and was anxious to reach it and get the business done; yet as he came nearer to it and saw its face, his step hesitated, and he regarded it with dislike. He was approaching it on a quest for money.

It is odd how much money can be found in poor streets. Thieves go for big houses, where there is little but marked jewelry and plate, when, if they only knew, many a house in a dim back street is as valuable as any of the big houses. The stuff is more easily to be got at, and it is in negotiable and untraceable form—silver, gold and Treasury notes. Stories of people who mistrust banks and keep all their money in their homes often appear in the news, and each known story may be taken to represent fifty unknown. One might say that in every poor street there is at least one house with a good hoard.

This little corner-shop had one, and the fact of it was not unknown. It was known to the shabby Mr. Roderick. He had known of it long ago, but until lately the knowledge had been knowledge only, with no personal meaning for him. The fact that they kept a large store of money in that place was merely an item of interest, like learning that the Browns had another baby. But now it was more than that. Roderick's circumstances had changed, and with them Roderick himself had changed. To the new Roderick that knowledge was an asset; it could be applied to his problems. The statement that knowledge is power is true, but only if you know how to apply one particular atom of your million atoms of knowledge to a particular occasion.

Roderick had done so. In the thrall of a particular occasion he had suddenly netted out of the pool of his mind the particular atom of knowledge which could lift the thrall. He wanted, urgently, to cross the sea, and it was while searching for the means of the journey that recollection came to him of the little shop he had known so many years, and its secret bank of which, by accident, he had become aware.

He had not seen it for six months, but a quiet visit the day before had told him that it was still kept in the same haphazard way by the same haphazard people. And a little quiet watching this evening had assured him that they still followed their weekly custom of going out in a group every Wednesday evening. He had watched them go, and had counted them. He knew their usual time for returning, and felt that he was safe in assuming that they would keep to it. It was a time that gave him leisure for the job in hand. He could go out without a rush. He didn't feel like rushing it. It might be more difficult than he thought. He didn't like the looks of the place, somehow; seemed to be something "wrong" with it, though he knew it was all right.



He sent a glance up the dark street each way; then shook his shoulders, slipped out of the doorway that had sheltered him, and slipped over a wall to the back entrance.

And then he was there, working at a window. He worked swiftly; he was familiar with the windows of that district. He was also familiar with the back entrance, and many a time in the past he had stood up at that door and talked to members of the family. Within less than a minute the window was open, and he was slipping through it. All his movements suggested something slipping.

Once inside the house he stood stock still. He knew how to stand still, so still that all his nerves were at rest, his muscles motionless, and his breathing imperceptible to anybody within two feet of him. He stood like this while he counted up to a hundred. Then he began to move across the room to the door. Had you been there, you would not have seen him move. You might have seen him at one spot of the room, and then at another spot; but you would not have seen him move. The darkness was no barrier; he knew this room; he went across it in three shots.

The stock room, the little room behind the shop, was the room he was after. He slid across a section of the passage, and reached it. There was a door to open, but he dared not risk a light in the passage. He turned his head aside, and looked at nothing, and used his fingers on the handle. He put all his being into those fingers, and they turned the handle without the tiniest shred of sound. And then pushed the door quarter inch by quarter inch, until there was sufficient space for him to pass from one darkness to a deeper darkness.

He was in the stock room. Here, he switched on the electric torch, holding it close to the floor. He glanced round the room. It was much as when he had last seen it; piled with wooden crates, biscuit tins, cardboard boxes and packing straw. He looked keenly at the disused fireplace, and noticed that none of the crates covered or obstructed it. He could get at it without risking the noise of moving anything.

He crept across the floor and turned the torch into the chimney. He ran his fingers over the bricks of the right hand recess. As they touched a certain brick his breath ran out softly. The hiding place was still in use. He turned the torch upon that brick, and with delicate fingers began to edge it out. The movement produced no sound, and he made no sound in entering the place; the empty house was enveloped in a cloth of silence. Yet, when the brick was halfway out, his hand dropped, he switched off the torch, his easy body stiffened like a cat's, and he shot round and faced the door.

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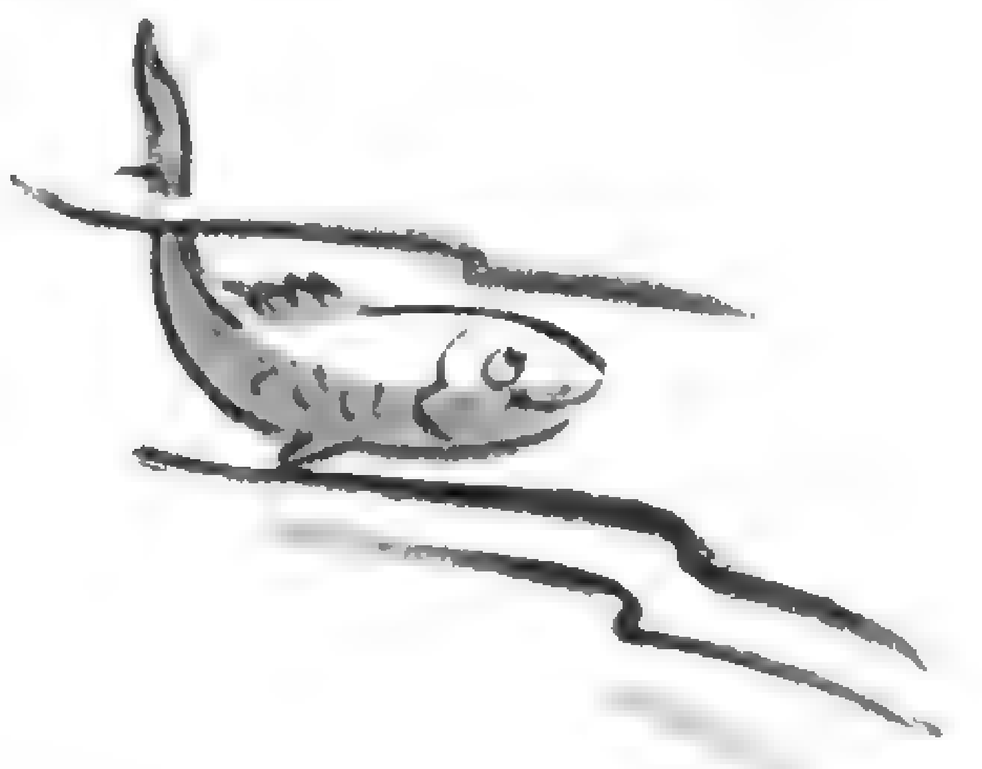
THE MORAL LEOPARD

Only a fisherman can appreciate the enormity of one crime which is beyond arson, mayhem or murder

by IRVIN S. COBB

This is Fred Prime speaking. That's the way those station announcers on the radio love to start off, so I'm doing it. During the off-seasons for gunning or fishing, us fellows back here in the sticks with nothing much else to do, do a lot of listening-in on the radio and last winter we got the habit amongst ourselves of trying to talk like one of those broadcaster boys. Instead of, for instance, saying: "Say, fellows, listen," or something like that, the fellow that was fixing to spring something on you would hawk his throat and say: "This is Billiam Jones speaking," and he'd sure get a laugh especially if his imitation was any good. So I'm starting off that way myself on account of what I'm fixing to tell about with regards to old Major Israel P. Slocum summer before last, and his niece Miss Gracie Slocum, which that was her name then before her marriage, and the two young fellows that were courting her, and old Sitting Bull.

The only thing I'm doing is, I'm changing the names around a little bit so as to fool people who might know some of these parties. All but Sitting Bull. I'm leaving him in just like he was because he was only just a speckled trout, but still and all maybe in this case it's hardly reasonable to call him only just a speckled trout when he was the biggest trout ever taken out of the club waters here and weighed six pound, nine ounces, on the club scales an hour after he was caught and had had a chance to dry out considerable and lose weight. I've heard of bigger ones and read of bigger ones being caught up there in Canada and Maine and places like that, but all the time I've been guiding for a living he's the champion one of all the speckled trout that I've seen myself with my own eyes, for instance. I claim that's some trout, six pound, nine ounces.



There were several reasons why he had this name of old Sitting Bull, which practically everybody up around these high hills use to call him by that name. He was the big chief of the Square-tail tribe, all right. He was smarter than all get-out; you just naturally couldn't fool him. He had the brightest red to his fins you ever saw and the brightest red spots down his sides, the same as war-paint. And he certainly was the boss of the pool where he hung out—that big pool down below the foot of the long stair-step rapids in Steamboat Creek. The members call that pool by the name of the Maiden's Bath but us regulars generally call it Pegleg's Hole, on account of an old trapper named Pegleg Harper, that used to trap around there before the club bought up the whole preserve, getting drunk on white mule one Christmas Eve and falling in and coming mighty near drownding.

Well, no matter what you was a mind to call it by, that certainly was one mighty swell scope for any trout to hang out in. There was a whaling great big boulder, a boulder as big as a smokehouse, with enough green moss on it to bed down a steer, that stood right in the deepest place; and a solid network of logs and driftwood stretching down towards it; and a yellow gravel bar making out across the shallows at the next bend below and all that swift white water on up above; and on both sides the banks were high and steep with plenty of trees, mostly white birches and bush-willows sticking out over the hole and making it plenty dark and full of deep shadows. And looming up in behind, old Sourwood Mountain himself. I'm not much good at putting down how wild places and wild things look to a fellow that was raised amongst them and has lived amongst them all his life, but I claim I sure can appreciate a sightly view as well as the next one if it hasn't been spoiled by timbering or a power-dam or a burn-over or a blow-down or something. Or if it hasn't been spoiled by too many people. Sometimes I think they're the worst when it comes to wrecking the woods—people are. A herd of deer and a slew of other wild things could live in one stretch of woods ten thousand years and never damage anything, not so as you'd notice it. But one Sunday picnic party can leave more old banana peels and pickle-butts and empty tin cans and Sunday supplements and mess and stuff and truck and things scattered around over the face of the earth than the winds and the rains and the dead leaves can cover up the next fifteen years.

Here's another funny thing I've noticed about people: You take a green hand, specially an educated one from the city, and likely he can use up a power of swell language telling about how beautiful the mountains and the woods and all are, but if the deer flies are thick or the skeeters pester him or maybe it's raining hard, I notice he ain't so liable to hang around there much. He'll do his swell talking after he's back at the clubhouse and has got a few drinks tucked away inside of him. Speaking of that, I remember a nice little fellow that was a poet by trade that was up here with us one year as a guest. He certainly was a prone one to suffer outdoors. He got sunburnt till he looked like a

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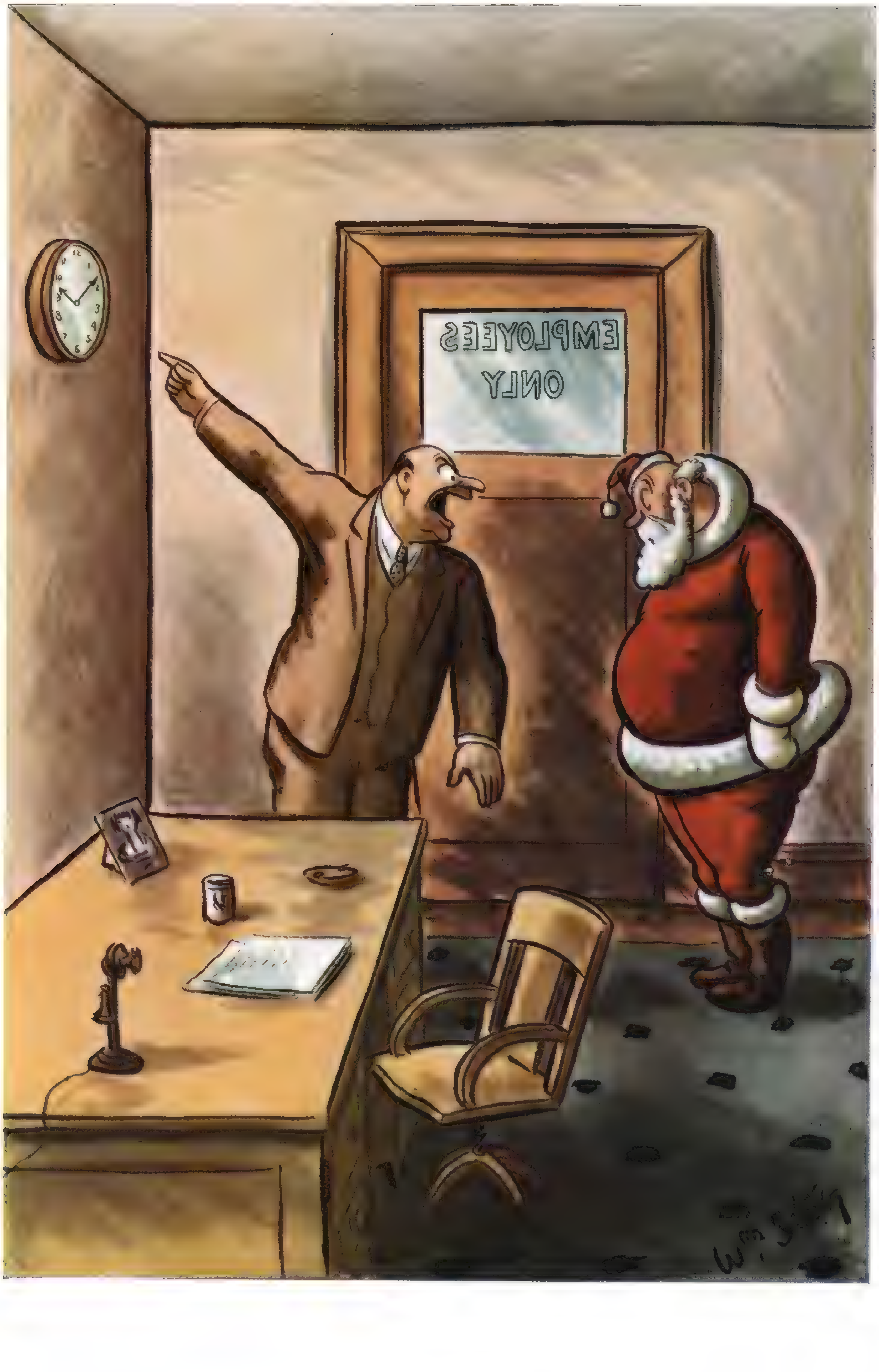
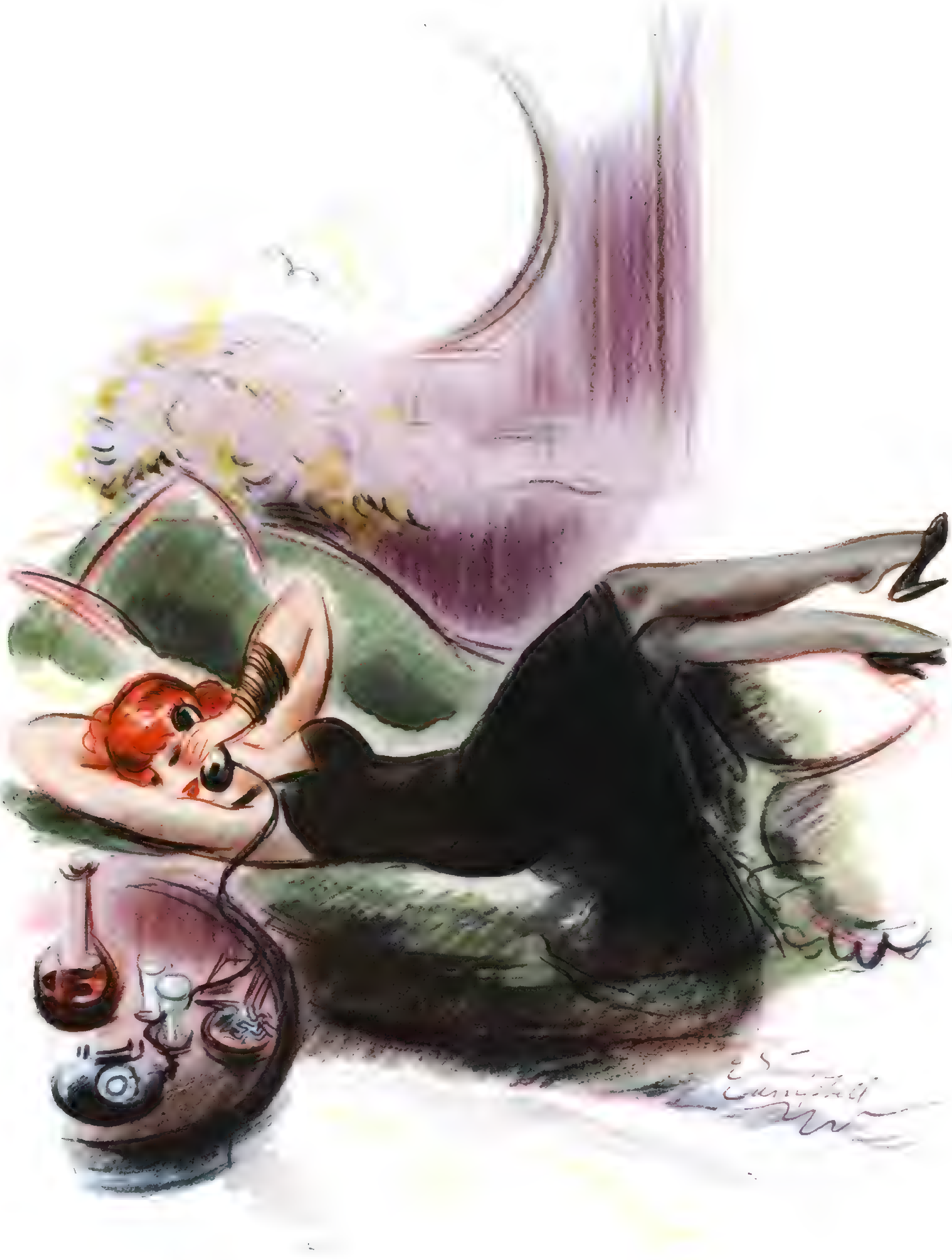

EMPLOYEES
ONLY

"Late again!"



"Hello, Manny darling, thanks for getting me the part of the virgin in that picture"

FORGIVE ME, IRENE

A masterful short short story concerning two people in Paris, with counterparts the world over

by ANDRE MAUROIS

"I'M happy to be going out with you this evening," she said. "This has been a hard week. So much hard work and so many disappointments . . . but now you are here nothing else matters . . . let us go to see a good picture."

"Don't think," he said sulkily, "that you can drag me to the movies this evening."

"Too bad," she said. "I was looking forward to a real good picture with you . . . but it really doesn't matter. I know of a new place in Montparnasse where some Martiniquais are doing a wonderful dance . . ."

"Oh, no," he said emphatically, "no negro music, please, Irene . . . I'm fed up with it."

"Then what would you like to do?"

"You know very well," he said. "Dine in a quiet little restaurant, talk, take you home, stretch out on a couch and dream."

"No," she said, equally emphatic. "I should say not. You are much too selfish, my dear . . . You seem quite surprised? It's because no one ever tells you the truth . . . no one . . . you have become accustomed to having women accept your wishes as law . . . you are a sort of modern sultan . . . your harem is open . . . it extends over ten countries . . . but it is a harem . . . women are your slaves, and your favorite more than the others . . . if you feel like dreaming, they must watch you dream. If you feel like dancing, they must dance. If you have written four lines they must listen to them. If you feel like being amused, they must become Scheherazades . . . Again I say no, my dear! There will be at least one woman in the world who will not give in to your whims."

She stopped, then continued in a gentle voice:

"What a shame, Bernard. I was so happy thinking I would see you . . . I thought you would help me forget my troubles, and you come thinking of no one but yourself. Go now and don't come back until you have learned you must consider others also."

• • •

Far into the night, Bernard lay tossing. Irene was right. He was a beast. Not only was he deceiving and forsaking Alice, gentle, faithful, resigned Alice, but he was deceiving her without ever having loved her. Why was he like that? Why this need of conquest and domination? Why this inability "to consider others also"? Thinking over his past, he relived a youth beset with difficulties and unapproachable women. There was revenge in his egotism, timidity in his cynicism. This was not very noble.

"Noble?" he thought. "I'm falling into platitudes. One must be hard. In love, he who doesn't devour, is devoured. All the same, it must be a relief, now and then, to give in, to be the weak one, to seek one's happiness in someone else's happiness."

One after the other, with longer and longer silences between them, the last cars got back to their garages. . . . To seek his happiness in some one else's happiness? Couldn't he do this? Why was he condemned to cruelty? Hasn't every man the right at any time to begin his life over again? And could he, for this new role, find a better partner than Irene? Irene, so touching in her only evening gown, her mended stockings, her shabby coat. Irene, so beautiful and so poor. So generous in her poverty. How often had he found her helping Russian student refugees, poorer than she, who without her would have died of hunger. She worked six days a week in a shop, she who, before the Revolution, had been reared as a child of royal birth. She never spoke of it . . . Irene . . . how could he have bargained with her over the simple pleasures of an evening?

The last noisy bus passed, rattling the window panes. No sound would now break up the stillness of the night. Worn out, Bernard sought sleep. Suddenly a great peace came over him. He had made a resolution. He would consecrate himself to Irene's happiness. He would become her tender, kind, yielding friend. Yes, yielding. This decision soothed him so that he slept almost immediately.

• • •

He was still very happy when he awakened in the morning. He got up and sang as he dressed, a thing he hadn't done since he was a boy. "This evening," he thought, "I will go to see Irene to beg her forgiveness."

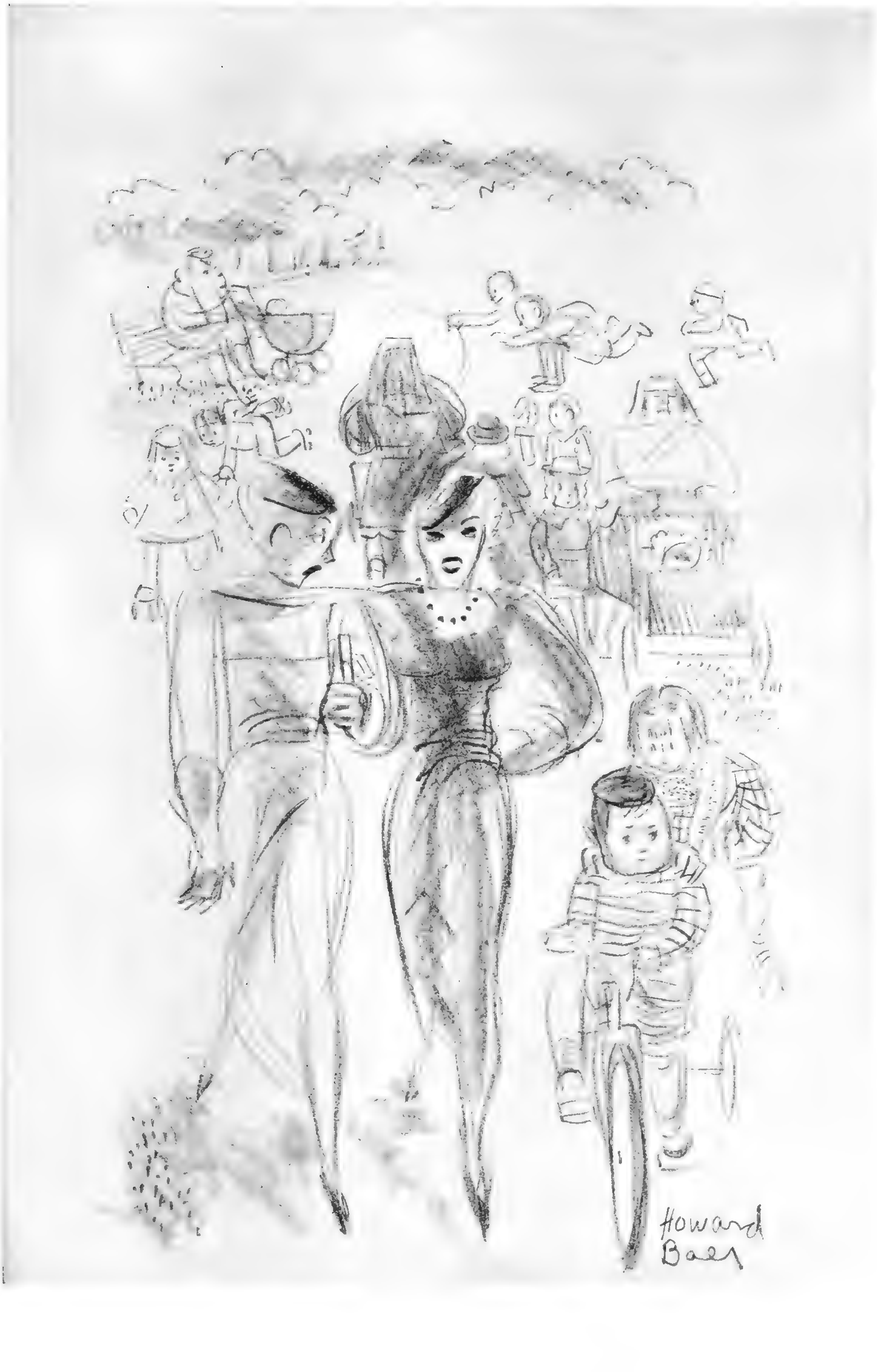
As he knotted his tie, the telephone rang.

"Hello!" said the singing voice of Irene. "Is that you, Bernard? I had to tell you I couldn't sleep. I was very unhappy because of the way I treated you last evening . . . you must forgive me . . . I don't know what I had . . ."

"No, not you, it is I," he said. "All night, Irene, I swore to change . . ."

"Nonsense," she said, "above all don't you change . . . your whims, your demands, your being so like a spoiled child, Bernard, these are exactly the things one loves in you. It is so nice to have a man who compels one to make sacrifices . . . I wanted to tell you that I'm free tonight and that I will not make any plans . . . we will do just as you like."

As he hung up, Bernard gloomily shook his head.


Howard Baer

"Sometimes I think I'll have one just for the hell of it"

Man With a Watch in His Hand

Speedy Taylor, first priest of that industrial religion which holds that Production is holy

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

Frederick Winslow Taylor (they called him Speedy Taylor in the shop) was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in the year of Buchanan's election. His people were of Quaker origin, respected citizens in a neat tree-shaded mid-Nineteenth-century town. They had no doubt as to the rules of conduct. His father was a lawyer, his mother was the daughter of a New Bedford whaling captain, an educated opinionated woman who knew languages, was a great reader of Emerson, belonged to the Unitarian church and the Browning Society. She taught cleanliness, discipline and a humorous way of talking. She was a fervent abolitionist and believed in democratic manners; in her housekeeping she was a martinet and drove the servantgirls from dawn till dark. She laid down the rules of conduct for her family:

self-respect, self-reliance, self-control,
and a cold long head for figures.

But she wanted them to appreciate The Finer Things, good music, European culture (the nobler side of it); she took her boys abroad for three years on the Continent, showed them cathedrals, grand opera, Roman pediments, the Old Masters under their brown varnish in their great frames of tarnished gilt.

Later Fred Taylor was impatient of these wasted years, stamped out of the room when people talked about culture and The Finer Things; he was a testy youngster, fond of singing and practical jokes and a great hand at rigging up contraptions and devices. He hated going to school in France and in Germany, all his life after he hated the Germans, along with politicians, preachers, snobs and Standard Oil.

At Exeter he was head of his class and captain of the baseball team, the first man to pitch overhand. When umpires complained that overhand pitching wasn't in the rules of the game, he answered drily that it got results. He was a crackerjack tennisplayer. In 1881, with his friend Clark, he won the National Doubles Championship. He used a spoonshaped racket of his own design.

All his life he suffered from sleeplessness. As a boy he had nightmares, going to bed was horrible for him; he thought the nightmares came from sleeping on his back, and made himself a leather harness with wooden pegs that stuck into his flesh whenever he turned over. When he was grown he slept in a chair or in bed in a sitting position propped up with a pillow.

Years later in his Manual of Scientific Management he wrote: *I have found it necessary almost invariably to talk but little to men, but to go ahead and make them do what I wanted them to do, and this implies the experience of knowing how, by hook or crook, to get men to do what at the time they do not wish to do.*

At school he broke down from overwork, his eyes went back on him. The doctor suggested manual labor. So instead of going to Harvard he went into the machine shop of a small pump-manufacturing concern, owned by a friend of the family's, to learn the trade of patternmaker and machinist. He learned to handle a lathe and to dress and cuss like a workingman. He hated manual work, but he couldn't be idle and it was better than talk about The Finer Things.

Fred Taylor never smoked tobacco or drank liquor or used tea or coffee; he couldn't understand why his fellow mechanics wanted to go on sprees and get drunk and raise cain Saturday nights. He lived at home, when he wasn't reading technical books he'd take part in amateur theatricals or step up to the piano in the evening and sing a good tenor in *A Warrior Bold* or *A Spanish Cavalier;* life in Germantown was easy, comfortable, dignified, the well-to-do families of Pennsylvania were beginning to get rich off iron and coal.

He served his first year's apprenticeship in the machine shop without pay; the next two years he made a dollar and a half a week, the last year two dollars.

Pennsylvania was getting rich off iron and coal. When he was twenty-two, Fred Taylor went to work at the Midvale Iron Works. He had to take a clerical job, but he hated that and went to work with a shovel. At last he got them to put him on a lathe, he was a good machinist, he worked ten hours a day and in the evenings followed an engineering course at Stevens. In six years he rose from machinist's helper to keeper of toolcribs to gang-boss to foreman to master mechanic in charge of repairs to chief draughtsman and director of research to chief engineer of the Midvale plant.

At first he was a machinist with the other machinists in the shop. Fred Taylor cussed and joked and worked with the rest of them, soldiered on the job when they did. Mustn't give the boss more than his money's worth. But when he got to be foreman he was on the management's side of the fence, *gathering in on the part of those on the management's side of all the great mass of traditional knowledge which in the past has been in the heads of the workmen and in the physical skill and knack of the workman.* He couldn't stand to see an idle lathe or an idle man.

Production went to his head and thrilled his nerves instead of liquor or women on a Saturday night. He never loafed and he'd be damned if anybody else would. Production was an itch under his skin. He had never a doubt as to the rules of conduct. It was bred in his bones to hate idleness and waste.

He lost his friends in the shop; they called him nigger driver. He was a small man with a short temper and a nasty tongue. No machinist, nor anybody from the office for that matter, ever stood up to him. His bawlings-out made them feel like yellow dogs.

He was sensitive, friendly, bitterly resentful. Later he wrote: *I was a young man in years but I give you my word I was a great deal older than I am now, what with the worry, meanness and contemptibleness of the whole damn thing. It's a horrid life for any man to*

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THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

A girl alone in an open boat on the English Channel, battle between a smuggler and a sloop

by S. B. H. HURST

Sounds in the fog. The chill damp dripping from the sails of the becalmed barque Kenyon. A sailor on the forecastle head pumping the old fashioned fog horn. A weird noise. Ships feeling their way like blind things, with hardly steerage way in that calm. Fishing boats near-by, the voices of the fishermen floating uncannily in the thick. The English Channel at its worst! Fog, fog.

Captain Prideau stood on the poop, talking to the second mate. "When I was a young feller, mister, trying to learn to be a sailor!" He laughed. "They told me yarns about worse fogs than this. The tales old sailors told us boys! About as bad as boys from sea told their mothers! About rivers of rum and mountains of sugar . . . And the mothers, God bless them, believed the boys—until the boys told the truth: about flying fish . . . Then they were chided. For the Good Book says that all men are liars—especially sailors. How well I remember it. The sea was a remarkable place when I was a boy. I went to sea in 1845 . . . Mothers know better now. But to come back to the fog. The sea is getting civilized now. No more pirates, or smugglers laughing at the navy. For smuggling was a respectable occupation in those days, what with even the parsons willing to trade with them and the nobility too."

The second mate looked at his superior in a startled way. This sort of yarn from Captain Prideau was something he had never heard before. For the Captain was always close lipped. Never said a word, unless to give an order . . .

"I was talking about fogs. I was young, and coming up the Channel like we are now, and an old boatswain telling me that the fogs were not thick like they were when he was young.

"That old bos'n telling me: 'When I was your age and in the Navy we got into a fight with the Frogs, and the fog was so thick that our cannon balls just wabbled and dropt, like they had hit a sand bank.'

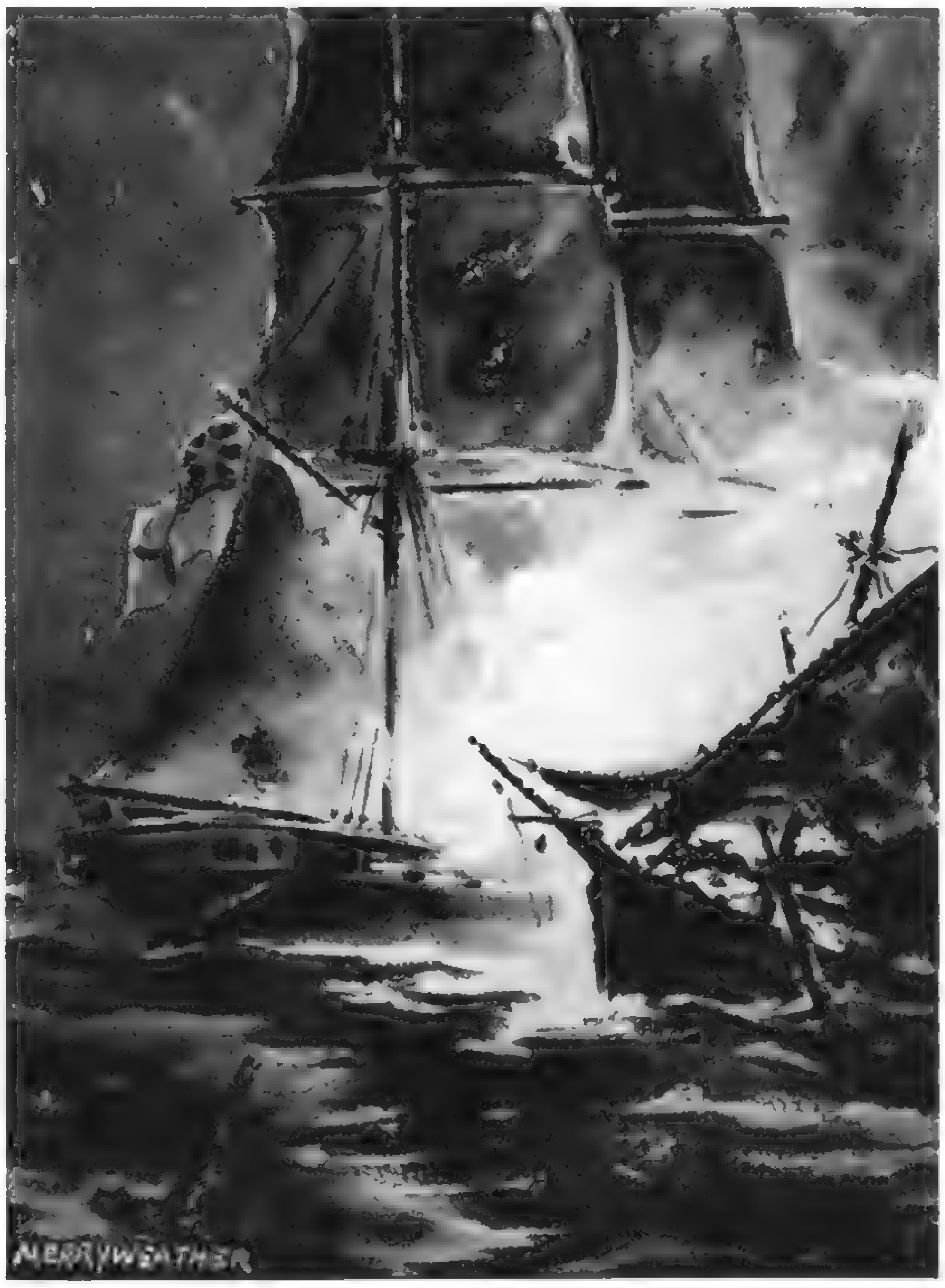
"I mind I laughed at the old fellow. It was just such a night as this, and we were in just this same position. Just about becalmed like we are now. The same old Channel . . . And then, of a sudden, we heard a hailing—out to starboard of us."

The Old Man paused, then continued. There was a catch in his voice, as if he was trying to hide the emotion of memory.

"Mister, how different the sea was then. We were an old wooden brig, all tar and deadeyes, as the saying goes, maybe five hundred tons. Pump her out every four hours. Well, as I was saying we heard a hailing. A voice out in the fog, tired, like.

"'Ship ahoy!'

"A voice out of the fog. It sounded uncanny, weird. Us trying to make it up Channel, like we are doing now, in the dead of winter, and fog, and a cold grey night covering us like an envelope does a letter.



"'Ship ahoy!'

"'Where away?' shouts our captain, while all hands crowds to the rail, most of them feeling uncomfortable, if not a bit scared. For that voice out there in the fog seemed to be just a voice, without a body to it, like the voice of a ghost might be. Sailors of today are mighty superstitious, but in those days they believed anything and everything—even the girls who stole their money.

"'Ahoy!' shouts our Old Man. 'Where are you? What do you want?'

"'Out here,' came the answer.

"And, mister, that voice sounded worse than it had before. It was high and scared, like . . . that's how it sounded to us . . . like, like . . . maybe a lost soul."

The Old Man paused again, then went on. "Even today, mister, in this good iron ship, voices in the fog give you a creepy feeling up and down the back—don't they?"

"Sort of, sir," answered the second mate.

"Well, then, imagine that voice coming out of the cold drip, hailing us. It was the tone of the voice that made our men shiver. Ghosts were real in those days, mister, and sailors had consciences, and a lot on them they wanted to forget.

"'Ship ahoy!'

"Even our tough old skipper's voice wasn't exactly what it usually was when he shouted back.

"'Stop hollering and come alongside, if ye want to. What are you, anyway?'

"The voice did not answer. The only sound was the rolling of our old brig—just the windless sails flapping and the rigging trying to talk, like it does when the wet changes its tautness.

"This of course made things worse. Every man aboard of us believed in ghosts, and there we were getting no more answer than if we had hailed a ghost. But the Old Man would not let down, even if his stomach was flopping a bit. He daren't let down, with all hands depending on him. He shouted,

"'Who in hell are you out there?'

"There was no answer, and our men came aft, pleading . . .

"'Don't hail It again, please, sir. For the love of Mary let It rest in peace. Some poor drowned soul out yonder. Let it rest, sir!'

"Our skipper was tough. He was not afraid of God, man or Devil. He laughed at the men, but his laugh was a bit strained.

"'Have some common sense, men,' he said.

"An old sailor spoke up.

"'Beggin' yer pardon, sir, but don't hail THAT again. Let it be.'

"Our Old Man laughed again. But it wasn't a normal laugh. Yes, mister, there was the crowd aft there, just about on their knees, scared sick. What a voice in the fog could do, and did do. And I guess that I was just about the scaredest in the crew—if comparisons were possible. And then, when the Old Man became silent, after telling the crew to have sense—the ship's dog started to howl! That made it hell. Men knelt on the deck and prayed. Then it came again.

"'Ship ahoy.'

"Faint and weary, like something dead or dying. Our Old Man did not answer. It may

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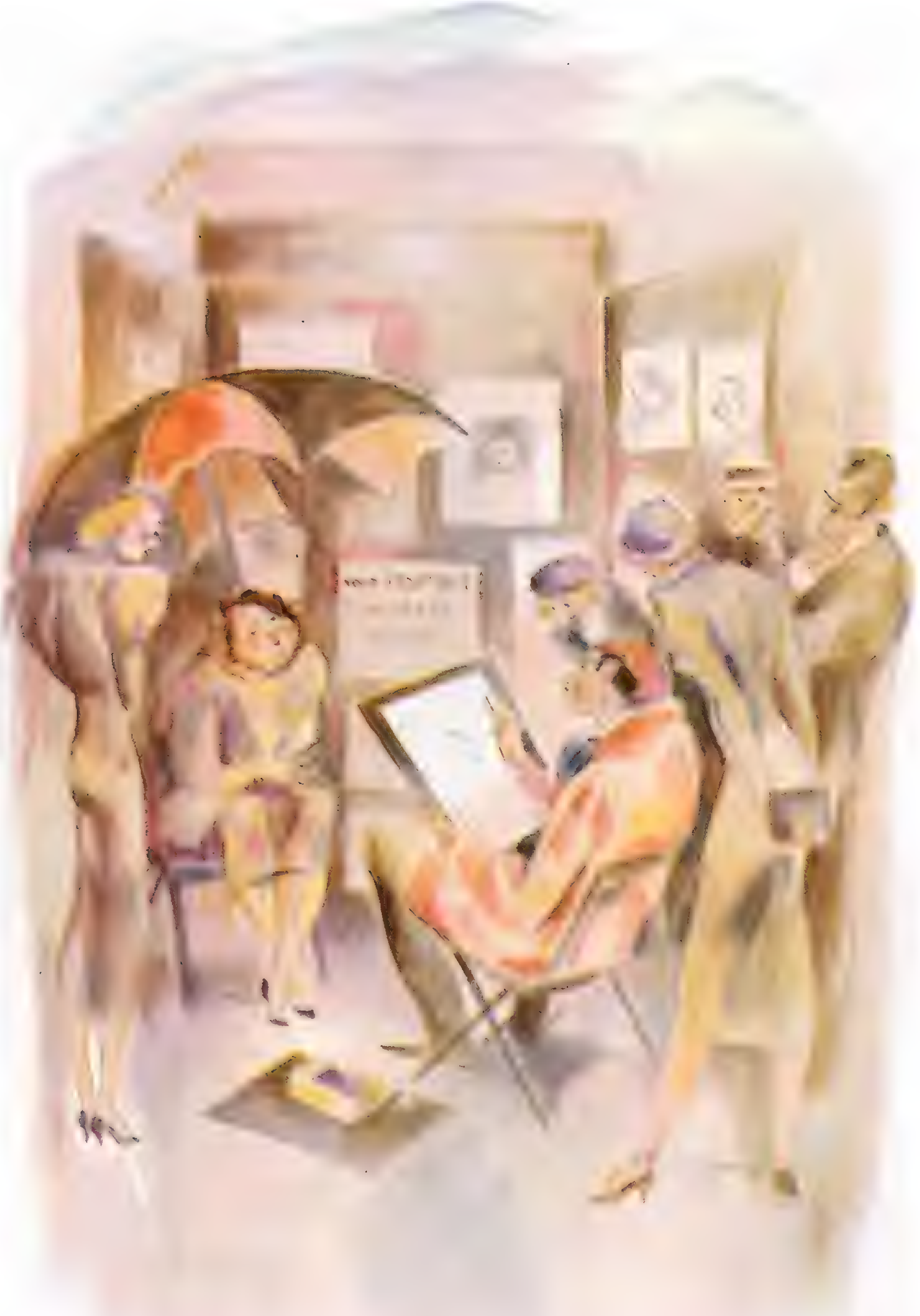


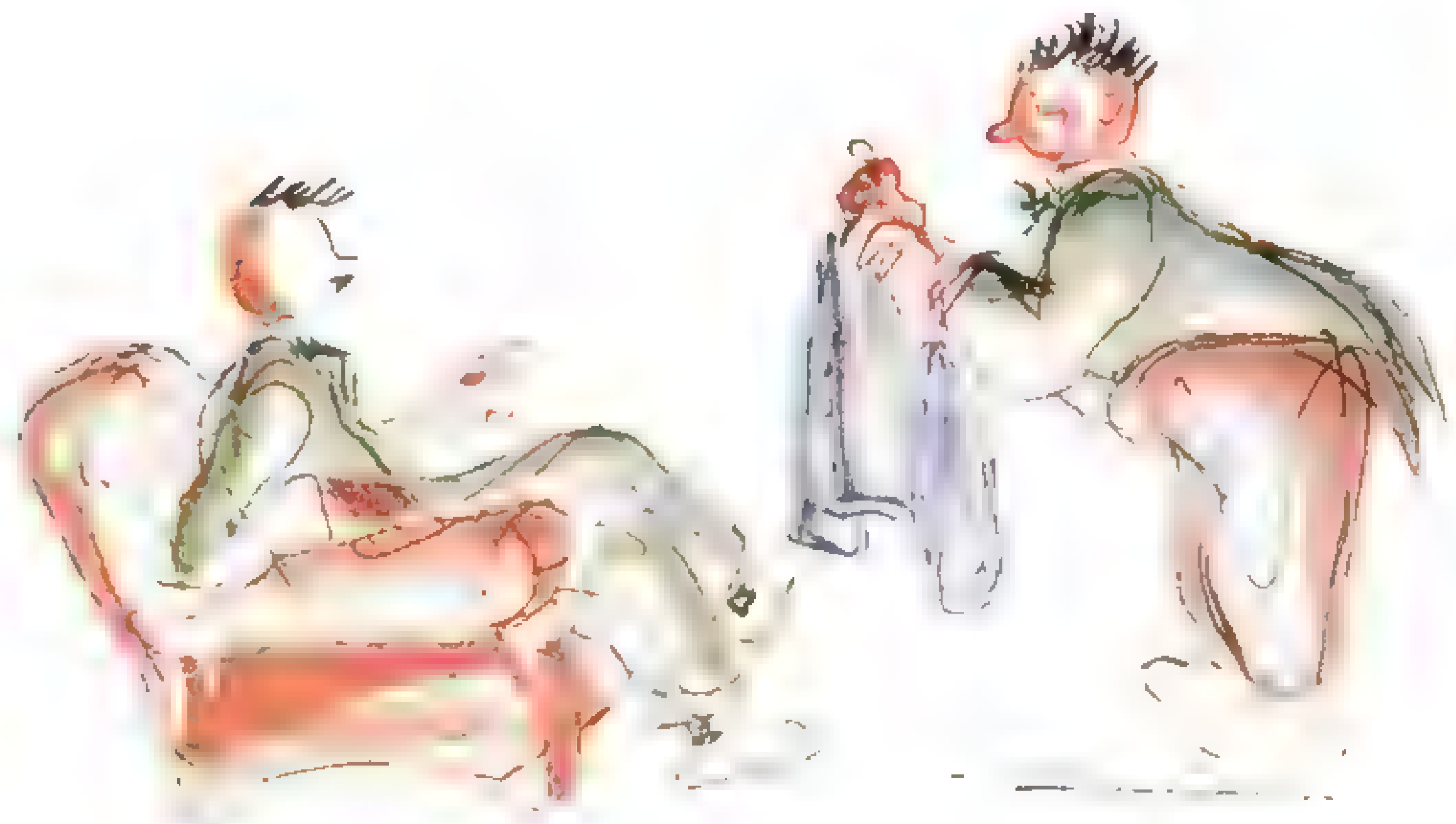
"Leave out the double chin—it isn't part of the real essential me"

PORTRAIT OF A BUTLER

Presenting Stoner, a treasure and a revelation to all those who like their butlers human

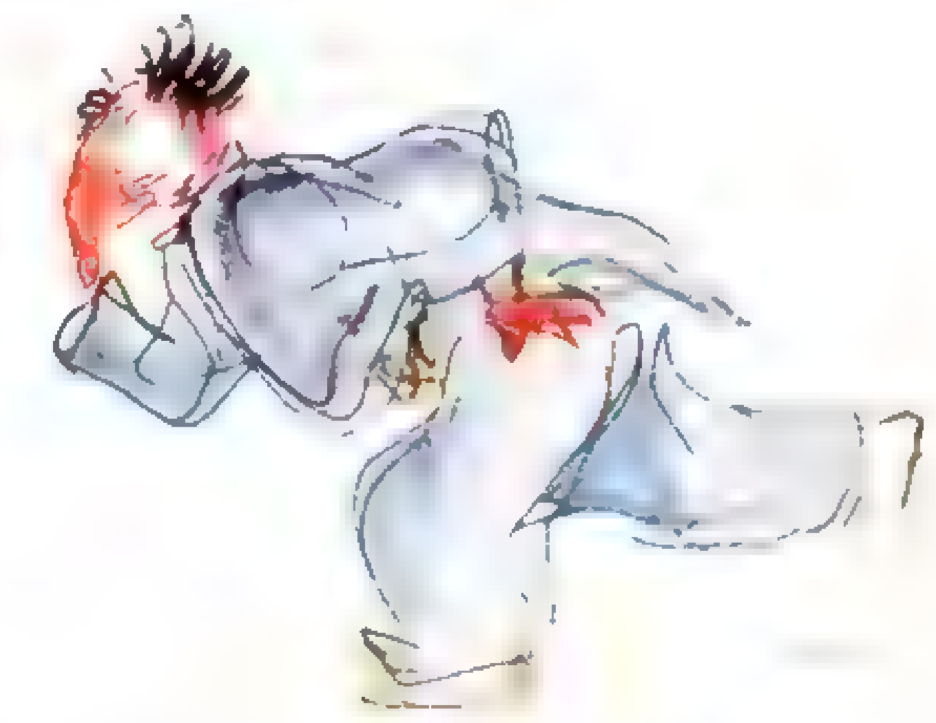
by GEOFFREY KERR

There are butlers and butlers; and then again there is Stoner, who begins where the others leave off and leaves off where the others begin.



To those whose conception of the ideal butler is derived from drawing-room comedies Stoner is a disappointment. To those who like their butlers human he is a treasure and a revelation. His divergences from type are so many and various it is hard to know where to begin. His appearance, for instance, completely belies his calling. No successful butler ever lacks distinction, naturally, for the heights of butlerdom, like those of medicine and the law, can be scaled only with the aid of personality. But Stoner's is not the usual cold, austere distinction, reminding one of eminent clerics or of Mr. Gladstone. His is more of a sort of heather-mixture distinction. He has obviously at some time in his life been in the open air. He has creases in his face that come from laughing. He has eyes that twinkle and a very unbutlerlike nose and chin. His whole outline is rather untidy. He definitely has not that air of having been poured molten into his dress suit: rather his looks as if it had been thrown at him from a slight distance and had somehow stayed there. I don't mean that he is really shabby—only enough so to be sometimes taken for the master of the house. The general impression you get is of a man who has lived a full life and enjoyed it. I don't know his age—somewhere in the fifties, I suppose—but the exuberance of youth still clings to him and makes him take most things on the run. He seldom walks; and he never employs that pompous, gliding motion that brings on Meadows with the tea in the second act. His movements are quick—almost convulsive—and he gets from place to place at a jog trot, sometimes even with little skips and hops. He obviously lacks dignity, which one would think was the prime necessity in a butler. But he has instead a quality which would alone set him completely apart from the rest of his race. That is his enthusiasm for his job. He adores butling and doesn't care who knows it.

When Stoner opens the door to you, he welcomes you almost literally with open arms. You are so obviously the one person in the world he wants to see that you wonder how he could stand it until you came.



"Come along in, sir! What will you have? A glass of sherry? A cigarette? The evening paper? You'll find that chair very comfortable. I'll tell Mrs. Milton you're here. She'll be down *in a moment.*" The way he says "in a moment" makes you know that your hostess is going to share his happy enthusiasm. You feel that he will go bounding up, three steps at a time, burst in on her with loud hurrahs, crying "Guess who's downstairs!"—and that she will probably slide down the bannister, to get to you the quicker.

Should all the family be out when you call, he has a slight spasm of gloom as he tells you. In some subtle manner he conveys, too, a minute, unspoken rebuke to the absent ones. "They really have no business to be out when *you* come calling," he seems to say.

Should it be your first visit to the house, he greets you with even a little extra charm. He is a sound judge of character and seldom makes mistakes. But he made a fearful bloomer once. Mr. Milton was ecstatically summoned to descend and talk to a Mr. Smith. He found a well-dressed little man in the drawing-room, sitting in his chair, smoking one of his cigars and drinking some of his sherry. But the man was a complete stranger. Moreover, he rose politely when Mr. Milton entered and handed him a large, blue piece of paper. Stoner has never entirely got over this. Now, if you watch him closely as he greets a newcomer, you will notice that just for an instant his benign expression vanishes and his gaze flits sharply downwards to the pockets, estimating their contents.

Stoner and his wife, who is the cook, have been with the Miltons for eight years. Soon after their arrival, he presented himself before Mrs. Milton and said they must have a kitchen-maid. She did not think there was enough work to make such a thing necessary.

"Oh, it's not the work," said Stoner, "it's the messages."

Mrs. Milton did not understand. He explained. He told her they had been married for sixteen years, for the last nine of which they had not been on speaking terms. He was naturally asked why they didn't separate. He replied (so I am told) that they had tried it and had missed not speaking to each other. Some idea of Stoner's charm may be gained from the fact that it never even entered Mrs. Milton's head to get a less involved couple. She at once got

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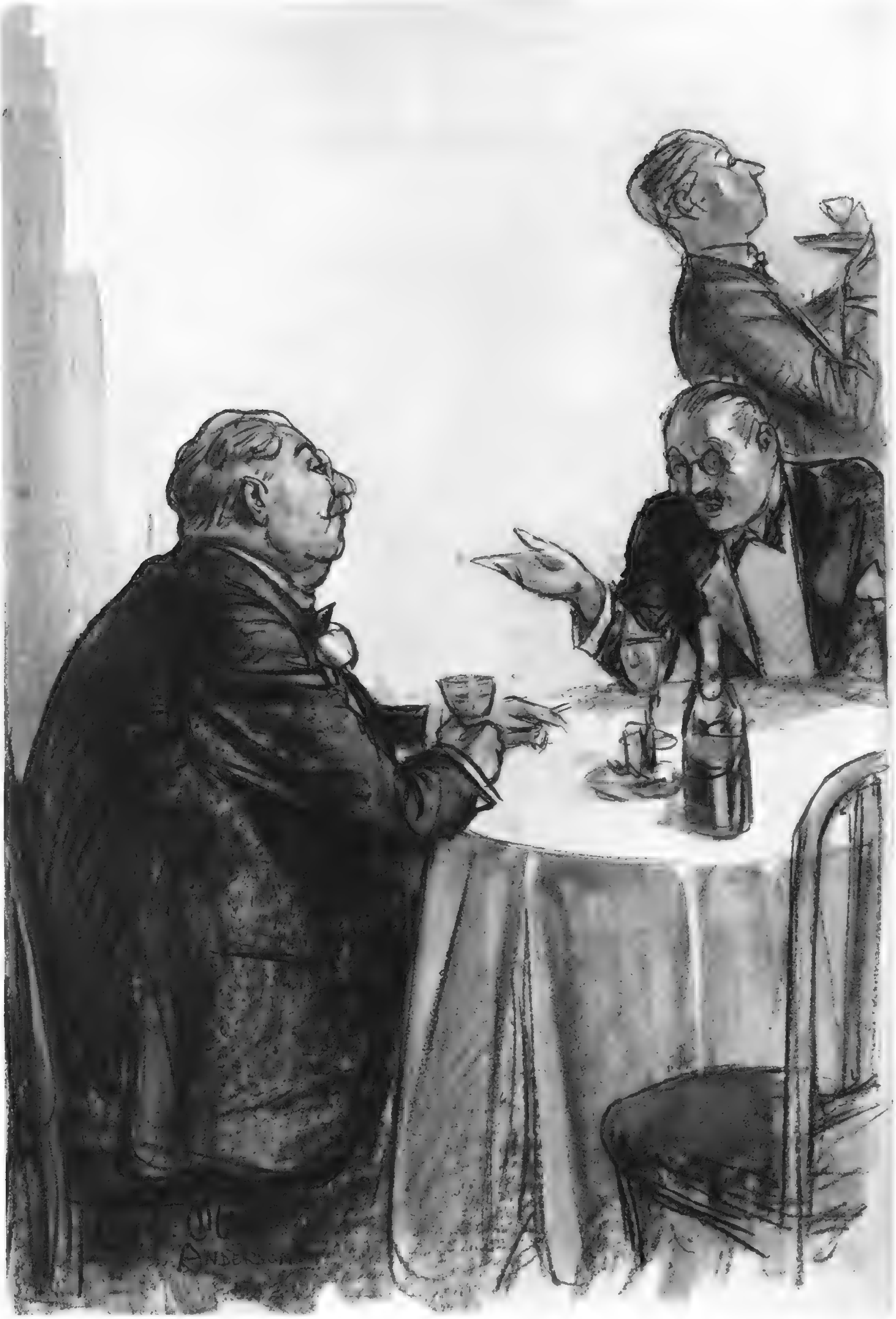


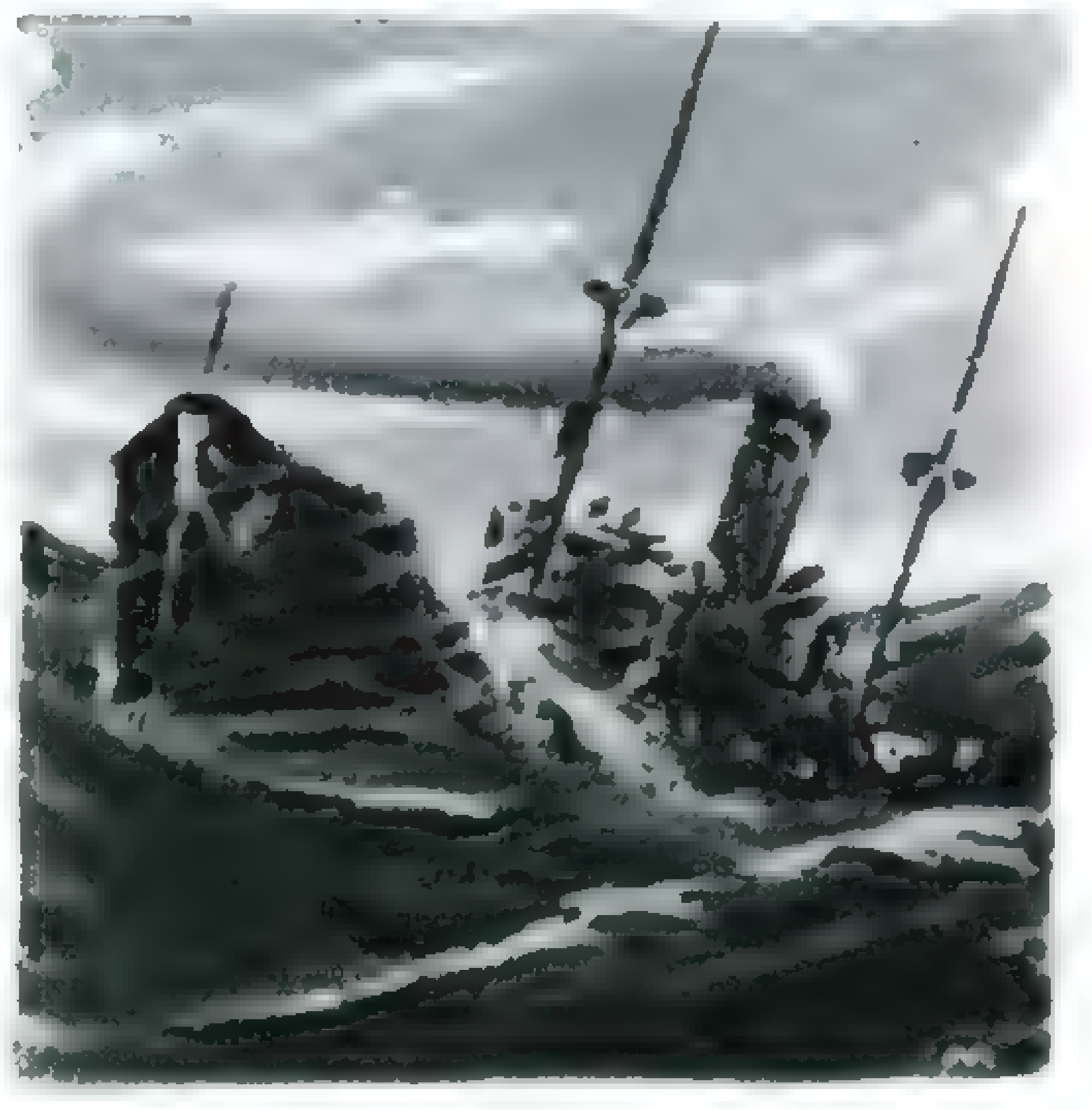
"You can't go on like this forever, flitting from one woman to another"

WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNY

How an ill wind blew good luck for every man aboard, when the sea chanties fell on deaf ears

by CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

THE "Norman Monarch" was a wallowing old tub scarcely justifying the proud name that she bore upon the bluff bows. She was outward bound, deep laden with a cargo of coal for Iquique in Chile.



Off the Argentine, and south of the River Plate, the wind came away from the west-sou-west with a great weight behind it. The vessel was well snugged down, for it was Christmas Eve and the mate had been heard to say that he was going to make it a holiday from the dawning of the following day. There would be no "dry-pulling," no swobbing of decks, nor polishing of brass.

The sailormen worked with a will, a song on their lips, on the forward well to put extra lashings on the hatches against the assault of heavy seas, to stretch life-lines fore and aft, until the chief steward whispered to the cook that the "old man" had told him that there would be no grog for the men on the morrow. The cook passed the word around, as cooks have done ever since Noah set out on his eventful voyage, and the sailormen commenced to growl, to lay down on the job, until the forecastle bulkheads darkened under the profanity that polluted the air.

A conference was called to decide on the best way to soften the heart of the "old man." The forecastle knew that it would be a tough job for the captain was mean and loved liquor only next to himself. He was the son of a parson, had a brother a parson, which, the forecastle declared, was enough to condemn any man.

Old Davy, the lamp-trimmer, wise to the ways of the sea and men, was the sage of the forecastle. He thought for a while, drew on his gnarled cutty, then outlined a scheme.

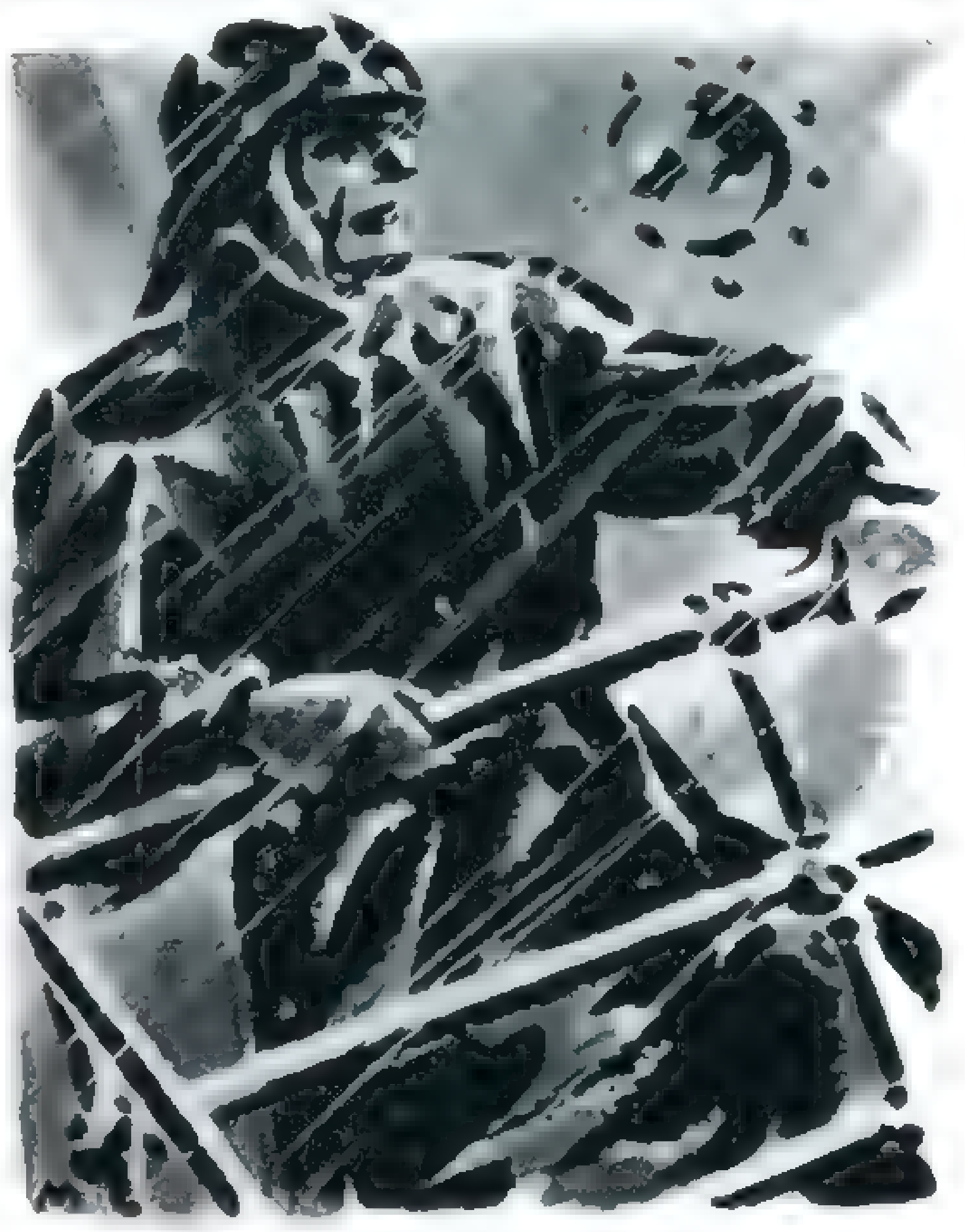
The night came in blustering and wet with the spray driving across the lurching vessel in a drenching stream. It was my first voyage upon the sea and my body-and-soul lashings had come adrift until, at any moment, I expected to take leave of my innards. I clung to the rails on the lee side of the bridge and held on, my teeth tight together.

When the midnight bells were struck I saw, by the aid of the dim light which came from the partly screened ports, the sailormen gather on the bridge deck. It was the change of the watch with all hands on deck. The second mate came over beside me. He had heard about the scheme that was a-foot and he was eager to see how it would work out. If all went well it would mean that the mates also would have rum with their dinner.

The sailormen came on to the lower-bridge where the captain's quarters were. The deck crowd were in oil-skins while the "black gang" huddled in their old coats and had sweat rags around their necks. The wind was now piping in the full tumult of the gale, but the sailormen paid not the slightest heed. They gathered around the captain's door and began to sing an old sea-song. Soon it wavered and died away. They looked at each other, then one man bolder than his mates walked over and knocked on the door. A light went on within the cabin. There was an almost imperceptible movement among the sailormen towards the ladder that led down to the deck below. There would have been a stampede had not the door swung open to reveal the captain standing in his pajamas.

"Merry Christmas, sir," the sailormen shouted in chorus.

"Merry Christmas, men, and many of them," the captain answered, and turned as if to shut the door. A dollop of spray had come swirling over the deck.



Old Davy raised his voice, and the sailormen took up the air, and joined him as he sang:

"Oh! Captain, sir! It's
Christmas Day!
Whiskey! Johnny!
Oh! Captain, sir! It's
Christmas Day!
Whiskey for my
Johnny!"

The captain halted, turned back, and, by the flickering light of the bulkhead lamp, I thought I detected the makings of a smile come over his face.

"All right, men," he said, pleasantly enough, "I was forgetting."

As he turned and went into the cabin to ring for the chief steward, the sailormen nudged each other, some slapped their thighs, others smacked their lips with anticition. I forgot the nausea within me, and the second mate muttered encouragement to the men below.

The captain could be heard talking to the chief steward. It was some time before he again appeared in the doorway. When he did there was a demi-john in his hand.

"Here, bosun," said he, holding it forth, "Here's some lime-juice . . . . whack it out among the men. A Merry Christmas to you all."

The door slammed. The light was doused. The captain had returned to his bunk.

The sailormen stood dumbfounded, the spray and wind beating against their faces with icy touch. Someone swore . . . loud and blasphemously. The tension was relieved. A demi-john of lime-juice went flying through the murk into the sea to leeward.

Old Davy raised his voice:

"The 'old man' sure is a son of a gu-un,
Blow, boys, blow!
He's gone an' drunk up all the ru-um,
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!"

The sailormen laughed, lurched away to their quarters, and the ship was still except for the wild ravings of the gale.

At daylight there was a heavy sea piling up from the region of the Horn which made the old tub fill herself to the bulwark rail. In the early hours she had been "hove to" but, even at that, she was making dirty weather of the storm.

I had gone below at eight bells in the grave-yard watch but the violent rolling and the frightsome noises within the vessel fighting for her life had kept me awake . . . and there was that sea-sickness gnawing at my innards. It was with relief I heard the chief mate yell as he hastened along the deck outside my cabin:

"All hands on deck! Up an' out of it! All hands on deck!"

I scrambled into my sodden clothes, then tumbled out on deck in answer to the call. The sailormen were mustering abaft the lower bridge. Around their oil-skins they were lashing rope-yarns to keep them from catching the wind. I sensed that there was dirty work ahead and did likewise.

The chief mate came down from the bridge, beckoned to us, swung around the lee of the forward house, and down on to the forward well. We were after him. The deck was a turmoil of surging water that leapt over the bulwark rail, caught us roughly, and took the feet from under us. But the life-lines were in our hands! More water tumbled on board . . . smothered us. Foot by foot we fought our way into the lee of the forecastle-head. There for a breather

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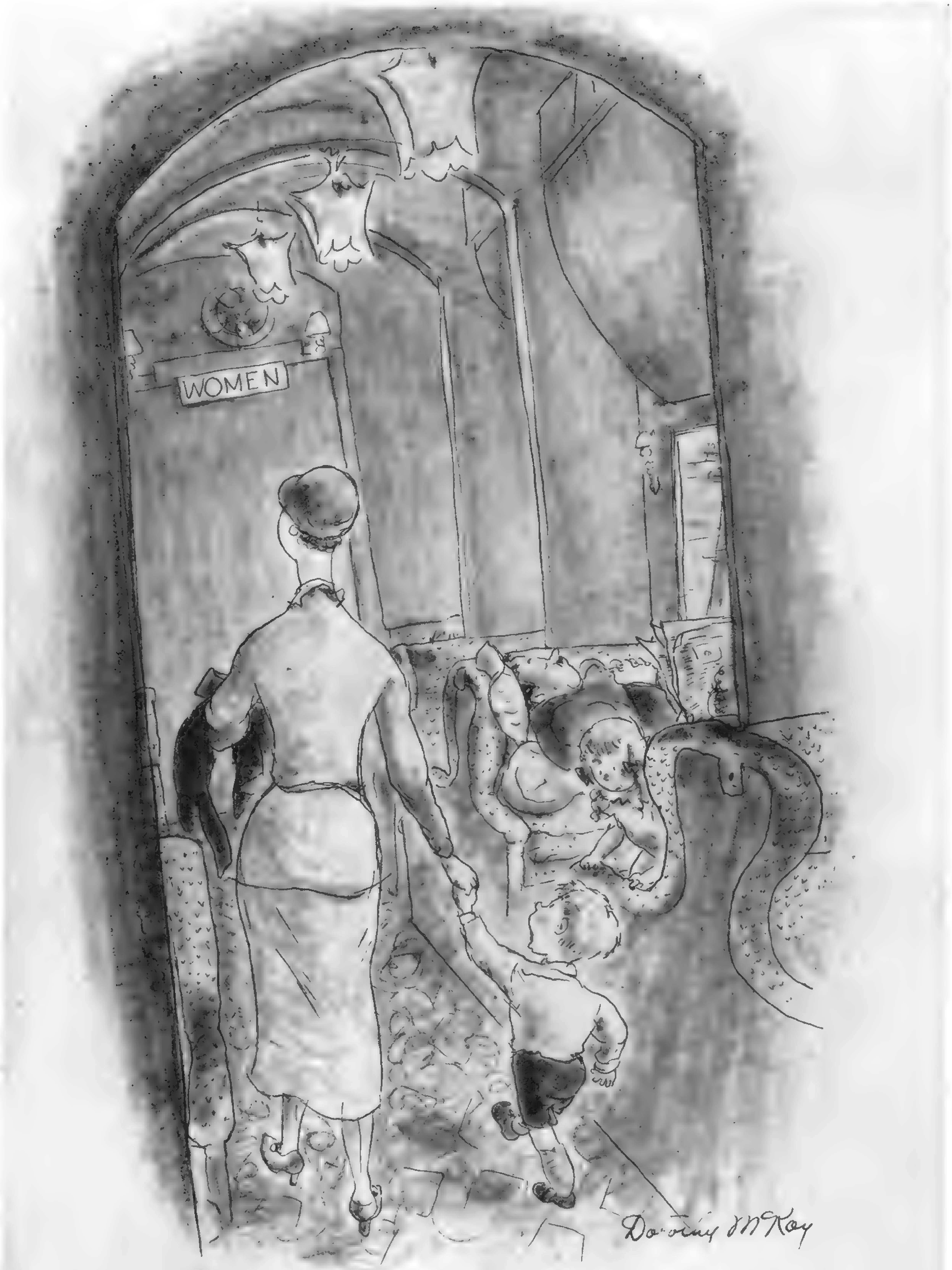

WOMEN
Dorothy McKay

"Men, *too?*"

THE BRIDEGROOM

Of a wedding breakfast that was changed from a joy feast to a double hell by one word

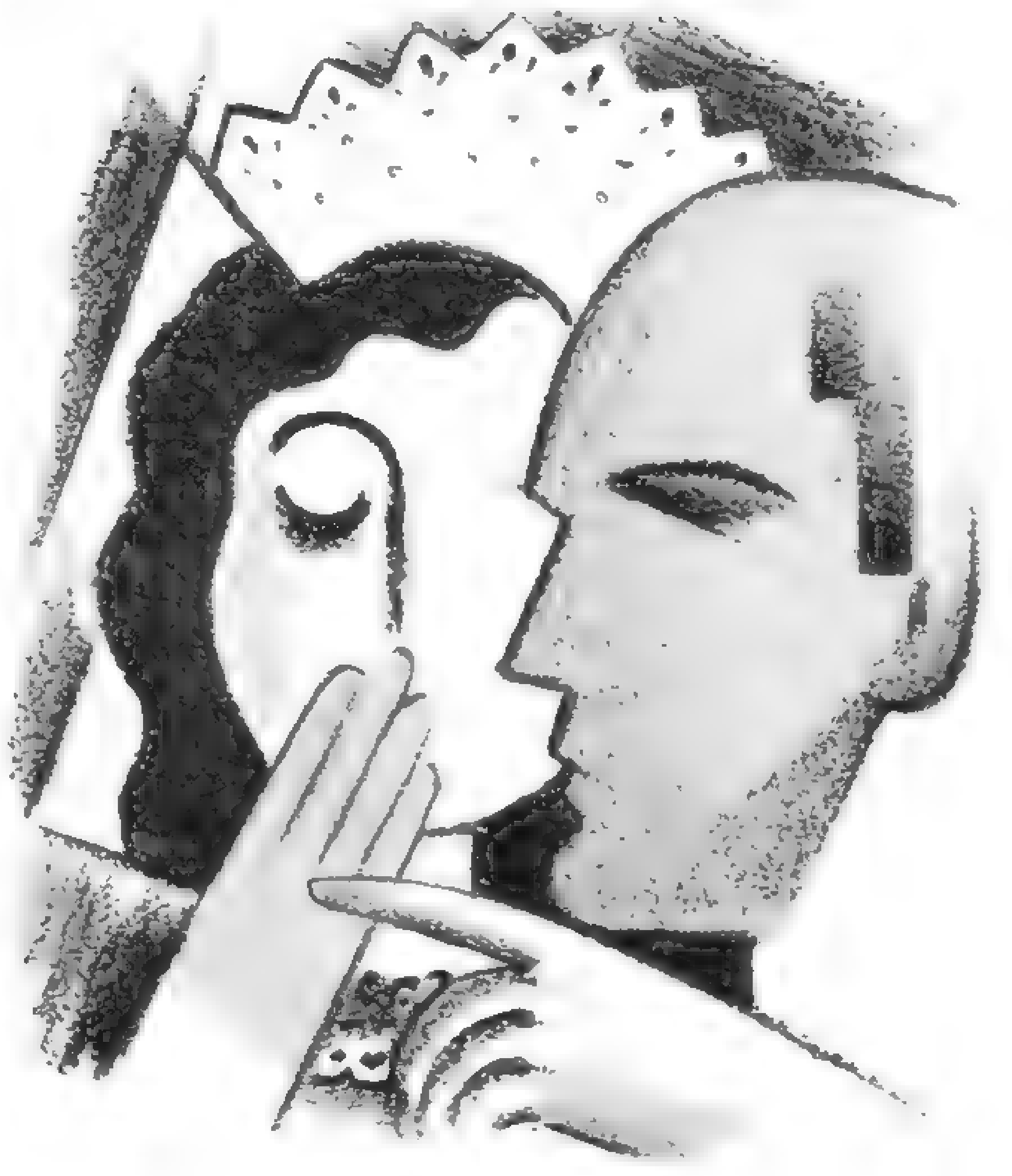
by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

The early morning church wedding was quiet and simple. Arthur Henderson, the groom, was waiting for his bride by the altar rail and when he turned quickly to see her coming up the aisle on her brother's arm, nearly everybody in the church, including even some who expected to attend the wedding breakfast, thought him too old for her. Dorothy, the bride, was a round eyed handsome girl with an oval face, a few little dark ringlets curling out from her small grey hat and a wistful, frightened expression in her eyes that all the women thought quite charming. Altar lights, shining on the small bald spot on Henderson's head and on his shell rimmed glasses, seemed also to make the little tufts of grey hair at his temples all the more conspicuous. They knelt down together. A spotless white prayer book was clasped tight in Dorothy's hands. Henderson felt himself coloring from his neck to his hair as he always did when feeling a strong emotion.

A plump, very dark priest came down to the communion rail and began to mutter the Latin rapidly. Henderson was so dazed by the muttering that he could only stare at Dorothy's white prayer book and think it was white and spotless like her pure, eager soul, and soon he felt so utterly unworthy that his eyes filled with tears. The first strong morning sunlight was filtering through the stained glass windows and tipping the side of the priest's broad head. Soon they knew they were married.

At the church door there was the first burst of laughter and shouting. Two young, beaming girls, Dorothy's sisters, ran forward in the brilliant sunlight and began to throw rice as the bride and groom and the best man and the bridesmaid ducked into the waiting taxi to drive to the apartment for the breakfast. Arthur was sitting beside Dorothy and when he noticed how timid and uneasy she had become, he, himself, felt so shy he was unable to speak. But he was so extraordinarily happy that he couldn't help whispering at last, "Here we are. Just imagine. It's just like a dream." For seven years he had waited patiently and had seen Dorothy fancy herself in love with one young fellow after another. It had been almost like watching her grow up. People, wondering why he waited, used to say she kept him at hand for her own amusement when she couldn't get anyone else, and as he thought of this now, he smiled with a deep contentment.

The wedding breakfast in the crowded apartment quickly became a jolly celebration. So much free enthusiasm and bursting good nature delighted Henderson who had never thought his marriage would make anybody hilarious. He walked from one room to another, bowing modestly, shaking hands



and feeling a rare warm joy in the human companionship that a shy lonely man like himself had suddenly encountered. From time to time he glanced at Dorothy and for a while he thought she was going to keep her sweet timidity all morning, but gradually he noticed her grow vivid with excitement and soon she was gayer than he had ever seen her before.

When they sat down to eat Henderson had to make a little speech. As soon as he got up everybody began to sing that he was a jolly good fellow. The blood rushed to Henderson's face and he shook his head shyly from side to side. He felt helpless to express his delight. But he was very graceful in his remarks, for he remembered that there were at least two men in the room who had been in love with Dorothy and he didn't want to appear too triumphant. Everybody kept on drinking wine. Dorothy's gay girl friends shrieked with laughter, their faces flushed and eager from drinking. Someone turned on the radio, low dance music could be heard, and they all got up from the table.

In one room a bunch of fellows, some of them friends of Henderson since college days, were drinking beer and telling ribald stories. With his usual apologetic diffidence, Henderson joined this group and they welcomed him by patting him on the back and telling all the sly jokes they thought appropriate to a wedding. Whenever he caught sight of Dorothy these jokes made him feel uncomfortable. Two of the fellows who had been in love with Dorothy were there with him drinking beer, and Henderson all of a sudden realized that his own triumph, instead of making these men feel humiliated, only made them more jolly and agreeable. When they were all red faced from drinking, one of the men, Macgregor, a fair, full faced fellow with a handsome forehead, who only a few months ago had seemed to be the one most likely to have Dorothy's love, said to Henderson with a kind of mocking leer, "You're a relentless dog, aren't you old boy?" Macgregor, when sober was anxious to have fine manners and was always praising other people for their good manners, but when he was drunk he was very nasty.

"I suppose I am relentless," Henderson said good naturedly.

"You sure are, old socks," he said. "You kept right after her. You wouldn't be put off the scent by any of us, and then, presto, just like that, she marries you. You lucky guy. Yes, suddenly, just like that." He smirked and whispered, "You'll like her."

Macgregor had been drinking, but the sly, intimate grin on his face so upset Henderson that he drank two glasses of beer rapidly. He was suddenly full of doubt. He felt much older and a bit tired. He walked away but the expression on Macgregor's face was still shocking him.

He began to follow Dorothy slowly around the room, but of course he never had a chance to be alone with her, and all the time he was pondering a question that had never occurred to him before. "Why did she marry me so suddenly? It was sudden." Noise and laughter and the bawling chorus of song and the faint, only half heard music on the radio began to irritate him. Always a few feet away from him was Dorothy who was now warm with wine and the pleasure that came from being praised by everyone. Her laughing, high colored young face was always ahead of him, as if he could never quite reach it. Finally it became a desperate necessity that he should speak to her, even though he was afraid. He kept saying to himself, "Dorothy knows my whole life. There's nothing about me that I haven't told her. Why have I never asked her about herself?" But all the time he was ashamed of these questions in his head. The hilarious, coarse jokes, the good wishes and the back slapping soon began to fill him with a said despair. He only followed Dorothy, his eyes on her young full neck, or her little dark curls, and when he saw people noticing him, he smiled with a kind of apologetic patience as if to say that anyone would understand that a fellow like himself would be anxious about such a young bride even when she was always in sight of him. Then the sounds of clinking glasses and the bursts of girls' laughter suddenly became very sweet to him as if he would never hear it again because he did not rightfully belong there.

He saw Dorothy go into the kitchen and he hurried after her and closed the door. Standing by the table, looking over the

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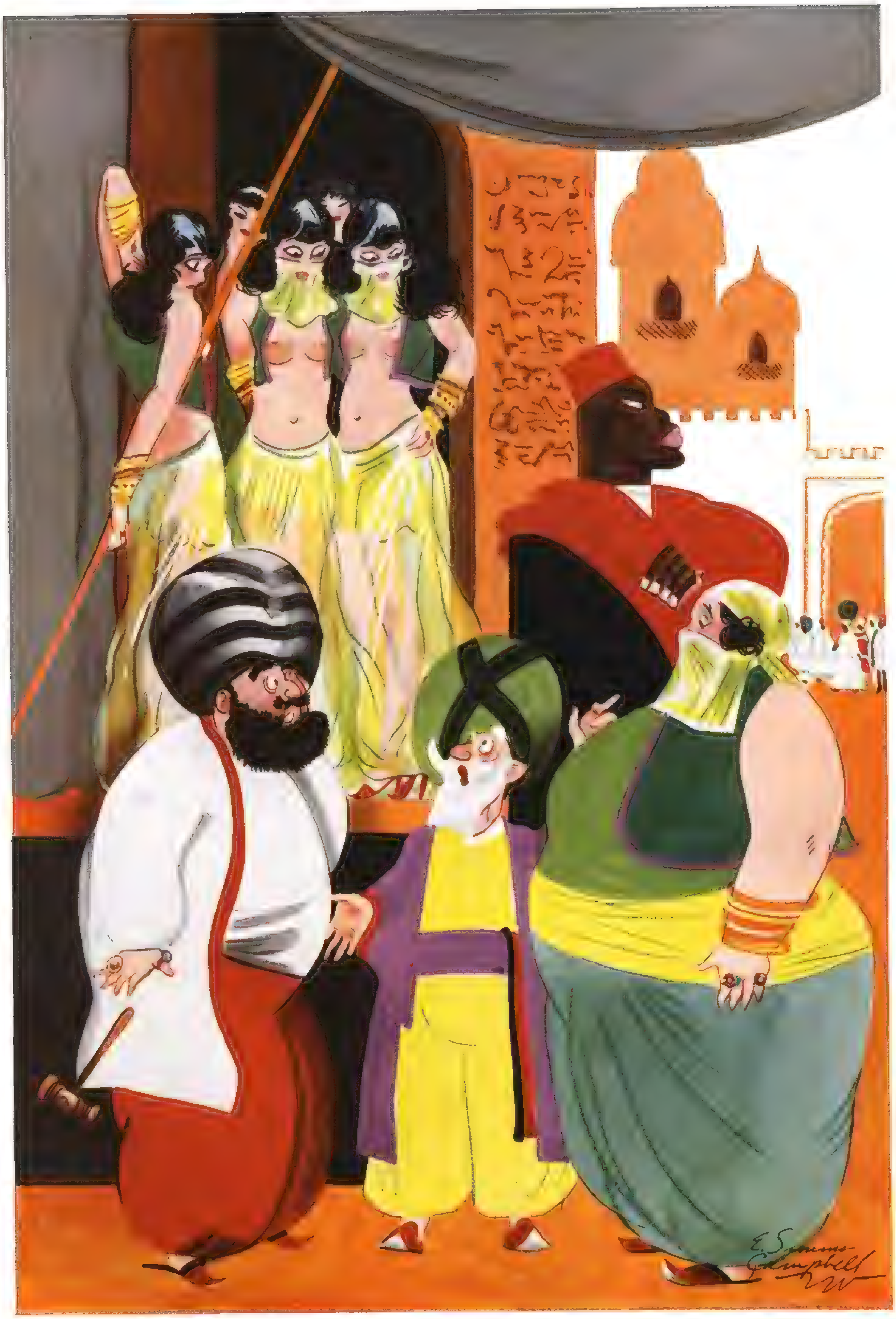
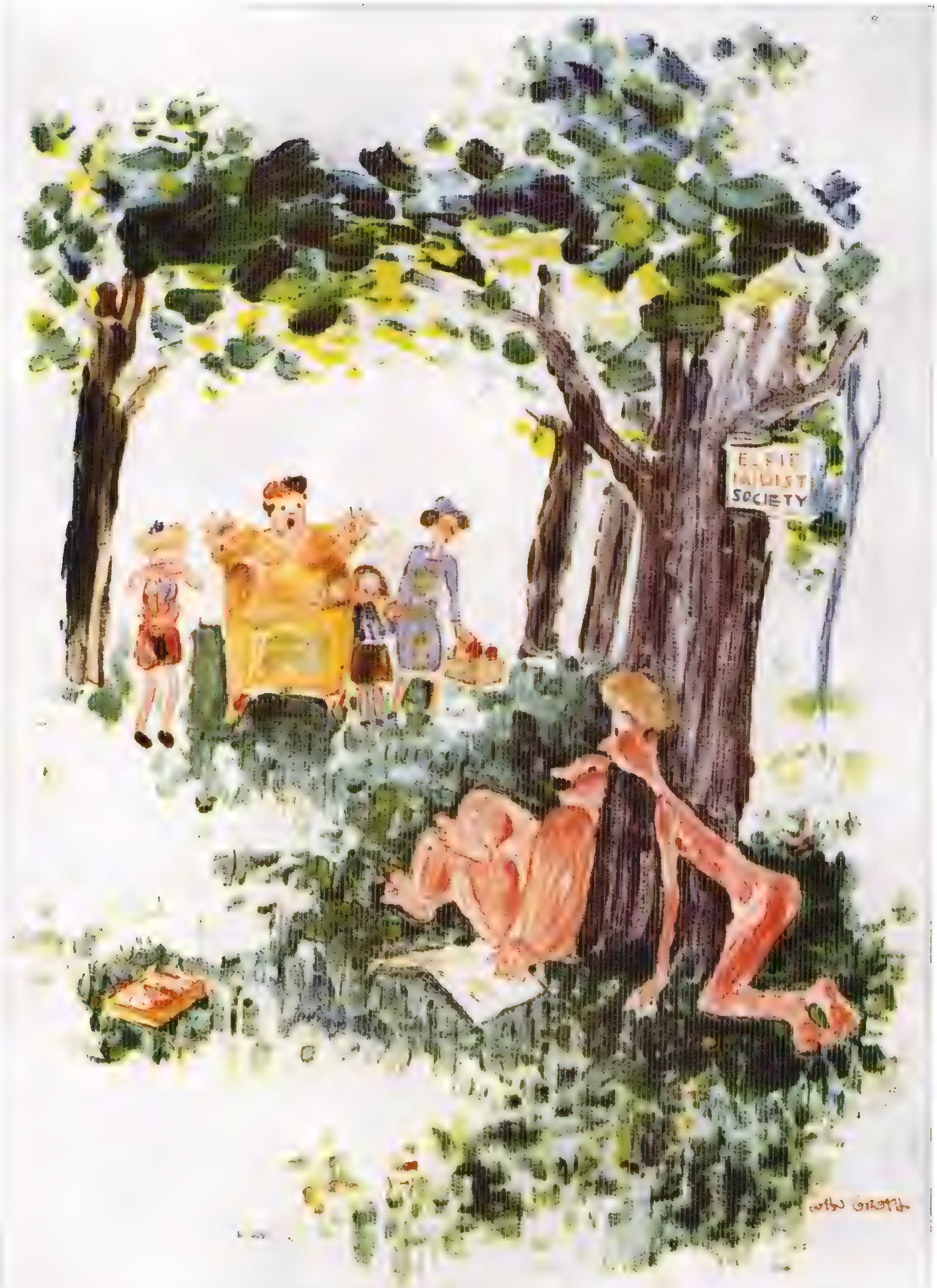
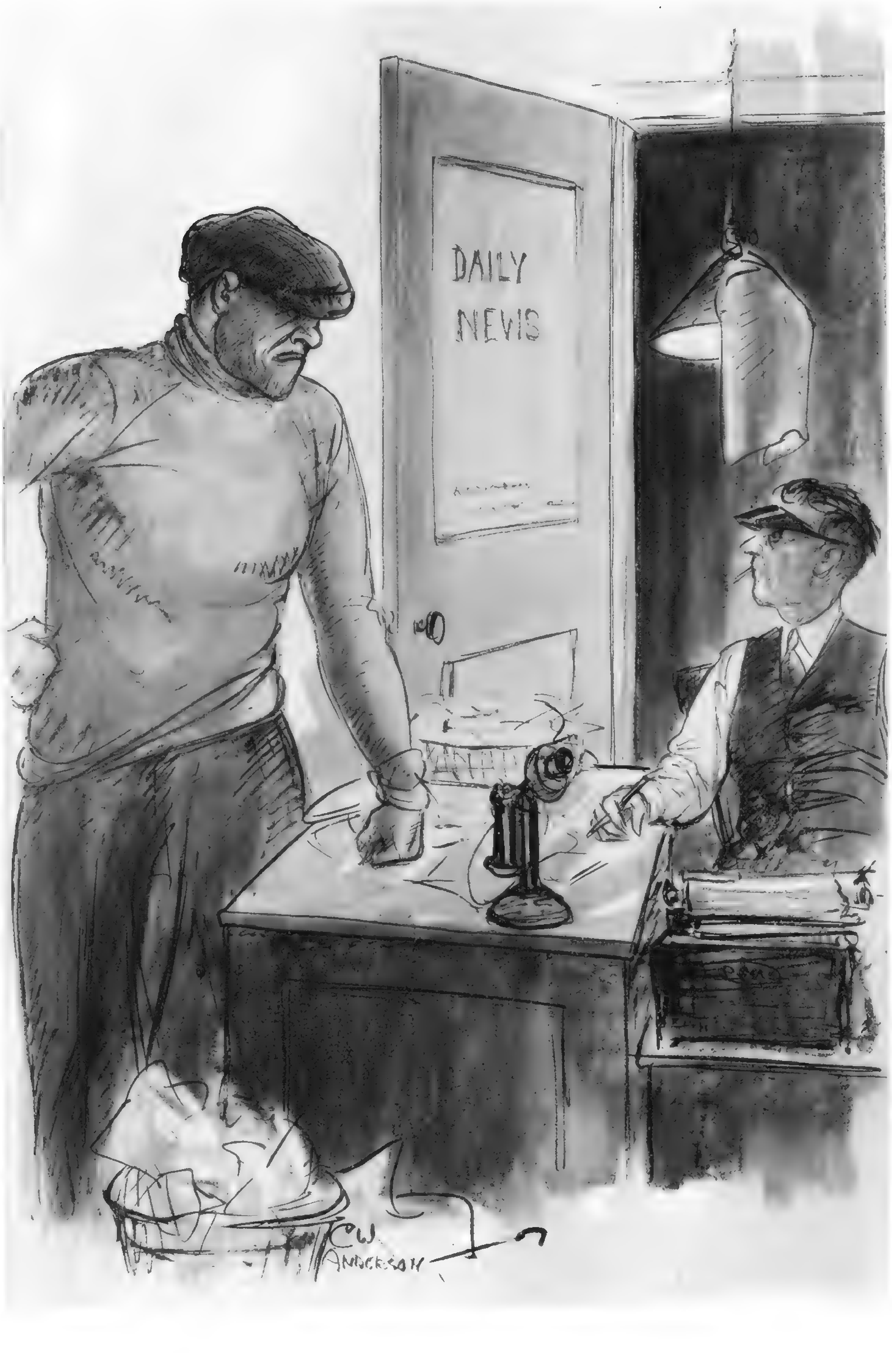

E. Simms Campbell

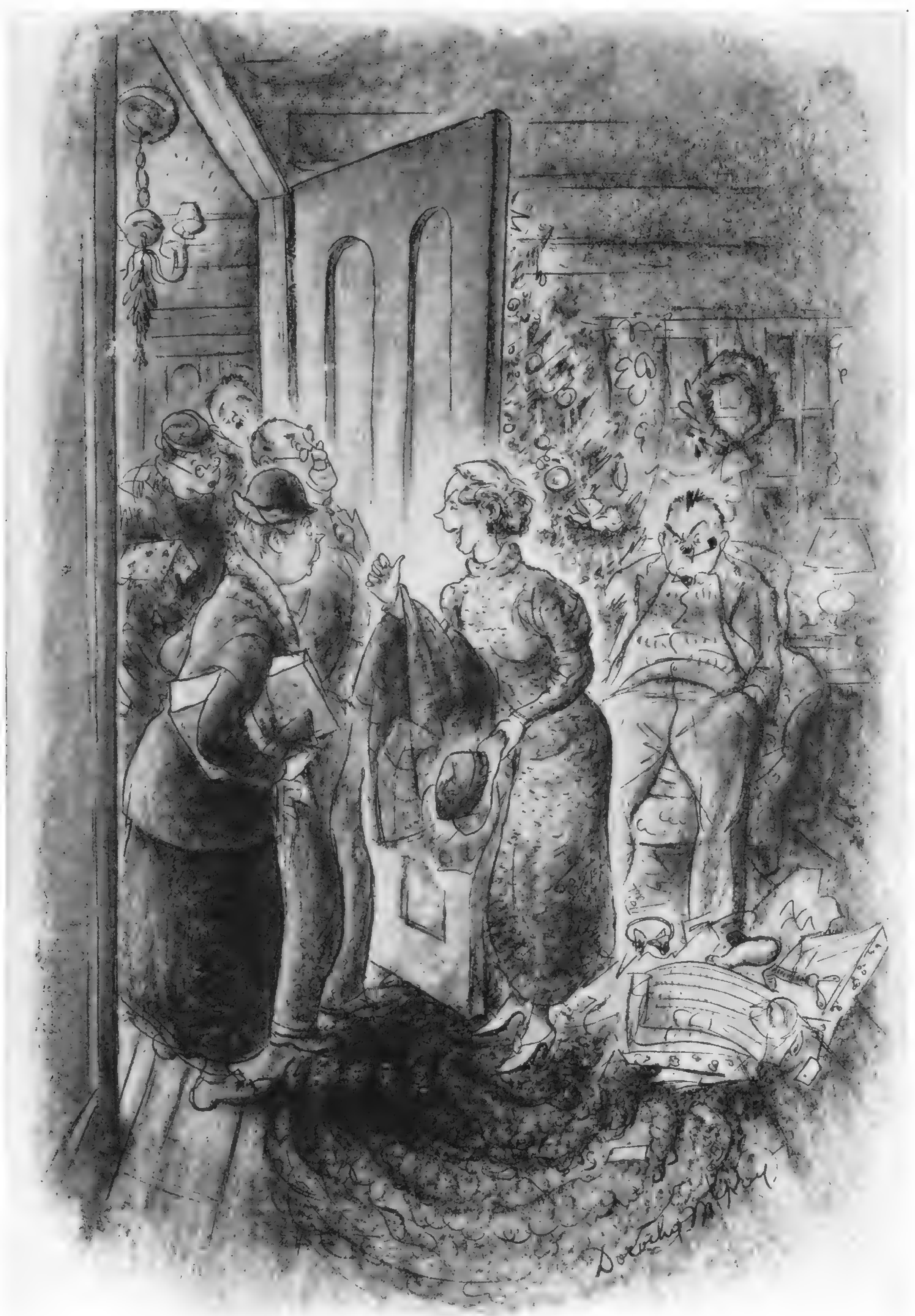
"What would you give me on a trade in?"


ELFIE
NUDIST
SOCIETY
JOHN GROTH

"You'll get used to it, they're all that way at first"


DAILY NEWS
CW ANDERSON

"I wanna see this 'advice to the lovelorn' who's been telling my dame how to handle me"

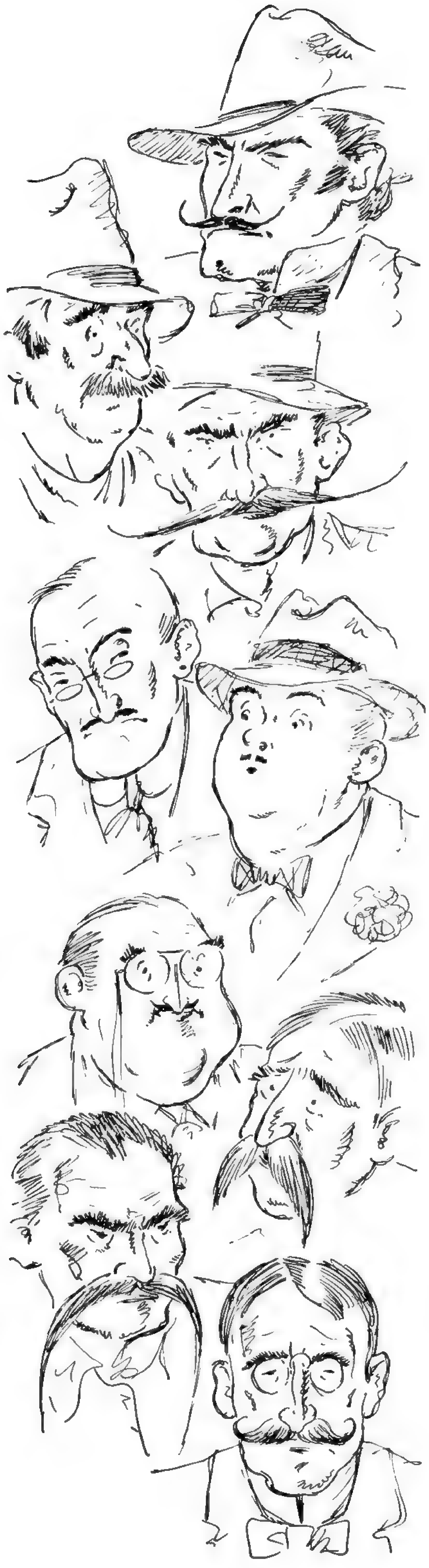

Dorothy McKay

"Don't mind Egbert, he's anti-Xmas"

HAIR RAISING ADVENTURES

The mustache as an index to character, as evidenced by the evolution of Old Hank to Henry

by ROY SULLIVAN



WHETHER one raises a mustache or stands on the side-lines and observes others thus engaged, there inevitably comes a time when one realizes mustaches have a psychological effect upon their owners. As one goes into the subject deeply, he becomes discriminating, even fastidious, often developing an artistic appreciation of the beautiful, which shudders at the carelessly done mustache, and sets its wearer down as a slovenly person, incapable of rising to great heights in any trade or profession.

Those truths became obvious to this observer early in life, as a weekly patron of the drama. It was patent then that a man's outlook, his dealings with his fellowman; indeed his very thoughts, ambitions and acts were dictated by the type of facial impedimenta that he presented to the world. For example, the villain wore a heavy, black mustache, well-oiled and turned up at the ends. Hence, all men with such mustaches were villains. The kindly father of the heroine wore 'em scraggley; therefore, all men with scraggley mustaches were kindly men, hard pushed to find money for the mortgage.

The theater was consistent in upholding this theory for years. The matter of mustaches was regarded by both producers and patrons as a sacred trust. It became apparent that life, therefore, was a vivid record of mustaches working for or against the beautiful heroine and the handsome, clean-shaven hero.

And then came the unkind awakening, and the world went crazy.

A play called The James Boys in Missouri came to town.

The man whose entrance the gallery had cheered turned out to be the coward who shot Jesse James. Shot him in the back, like the craven he was! The gallery could not be blamed. Heroes had always been clean-shaven. The producer had betrayed his trust, and cheeks burned for weeks in that town.

Doubtless there comes such moments of bewilderment into the lives of all scientists. In that chill hour when the results of patient years of toil and calculation seem on the verge of tottering, the student needs a strong arm to lean upon, to help him regain his confidence in his fellowmen.

This critic will never forget the strong arm that was extended so helpfully in that dark hour. This man seemed to embody all the worth-while attributes the most exacting of seekers after truth could demand. He was known as Hank to his intimates, and Henry to such of the world as crossed his path casually. He was boss hostler at the City Livery Stable, and he had the most perfect mustache this observer has ever seen—a broad statement, but it stands.

This magnificent mustache floated out straight from the part, with a suggestion of undulation achieved with admirable restraint. The whole effect was carried out triumphantly in a rich, even roan coloring, and measured eleven inches from tip to tip.

As it may be surmised, this work of art was not the result of a few fevered hours of intense inspiration, but was accomplished after days and weeks, even months, of the most painstaking effort. He confessed one day to us that there was a time when his mustache had lacked the touch of the finished artist; had, in fact, resembled a paperhanger's brush. But in those days, he was not a boss hostler, but only a worker in a bird cage factory. It was while employed there that he conceived the idea of a departure in mustache culture, and to prove the way success follows those who look after their personal appearance, it wasn't long before he had been promoted to the perch department. This promotion did not make the man arrogant; as a matter of fact, he had no pride in the bird cage trade, and his lack of enthusiasm apparently showed in his work, for he was fired. But a man of his type cannot be held down. It was no time at all before he went to work for the livery stable, and became boss hostler.

If you wanted to know anything—anything at all—you just asked Hank. He could tell you how to make ink, and what kind of people live on the moon, or what is wrong with the country, and what "they" ought to do about it. His mustache caught and held the attention of those who beheld it. A perfect understanding seemed to exist between it and Hank. He had a way of pulling on it when he needed words to phrase an argument, and it never failed him.

When this critic recalls the masterful Hank of those days, and the Hank of today, he shudders at what a mustache can do to a man!

The change, subtle at first, began the day Hank found a discarded doll's curling iron in the alley back of the stable. We saw him when he picked it up; saw his mustache tremble like sensitive antennae, and saw a faraway look come into his eyes.

He was secretive at first, but after a while he came out in the open and admitted he was using that doll's curling iron on his mustache. It was as though he were in the grip of some strong drug. His hands trembled at times, and his whole being seemed to cry out for that toy curling iron; and although it was summer, he would fire up the stove in the harness room, impatiently

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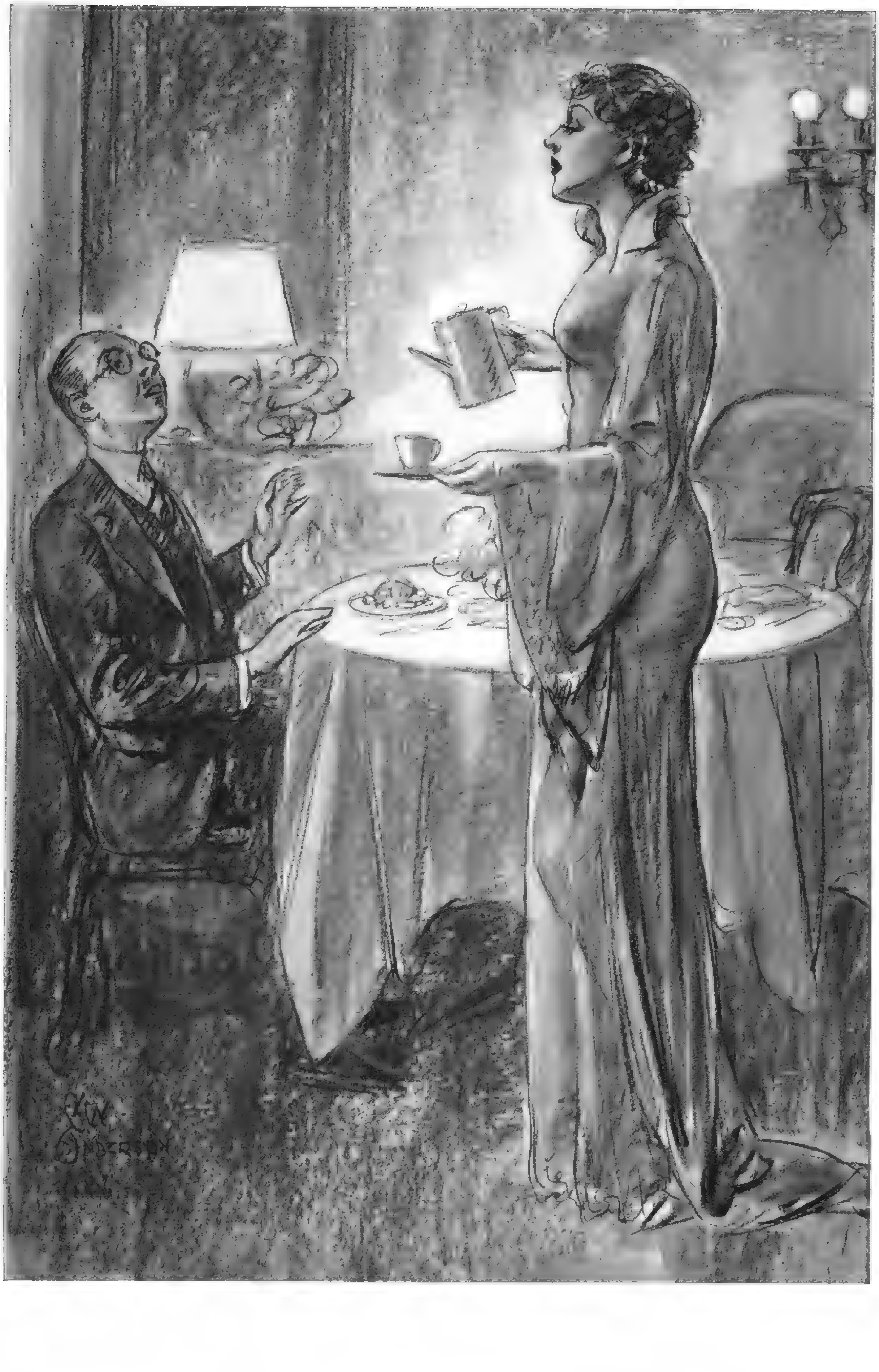
E.W. ANDERSON

"No coffee, dear, it might keep me awake"

Stringing the Bridge Racket

Suggesting that something more than skill comes into play when the contract cracks get together

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SOME years ago, being afflicted with the itch to play good Bridge, I joined the Knickerbocker Whist Club of New York, which then numbered amongst its members another novelist I knew and one or two newspaper men. One night, shortly after my election, I found myself alone in the dining-room with one of the club cracks, a lackadaisical body with over-grown adenoids, eyes like oysters on the half-shell and an inane grin that was apparently chronic. I was too modest a beginner at the game ever to have cut in at a table where he was playing, so our acquaintance was of the nodding order only. After the waiter had marched off with my order the silence was unbroken for several minutes. Then, without warning, the expert left off his taciturn munching to observe in a rasping drawl: "I won-der what it is makes auth-ors think they want to pla-ay this game."

Thus put on the spot, and at a loss to guess whether the ace was being deliberately rude or was merely a born boor, I concluded that a response in kind would not be amiss: "I suppose it must be because authors don't realize that playing Bridge is a rite sacred to those who haven't brains enough to do anything else."

A blank stare was succeeded by a patient smirk, apparently reflecting the thought that a mere author couldn't be expected to grasp that, when it came down to cases, there were no brains worth mentioning outside the skulls of professional Bridge players.

I didn't believe that then, and as time went on and rubbing elbows with experts lent my own some polish, I saw no reason to revise my first opinion. It is the sum of my observation that Bridge cracks as a class have their being in "a world outside the one you know, to which for curiousness 'Ell can't compare"—where all perspectives are awry and no law runs that the card-dumb know, and where the stranger, whatever his consequence in other spheres, rates never better than a cheeky thruster, to be put up with only when there's no one else about to make a fourth and even then accorded the welcome of a poor relation on a rainy Sunday. The indigenes, passionate individualists all, each by his own account a better player than any other and ready to fight till vituperation dries up in defence of his pretensions, stand shoulder-to-shoulder none the less, an implacable phalanx, against the upstart. In their weird realm elephantiasis of the ego is endemic and its manifestations indescribably naive.

I well remember hearing one of the Cavendish Club cracks—here known as John Dark—announce one day to the ranking woman player of the same club: "I've been thinking it over, Madge, and figured out that Auction is a much more scientific game than Contract."

"Yes?" the lady in some surprise replied. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, it's plain on the face of it. Look: I play much better Auction than you do, but you can put it all over me at Contract. It just stands to reason Auction is more scientific than Contract."

I sat one afternoon in the same club, waiting for a friend, with Dark nearby all one big ache to ventilate some grievance. I meanly refrained from asking about it; but the entrance of Mr. Lenz presently afforded Dark an outlet.

"Listen, Sidney: You know Milton Work. I want to tell you what he did to me last week—"

Mr. Lenz, with his narrow head cocked one way, his bowler the other, and that astringent grin of his, remonstrated: "Last week? But I thought Work was on a lecture tour!"

"He is. That's how this happened. I got a letter this morning. Milt lectured in Santa Barbara last week; and my poor old mother, who lives there, went to hear him. After the lecture there was a reception, and when her turn came she said: 'I am especially glad to meet you, Mr. Work, because I believe you know my son, John Dark, in New York.' And Milt said: 'Dark? Dark? Oh yes—the man with the pretty wife.' What do you think of that, Sidney? Did you ever hear anything to beat it?" Dark shook with rage like a reed in the wind. "If it's the last act of my life," he swore, "I'm going to get even with that——"

The characterization that followed was unfit for publication except across the footlights of the modern American theatre.

Some years ago a self-elected expert, then all unknown to fame, addressed a letter to the School of Philosophy (I think it's called) at Yale, generously offering to grant it gratis the custody of his 3-year-old daughter for a term of years, that it might profit by studying the mental development of a child of the most brilliant man of his time. He was simply disgusted with Yale when the offer was politely declined, and cited the snub to his family as just one more proof of the low stage of educational progress in America.

Conceit that flaunts such wanton blooms is the source of more sharp practice at card tables than people dream of. Too many first-flight cardsmen, whose names are household words, have no income other than the money they win in play and the receipts—as a rule heavily exaggerated by rumor—from occasional writings on the game and such lessons as they may give beginners. On the other hand, the latterday organization of professional Bridge as a racket, and the huge profits it has paid at least one of its engineers, has undermined the morale of too many young men who can't see any real future for themselves in white-collar drudgery or why they, too, shouldn't capitalize their better-than-average proficiency at a parlor pastime. The majority of these, although today unknown, don't need to give a card, as the saying goes, to the headliners; and they do nothing from day to day except haunt the open card-rooms of our larger cities and strop their games on the clucks (Bridgese for dubs) while waiting for a chance to muscle into the grand racket.

In these public rooms—where, though they pass as clubs, nobody with a dollar for his card-fee needs an introduction—the budding expert usually figures as what is known as a "house player," as distinguished from the "chiselers," who are on hand simply to trim the saps for bed-and-breakfast money, but who are expected to pay their own losses. That is to say, the so-called club backs the house-fly's game, finding it profitable to pay his losses in return for a 50% cut of his winnings. The stranger who happens into any of these "clubs" looking for a quiet game will always find a swarm of house-flies waiting to make up a table with him—the sharpest of sharp players, who know one another's ways to the last shade, and from whom he may look for no quarter.

It inevitably results, from this practice of looking to one's Bridge for one's living, that both classes, the giants and the pygmies, will at a pinch, in tournament as well as in everyday stake games, resort to tactics that are to put it mincingly, questionable.

There's no more sportsmanship in Expert

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THE ILLUSION OF SPEED

A very graphic demonstration of the principles of design through which vehicles are, or seem, fast

by ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

ONLY a few years ago speed, stream-lining, air resistance were only vague notions referred to in connection with special racing vehicles. As an engineer, amateur racing driver and speed lover, the writer studied them in Europe and followed their progress closely, but now that the public has become aero-dynamic conscious we want to review the different aspects of this very up-to-date question.

The competition of manufacturers has created a demand for higher speeds and the engineers had to find other ways of obtaining extra miles besides increasing the size of motors (which would affect economy) or decrease the weight. The logical answer was better shapes, overcoming air resistance, but one realizes that these stream lined shapes have no effect whatever on acceleration at low speeds and their influence becomes felt only at speeds of—say over fifty miles an hour. Therefore as soon as those speeds became cruising speeds the question of shapes became of primary interest.

The importance of air resistance can be best illustrated by a test which we made in August, 1929 with a medium priced car over a measured mile. After having covered the distance at top speed and carefully checked the time, we had the head lamps removed and went over the course again. The increase in top speed was four miles and those were only two nine-inch head lamps. From a purely sales angle we have another interesting picture. Why does speed alone sell a car? Besides price, three major factors influence the sale—comfort, beauty and performance. One will readily admit that comfort alone will not sell a car—therefore we have to examine only beauty and performance. And what is beauty in a car if not a combination of lines suggesting speed? And what is performance if not a combination of acceleration plus high top speed? In other words, it is speed itself plus lines which suggest it that attract our eyes and create the desire of possession. One does not go without the other. Speedy vehicles must look fast and it has become an artist-engineer's job to create an ensemble which looks as fast as it is.

In studying the different tricks by which one gets that speedy effect we can start with the fastest vehicle on earth, the Schneider Cup Seaplane, capable of over four hundred miles an hour, and see what we can borrow to suggest on slow vehicles the trim silhouette composed of lines imposed by requirements of air resistance. Beautiful as a whole, it is stiff in certain details, and after smoothing the lines and emphasizing certain features we arrive at the graceful outlines shown on the first page. The suggestion of speed is composed, besides lines of psychological factors and optical illusions—thus we realize that faster motion requires safety in operation and safety therefore becomes a suggestion of speed—example—at high speed one has to be able to see instantaneously the speed on the speedometer—therefore the larger the speedometer the faster the car seems to us, whilst all tricky other than logical round shapes for the speedometer suggest a hotted-up slow vehicle.

By comparing the different vehicles from the truck to the fastest airplane, we note that the truck has an almost vertical steering column—plane almost horizontal, with all the intermediate angles used on slow, fairly fast or real fast vehicles. Another lesson, the acuter the angle of this steering column the faster seems to be the vehicle. And do not think that these items have not been capitalized on by shrewd manufacturers who realized the "eye-appeal" of a fast-moving vehicle. Included into such items could be thin rim, large diameter steering wheels and artificially long hoods often housing an under-sized small engine, etc., etc.

For many years in Europe the writer's job was to design special cars in which he used all the gadgets developed by racing practice, and our specialty became de luxe racing cars. Generally on fast chassis with bodies looking like a refined edition of an actual racing type, not designed to be used for races, those cars were built for those conscious of mechanical beauty. Such cars are practically non-existent in the United States, and an illustration of this thought is pictured on the first page. Derived from a seaplane design it probably would lack in the ideal power-weight ratio —but will look faster than an actual stripped racing car. And just visualize in it the instrument board pictured above it with over-size speedometer dominating the tapered dials—businesslike because using only the section of dials needed. Moulded entirely out of pale blue glass with red-tipped, slender pointers. And a bright accent in the pleated leather rail around the cockpit, suggesting to our mind tan, bare forearms crowded out of the narrow body, rugged hands clutching the thin rim of the wheel . . .

Two words describe the new science of getting those effects: Artistic stream-lining, which is purely art and psychology, entirely independent of the results of the wind tunnel, or aero-dynamics. Still greater possibilities await us in motor boats and hydroplanes. Here the buying public is entirely uneducated as to what is beauty and is satisfied with the old-fashioned solution. When one comes to realize that people who buy speed boats are those who own nice homes, a couple of antiques, good automobiles, yet consider acceptable on the water boxy, antiquated vehicles in which, awkwardly seated, they rest their elbows on hard wood, the complete absence of progress is more than evident. Lack of competition, plus absence of artistic sense in designers in that line are responsible for it. How can buyers require more when they do not know there could be anything better? Besides, another purely scientific viewpoint seems to affect this whole question. Up to now designers of boats have been uniquely preoccupied by the science of hydro-dynamics, or water resistance. They devised means to overcome it by lifting the boat off the water at speeds making it plane on the surface. But the total resistance is composed of water resistance against a portion of the hull under water and air resistance of the portion above, and though at low speeds water resistance is the dominating factor, at high speeds the proportion is reversed (when the boat is almost completely out of water), and the air resistance becomes much more important, and that is where they have all failed. All existing boats suggest by their sharp prows propulsions through water, but none have those pleasing stream-line outlines, all in curves and high-lights, which would enable them to overcome the resistance of the air. Still following our method, we picture on the second page a racing boat designed on these lines. Old schools of thought were good maybe up to speeds of one hundred m.p.h. but we are exceeding these and we had better leave hydro-dynamics for a while and see how aero-dynamics are going to affect the existing shapes. Some very shy attempts in that direction could be seen on the boat brought over by Scott Paine for the Harmsworth Trophy. Nevertheless, the thought is there and one cannot but feel that pure aero-dynamics and not the size of motors only will help increase the speed. And whilst actual tests have to determine the most desirable shapes, we can suggest the new lines by emphasizing the wave effect in the prow as illustrated. Always anxious in our styling creations to suggest the purpose of the product, we believe in using features dear to the heart of the user, and we illustrate it here by designing an instrument board that departs from the automobile-type board in using the true nautical type instruments in tapered copper sleeves, suggesting marine control rooms, ocean maps and that invigorating salt breeze. . . .

A Note On the Author

Born in Russia, educated in Switzerland, the Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky has had a colorful life. Not exactly because he wanted it, but because in spite of his love for

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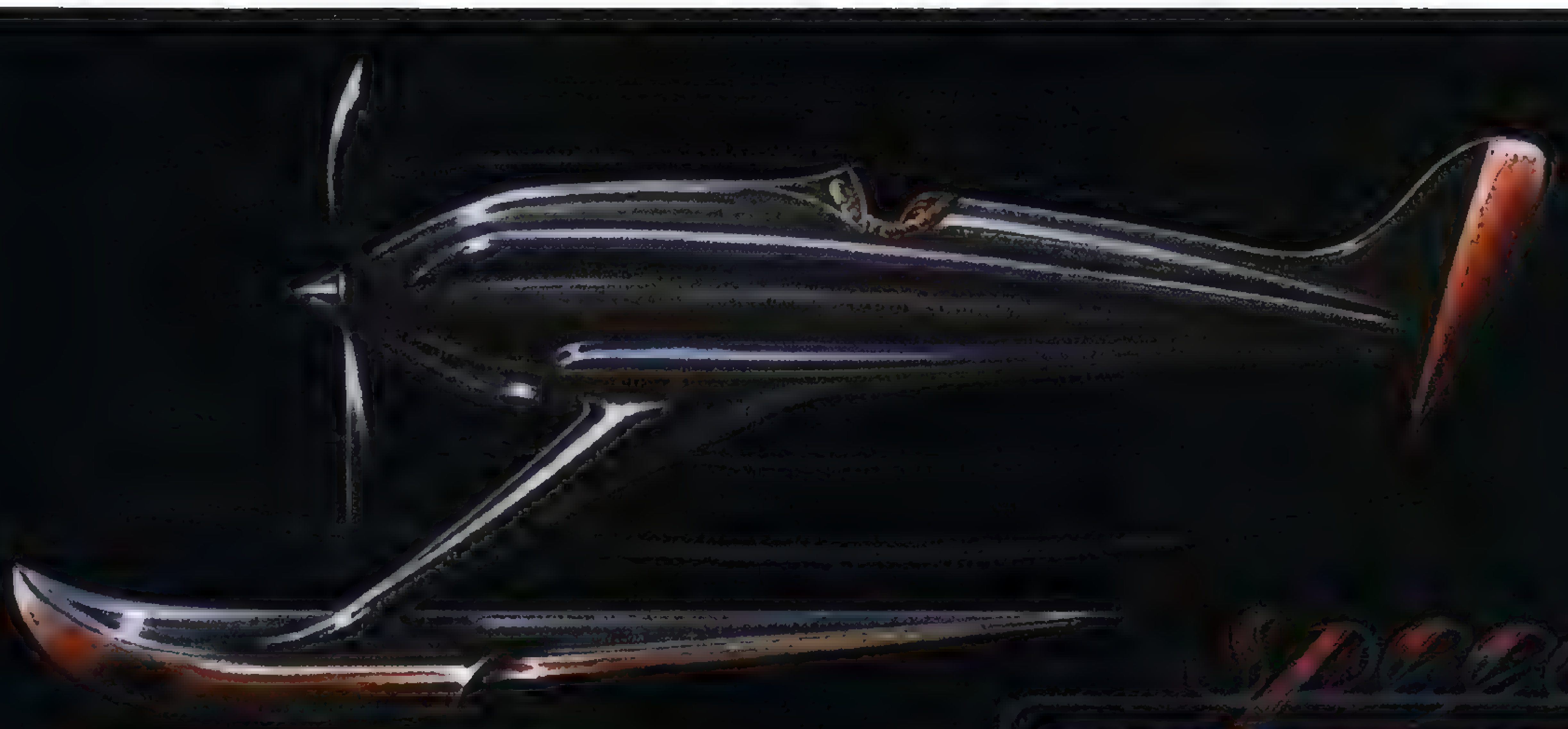


Speed

by

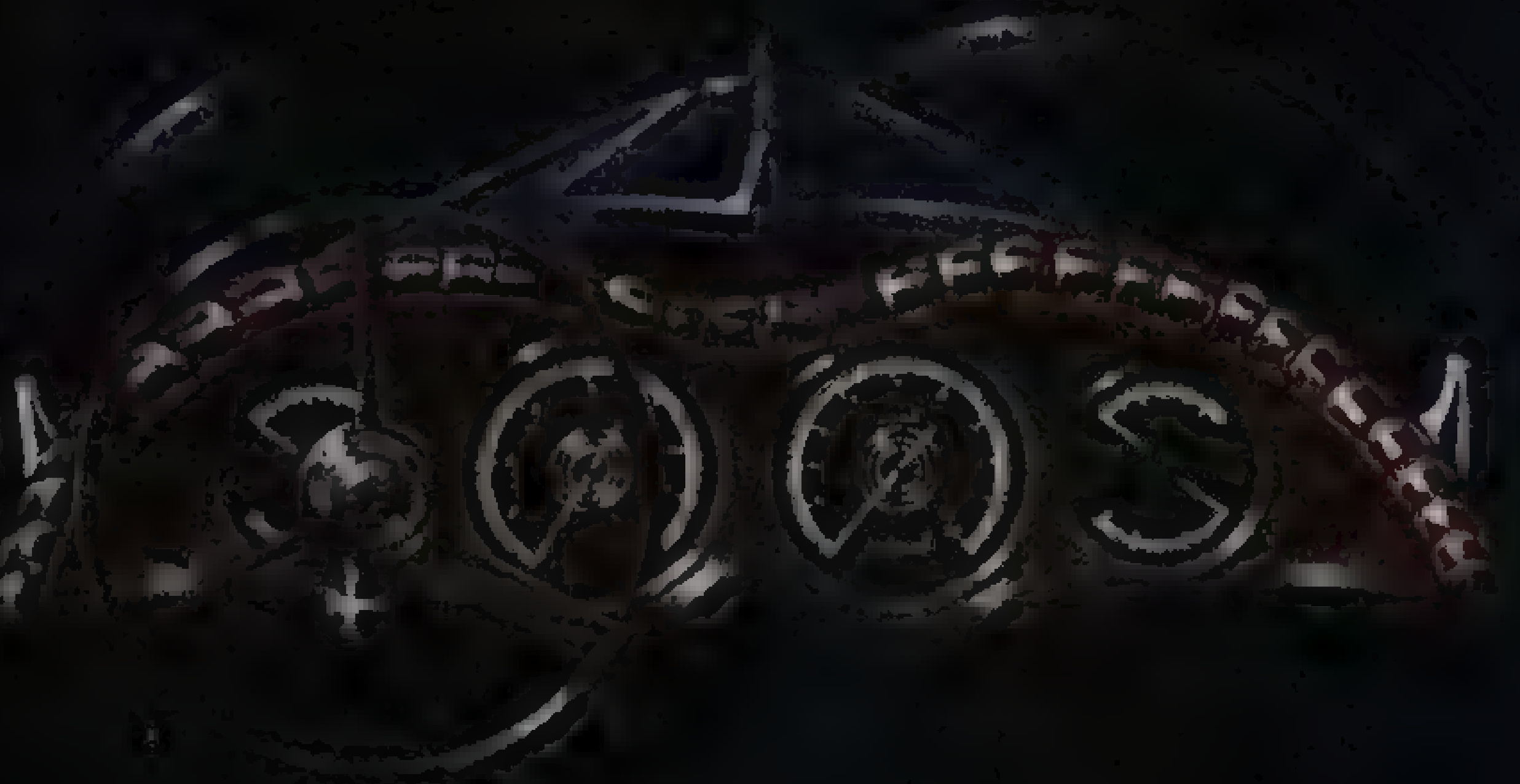
Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

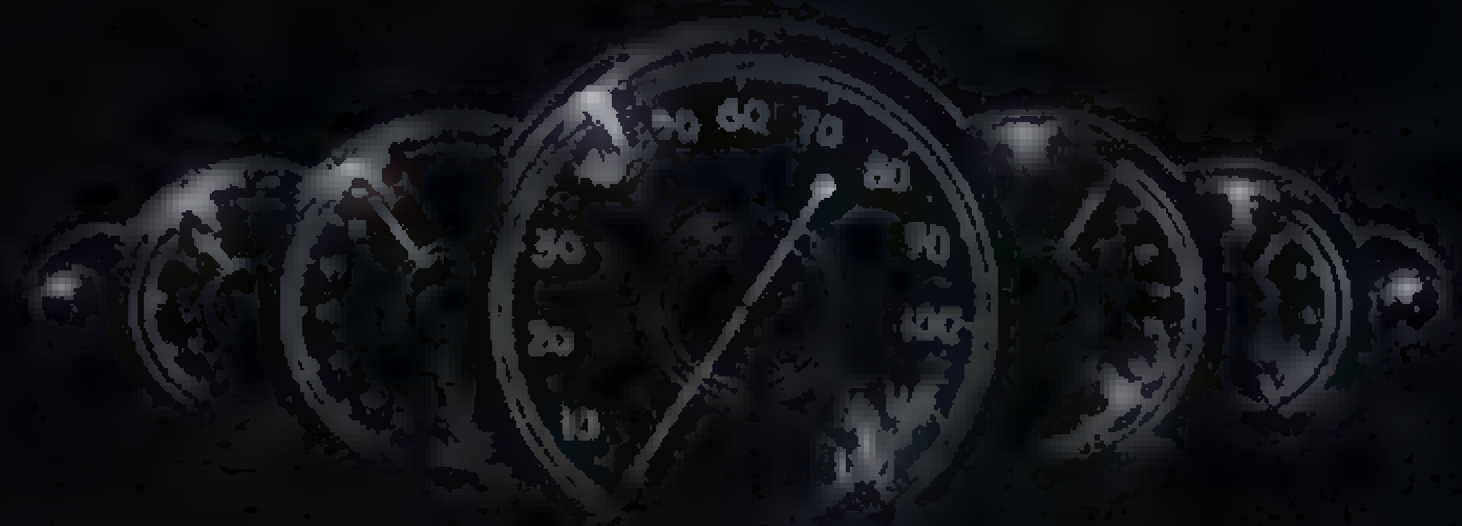
TOP—Design for a sports seaplane based on the lines of the fastest vehicle on earth—the Schneider Cup type seaplane, capable of speeds over three miles a minute. Note the cockpit edged with a pleated leather roll, the speed effect of the backward slope of the struts, the streamlining of the bulge on the sides, clearing the V banks of the cylinders. Also the shape of the stabilizer.

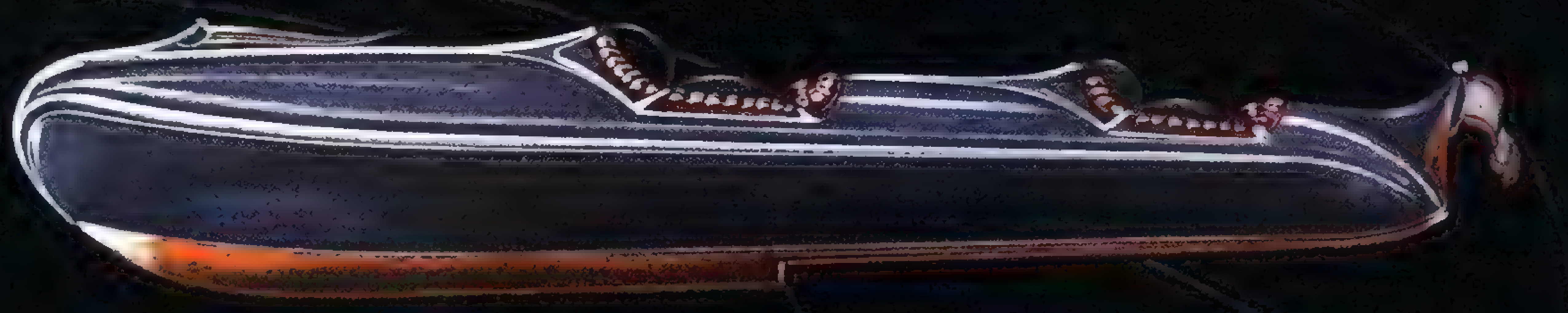
BOTTOM—De luxe racer designed on the above outlined lines. Note the stabilizer, proved necessary at speeds approaching 200 m. p. h., cockpit, fenders shaped like pants on the wheels of fast planes, streamlined lights and new front appearance.

CENTER TOP—Racing type instrument board for a car—deriving directly from planes and racing cars, including speedometer and tachometer (revolution counter) of the same size and other smaller gauges. Also effect of cockpit and plane type windshield.

CENTER BOTTOM—A new, more artistic design on the same principles, but showing how one can group and use only the portion of the dial which is really necessary. Made out of one piece molded blue glass, edge-lighted.





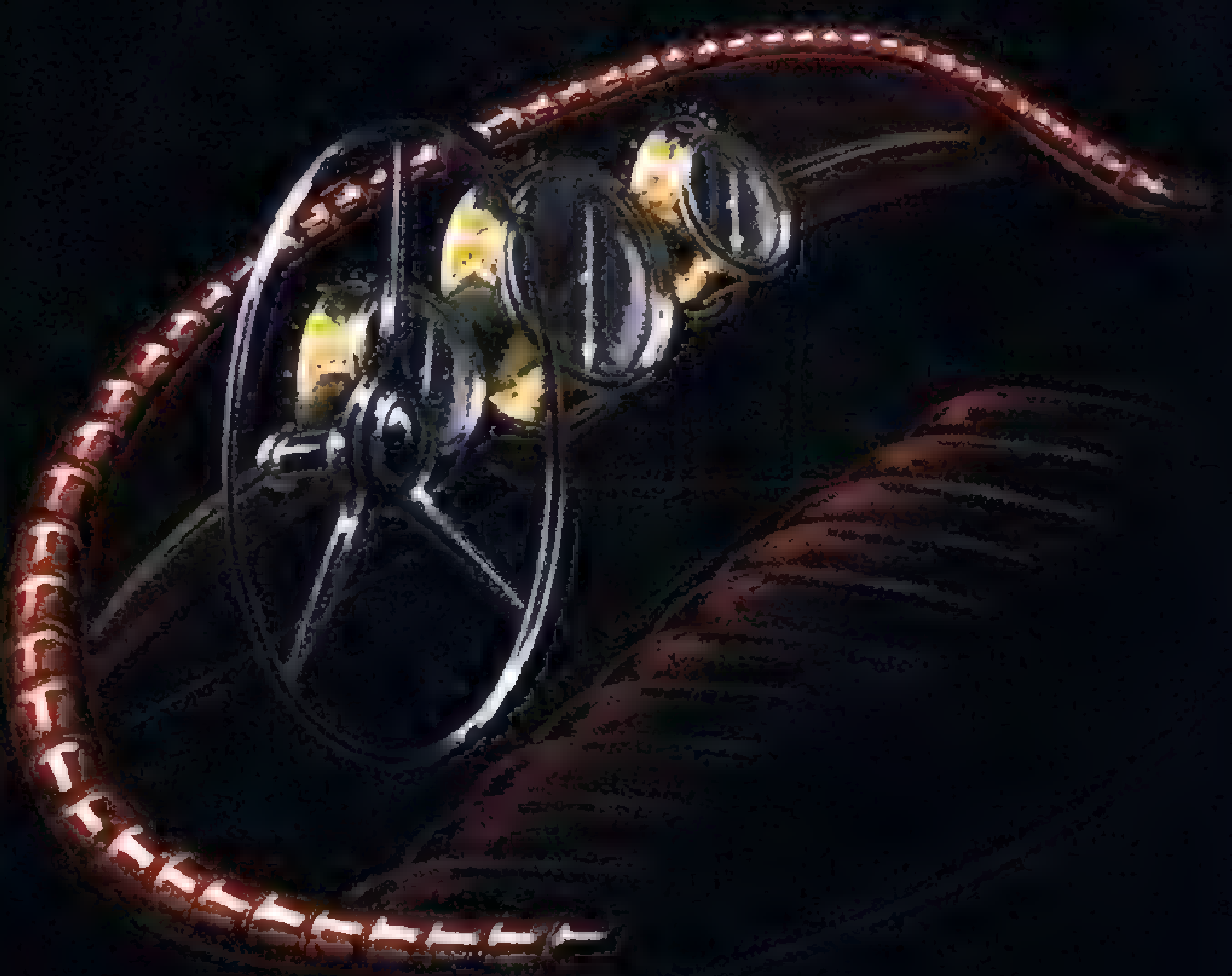


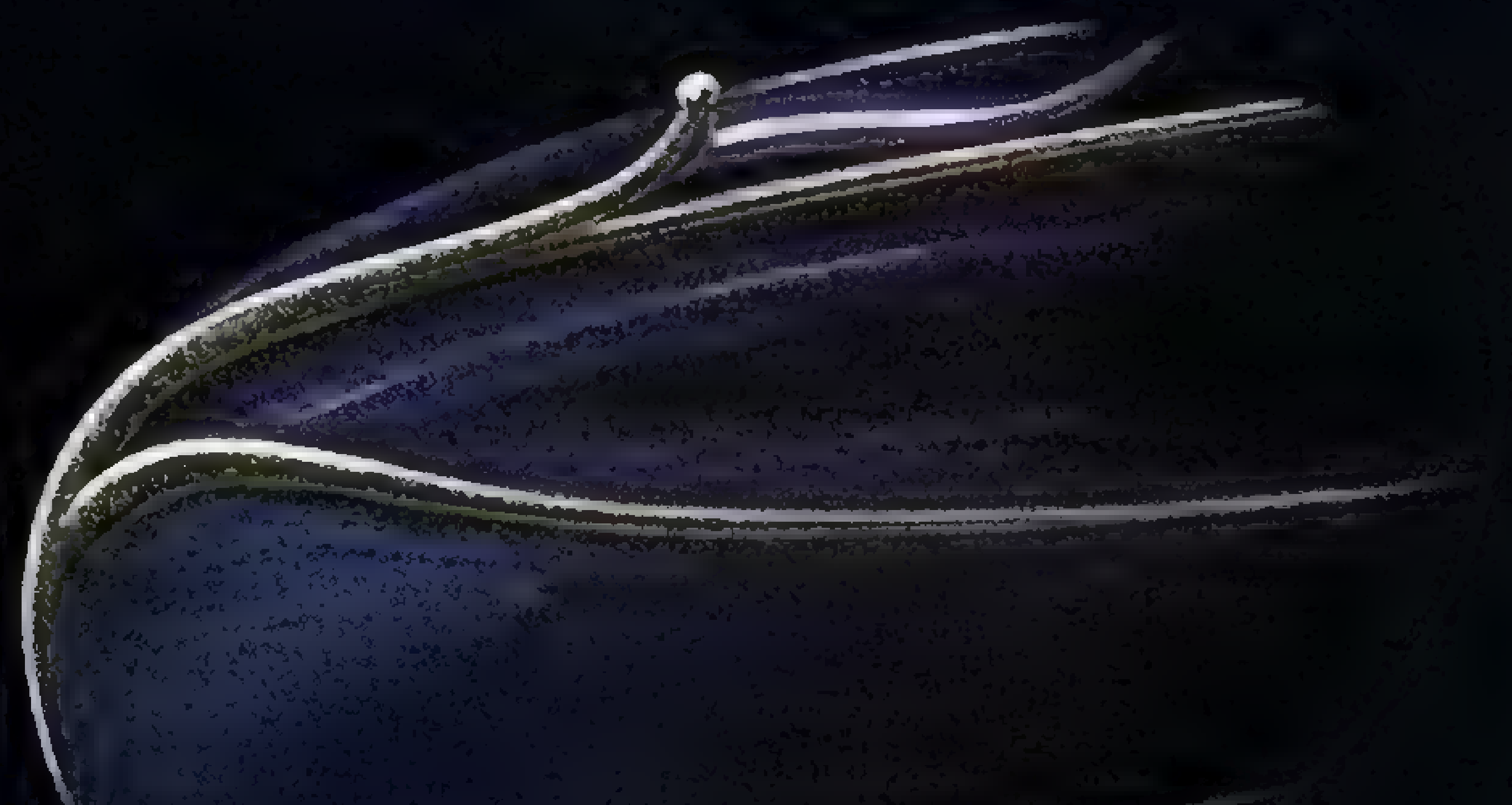
BOTTOM—Racing type hydroplane embodying new features borrowed from planes and cars. Note the rounded prow, tapering on the sides towards the rear, cockpit and stabilizer.

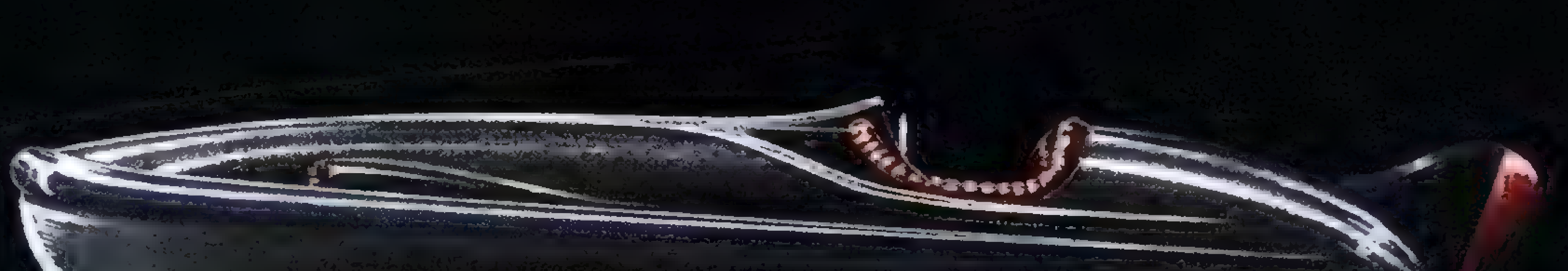
TOP—High speed cruising hydroplane on similar lines showing a novel prow effect suggesting split wave outlines. Also side wings which could be lowered by regulators like sedan windows.

CENTER TOP—A speed boat instrument board in true marine fashion. The board itself set way back to clear the knees of the front compartment passengers. Goggle type instruments set at an angle at which one looks down on them as on large boats and cruisers and brought forward by means of copper sleeves.

CENTER BOTTOM—Details of the prow for the cruiser type above.







PHOTOGRAPH FOR ESQUIRE BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

THE COUNT ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

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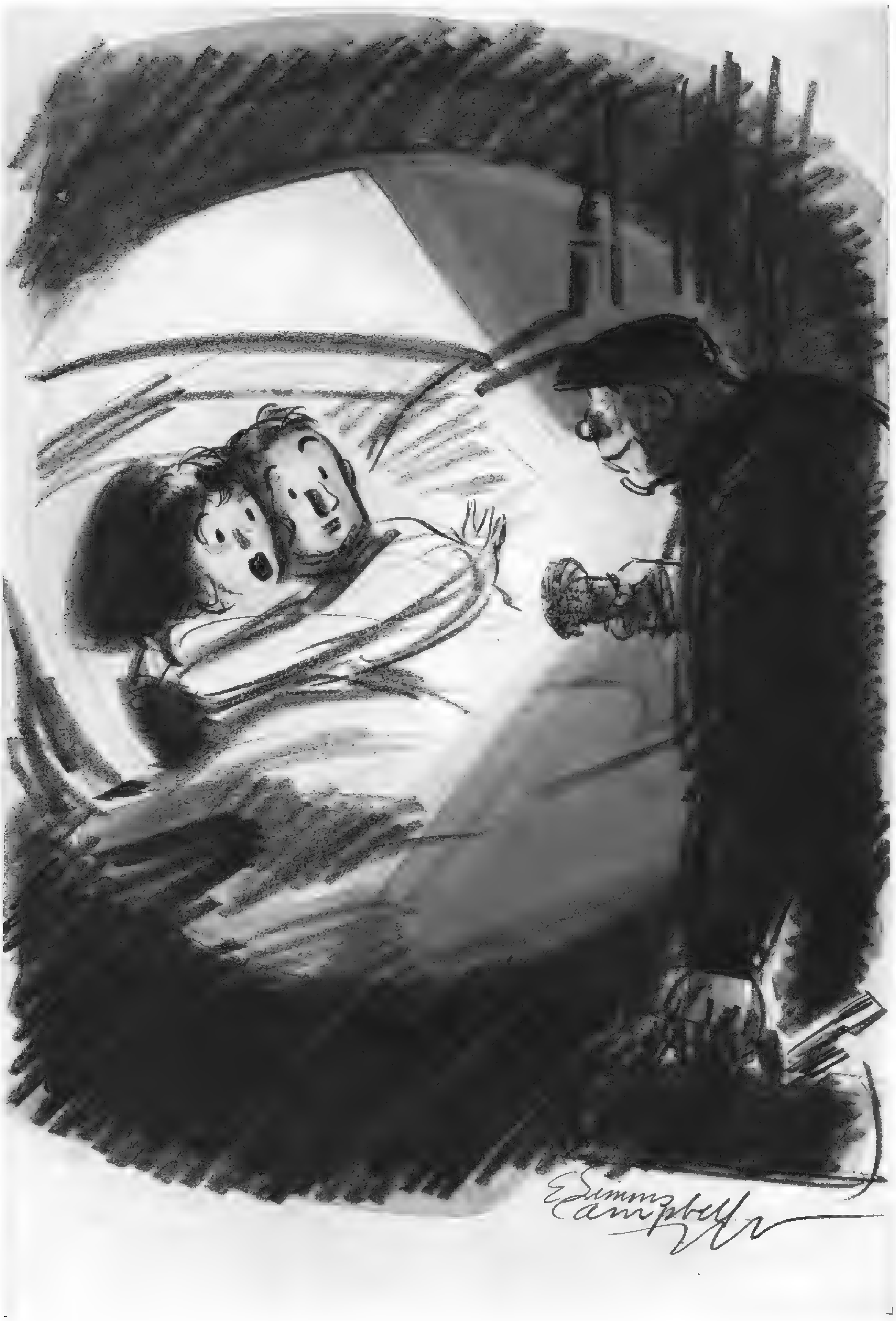
travel, his hurried departure from Red Russia, which left him penniless, was not a pleasant journey. His hobby having always been fast automobiles, he studied automotive engineering in Switzerland. That was in 1920. For five years he was art director and designer for a custom body concern in Brussels, one of his creations being a mottled aluminum sports car for big game hunting, done to the order of the Prince de Ligne.

After competing as an amateur race driver in a number of continental meets, he began an intensive study of streamlining. This attracted the attention of American manufacturers and brought him to the United States, where he has done designing for a number of leading firms, his latest job being the styling of the new 1934 Nash models. He has also designed speed boats, patented some striking designs for radios, and is working now on the beautifying of a variety of products—from beer barrels to fences, from fountain pens to gas stoves. As technical and mechanical fashion editor of Esquire, his drawings will appear regularly in these pages.


E. Simms Campbell

"Peek-a-boo!"

THE SHOW-UP

Second of a series of poems illuminating the darker side of metropolitan life today

by JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Jesus fished men by the Lake Galilee,
And a right good fisher of men was He:
He baited his cord with a golden word
And yanked souls out of the sea;
Harlot and publican swarmed in his net,
Forgotten devils He could never forget:
"As to these ye give," He said, "you shall live;
"As to these ye do, you do me."

Now Pilate fished men with a different bait:
A sneer was his spear and his hook was hate;
He nailed his haul to a tree that was tall
And he sat him down to wait:
And the ravens stripped the skin from the skull,
And the ravens dipped—and their beaks dripped full:
They took the best and the dogs took the rest—
Said Pilate: "Caesar is great."

And we fish for men as he fished them then—
Blue-coated, bull-throated, wolf-eyed fishermen:
We make daily catches from Nome to Natchez
And we lock them up in the pen
For the morning line-up, the morning show-up,
The stage all set as they lug Lefty Joe up
In a tight white light that makes the rat throw up—
And gag—and throw up again.

His face is dead set in a green silhouette
Against the white wall, and his hands are dead wet;
Lines gash the wall's white to measure his height;
The crime stage is craftily set:
A hundred soft-shoe men sit silent, alert;
The Inspector stares hard from his box at the squirt:
"So you're in again, Lefty—and who was the skirt?"—
And a laugh shoots up in a jet.

Here is gangsterdom's Who's Who, here
Is every racket and racketeer,
Queer fish scooped up in the dragnet's cup,
And fish that are worse than queer:
Poolroom and gypjoint specialists,
Birds with needle dots down to their wrists,
Racetrack touts and plain down and outs,
And barons of dope and beer.

From his brass-railed pulpit Inspector McGlone
Booms questions that lunge at the crisp microphone;
The syllables bite through the roaring white light
And scissor you clean to the bone:
He purrs a report out: "Le's see. 1920.
"Port Chester . . . Hold up . . . Sing Sing . . . And that's plenty . . .
"We'll get this thing out of you! We'll sweat this thing out of you!
"Maybe you think you're Capone!"

"Who's next?" And the next is a kid white as chalk,
He hugs the bright wall, too wobbly to walk;
But he's game as he glowers at Law and the Powers—
He won't squeal, he won't squawk.
And in the "Gymnasium" jaded jeunesse,
Society sick with a capital S,
Giggles and titters and gets brand new jitters
To "top off" a night in "Noo Yawk."

And so it goes merrily on: the barbed bite
Of Inspector McGlone, the wriggle and fight
Of the fish in the haul stretched out at the wall—
The dragnet of one city night.
From mayhem to murder the music is played
The private rehearsal, the headlight parade,
The vaudeville of crime, show-up of our time,
Park Avenue's latest delight.

This is the show-up for the week:
Johnny the Wop and Pete the Greek,
(Try and make the bastards squeak)
Polak Lomski, Irish O'Neal
(Try and make these bastards squeal)—
Rubberhose them head and heel,
Hand them a nightstick's brisk shampoo,
Beat their lousy backsides blue
(Try and make this bunch come through).

Gunman, conman, jailbird, thief,
Stooge and shyster, bigshot, chief,
When the city at its leisure
Turns to pimping, turns to pleasure,
Turns from time clocks, turns from chores
To the lights and crowds and whores
With night pounding at the doors.

One by one and two by two,
Nigger, white man, gentile, jew,
Stepping in a smart revue:
On your toes—watch your right—
Etched and knifed in naked light,
Grinning through a glare that cuts
Holes into your eyes and guts,
Hot lights drip, hot lights din,
Hot lights scream and scratch your skin,
Pivot like a manikin,
Strut your stuff—Cohen, McQuade,
Rosso, Russell, Olsen, Slade
Marching in the Crime Parade!

Jesus fished men by the Lake Galilee,
And a right good fisher of men was He;
He baited his cord with a golden word
And yanked souls out of the sea;
Harlot and publican swarmed in his net,
Forgotten devils He could never forget
"As to these ye give," He said, "you shall live;
"As to these ye do, you do me."

Now Pilate fished men with a different bait:
A sneer was his spear and his hook was hate;
He nailed his haul to a tree that was tall
And he sat him down to wait:
And the ravens stripped the skin from the skull,
And the ravens dipped—and their beaks dripped full:
They took the best and the dogs took the rest—
Said Pilate: "Caesar is great."

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A survey of the exclusive clubs in America—those that wish they were and those that really are

by JOSEPH FAUS

As a preface to this thesis on the present-day exclusive clubs of the United States, it is relevant to say that, surprising as it may seem, William Shakespeare is the great granddaddy of such organizations.

The author of "As You Like It," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and so forth, says an unimpeachable reference, formed the first social club in known existence. He selected a place where he and his friends could foregather and do exactly as they desired with no obtrusion by the prying hoi polloi or the Elizabethan equivalent of newsreel photographer and tabloid reporter.

It appears that Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Beaumont and Fletcher, and several others, were accustomed to meet at a certain corner on Fleet Street in old London town, there to exchange opinions about such important matters as the latest cruise of Sir Francis Drake, the assininity of editors and the result of the croquet matches.

In time, however, the Bard of Avon was irked by passersby who persisted in stopping and inserting some of their own opinions. Perhaps, too, the sun was often excessively warm, and it is not altogether inhuman to think his feet tired anon. At any rate, he suggested that his group utilize a room at the nearby Mermaid Tavern as a private rendezvous—a suggestion that was unanimously approved by those present; and thenceforth the cronies congregated in this room at the Mermaid Tavern and, it is assumed, split many happy infinitives and the same kind of bottles.

Ben Jonson, it is sad to relate, had a disagreement with his chum William, whether regarding Bacon's verse or how to play the home wicket, posterity, alas, will never know; and in a huff he withdrew to form a club of his own. He and his friends were soon juggling theories and tall glasses in a room at the Devil's Tavern, not far away, and thus came into existence the second social club.

The count is now in the millions.

It is certainly natural that man, having cornered his mark and mint, or being in strenuous process of said cornering, likes at times to retire to some sequestered place, where he is assured privacy, to read, talk and think, and to engage in his favorite recreation.

Because of this logical inclination there are now in existence in the United States many fine clubs whose membership rosters include only the wealthy and aristocratic—clubs the rotogravure sections are prone to refer to as exclusive.

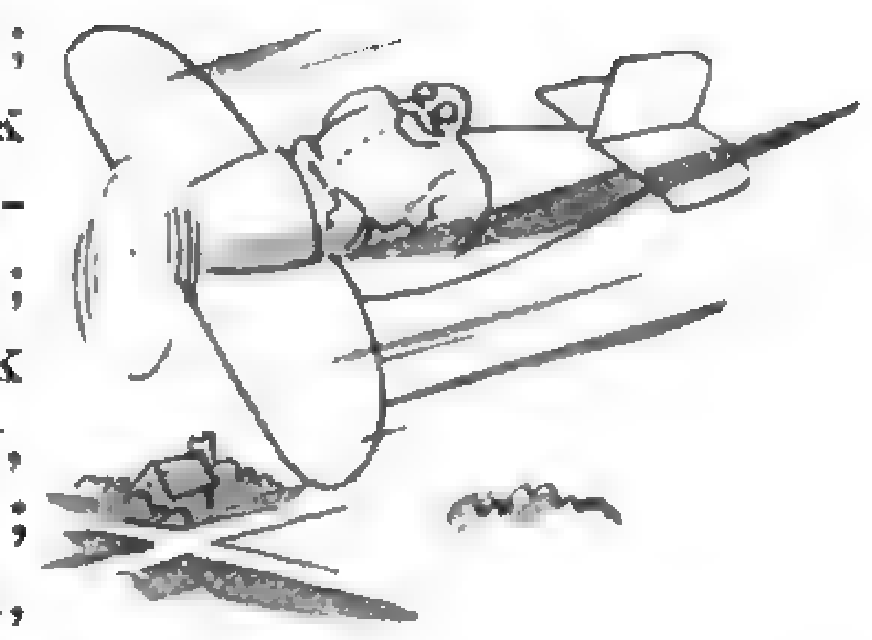
The most accurate statistics available tell us there are approximately 500 exclusive clubs in this nation; and, in passing, it is interesting to note that almost four-fifths of this number are within the borders of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and the New England states.

An authority, however, informs the chronicler there are really not more than 25 clubs in the country that are exclusive in the strict sense of the word—clubs supported by members belonging to the creme de la creme of the country's social bluebloods, captains of industry, commerce, statecraft and arts.

"No matter how clever the angling," states this authority, after a cautious glance around, "no matter how astute the wire-pulling, the newly rich or the flash celebrity can not crash the gates of these 25; nor with few exceptions have the stars of the screen, radio, sports and literary worlds entered save as professional entertainers or as seasonal guests. Something more than an overnight reputation, a high rating in Dunn's, and the ability to handle forks is required for membership. In fact, there are a few of these clubs on whose waiting lists are names, very famous names, that were placed there a score years ago; and the owners of the names are still hopefully and eagerly waiting for the privilege of paying dues and assessments."

Refusing to give his name and address to, let us naively say, the corresponding secretaries of 475 exclusive clubs, this authority obligingly and unhesitatingly reveals 12 of the select group of 25. They are:

The Crick, Locust Park, Long Island; Tuxedo Club, Tuxedo, N. Y.; Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island; Yeoman's Hall, Charleston, S. C.; Swimming Club, Bar Harbor, Maine; Jekyll Island Club, Brunswick, Ga.; Gulf Stream Club, Boynton, Florida; Burlingame Country Club, Burlingame, Cal.; Minikahda Country Club, Minneapolis, Minn.; Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Ill.; and Town and Country Club, St. Paul, Minn.



The above-named clubs, with three exceptions, are general in character and place no especial emphasis on any one sport or divertissement. Other clubs throughout the country, also very distinctive in personnel, have been formed with the idea of but one diversion—such as golfing, hunting or yachting—in mind.

Of all the diversions of the wealthy folk, yachting seems to be the most popular. Outranking, even, golf. In fact, despite the sluggish tendencies of the times (phrase to avoid a well-known word), it is said that numberless bright new hulls continue regularly to slide down the ways. For instance, there are more than 1000 pleasure yachts, the majority of whose owners are affiliated with maritime clubs, now operating from ports in the New England states alone; and in recent years, clubs, particularly among the children of the Croesuses, have been formed with the idea of racing such smaller craft as yawls, outboards, catboats, knockabouts, et cetera.

Robert Bennet Forbes, of Boston, and John C. Stevens, of New York, started the yacht racing furore back in 1839 by engaging in their historic scrap off Tarpaulin Cove. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, with his trans-Atlantic contests after the Civil War, was a prime zealot who gave sharp impetus to the hobby. In the 1870's and the 1880's there was as much interest in yacht racing as there is now in baseball and football. To quote a historian: "Papers were scanned with all eagerness; and the weekly events of the New York Yacht Club and the Atlantic Yacht Club

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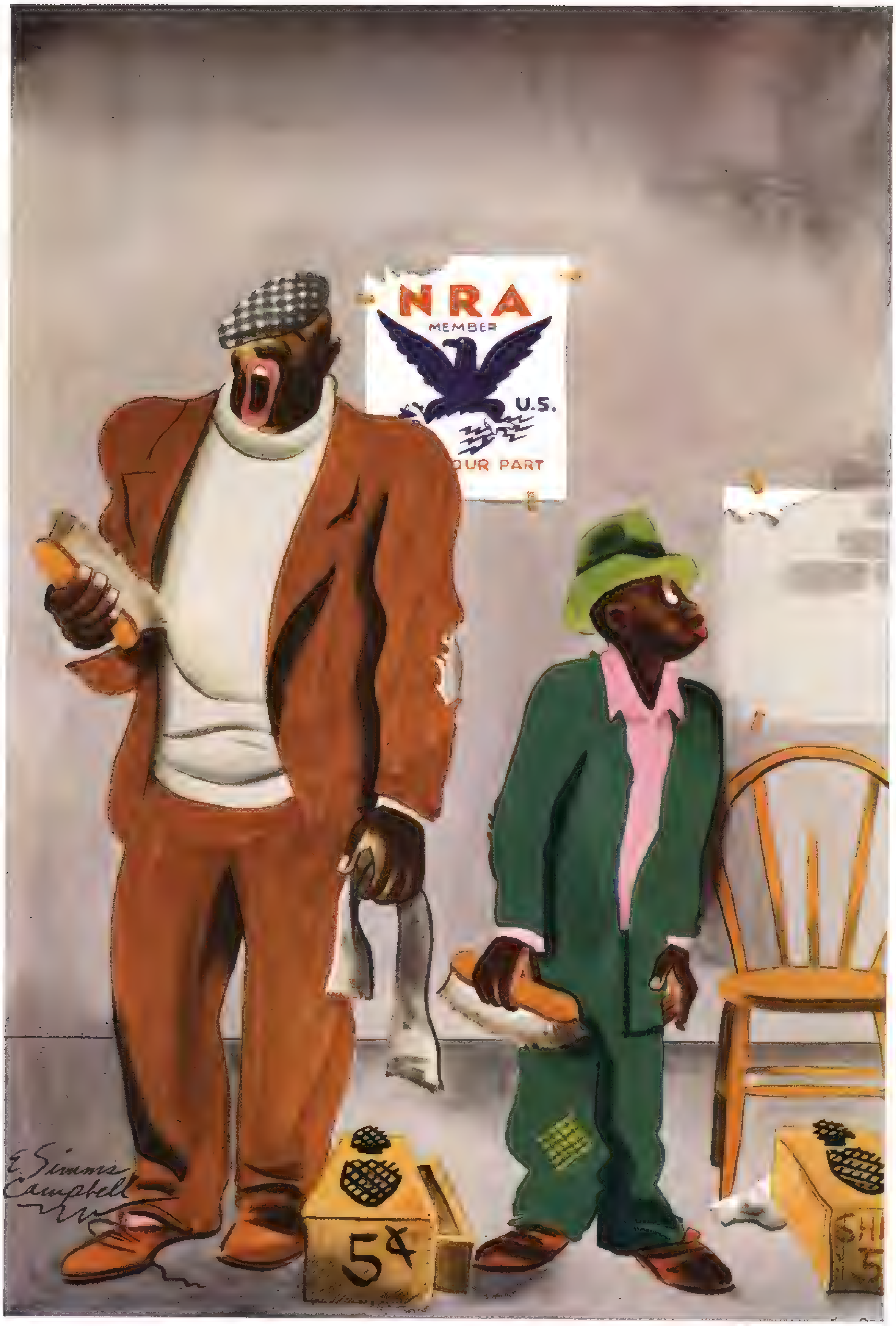
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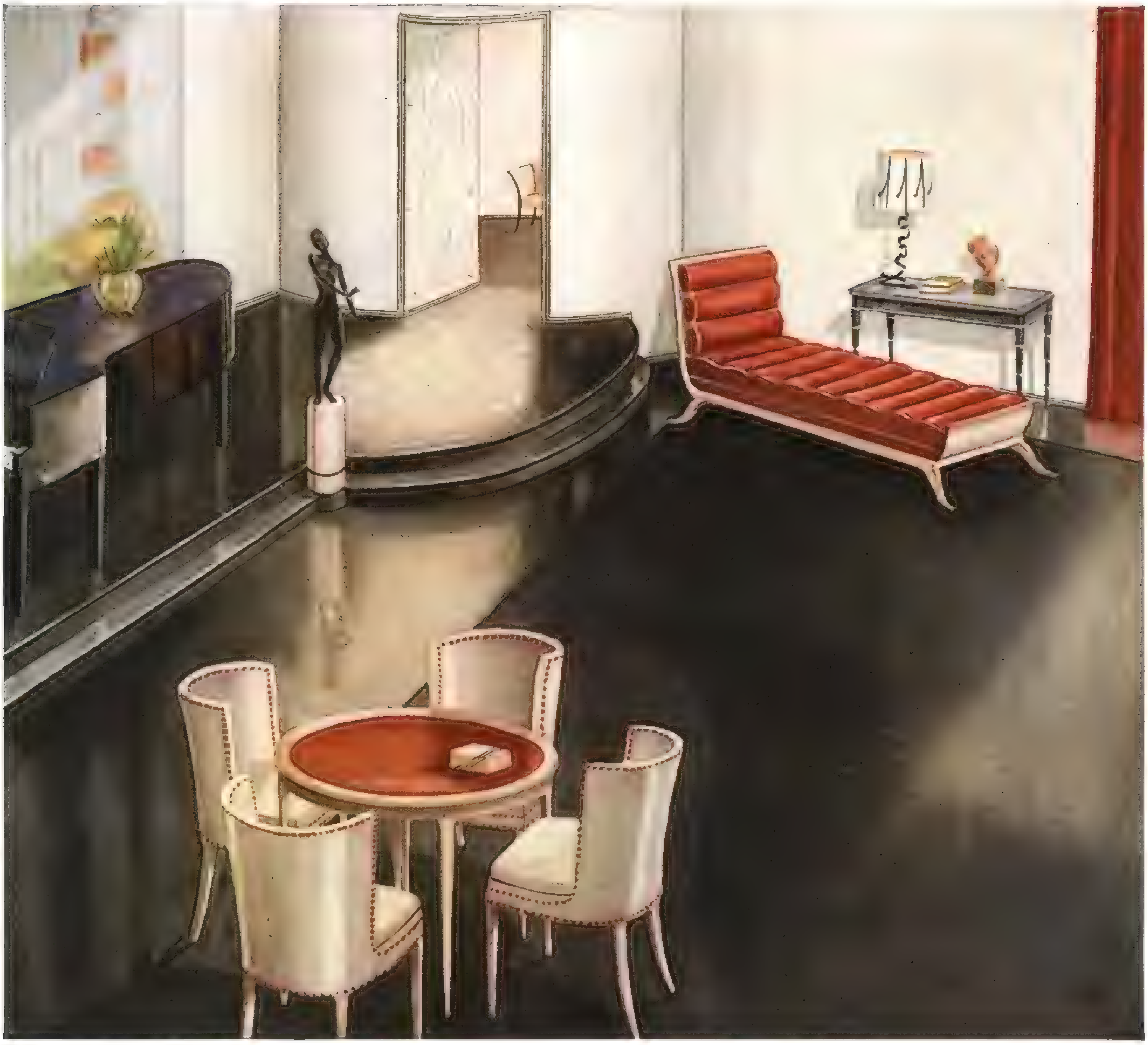
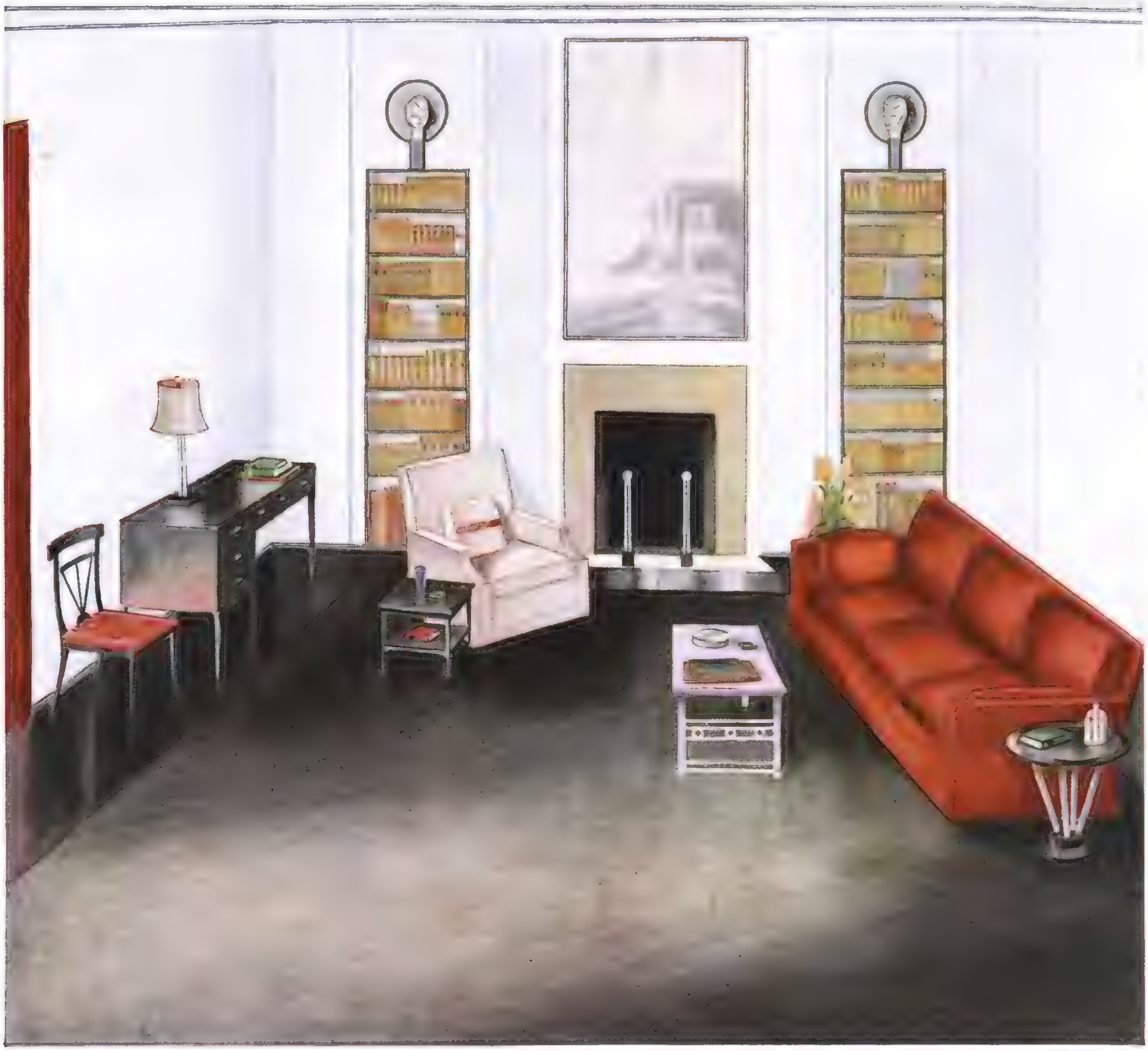


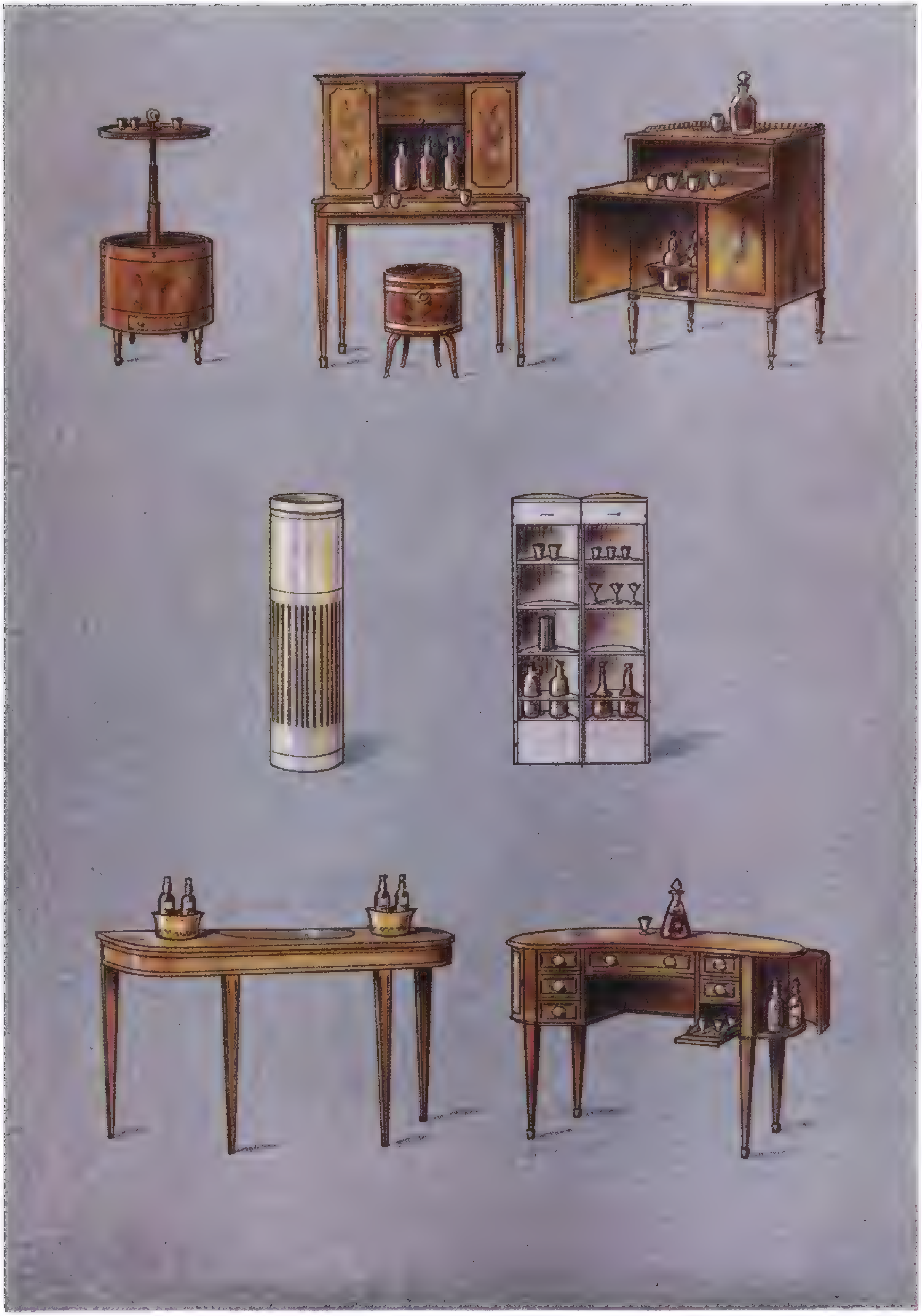
DESIGNED FOR ESQUIRE BY G. McSTAY JACKSON

THE LIVING ROOM OF AN APARTMENT FOR A BACHELOR

Your first reaction to these two drawings, which are two views of a living room for a bachelor apartment, may well be that familiar one that runs to the general effect of "It's nice, but what does it mean?" In other words, when and where are you apt to find an odd shaped room like this, with its two floor levels and its rounded corner like an inset section of a Norman turret? Almost never and nowhere, is the answer to that one. But the point of this design is that it portrays an unusual effect that may be obtained, without much fuss or trouble and without undue strain on the exchequer, by clever utilization of the plain oblong room shape that is afforded by nine out of ten flats that you look at. It may be done with one large room, or by taking out the dividing wall between two small ones. In either case, the whole left wall in the illustration at the left, is simply a construction of beaver board and is "firred out" from the actual wall of the room at a distance of from six to eight feet, thus making a false wall behind which there is space for a bar, in the case of an apartment of a number of rooms, or for a small sleeping room, in the case of a one room apartment. The blank wall space between the mirror and the room's circular corner entrance slides away, in response to the press of a push button, to afford access to the small room behind. The platform on which the piano stands is also a built up construction, being a false floor with one step. Lest this all sound very complicated and devious, we hasten to supply such reassurance as may be derived from the fact that the cost of the whole works, including construction and painting, furniture, rug, curtains and accessories, can run from as low as $1500 to no higher



than $2500, the spread between these two cost limits being ascribable almost entirely to the degree of elaborateness with which the idea is executed, and to the varying costs of the different kinds of materials that can be employed. The room as a whole is an interesting negation of the old theory, cherished chiefly by women, that men's tastes in interior decoration have advanced little, if at all, from the heyday of the Morris chair, mission furniture, and those old pyrograph designs on boxes and leather table throws. The floor is finished with black "nigorsene" and the rug is of black fur. The walls and ceiling are chalk white, with a narrow three inch fluted wood trim used for casing and baseboard, which is black lined with white. The white line is glossy, but the black is a flat color. The bookcases and fireplace, shown in that end of the room depicted in the sketch at the right, have been kept very flat and an effect of added height and dignity has been achieved through the careful relation of the proportions of the bookcases and the mantel. The circular niches with decorative sculptured heads form an interesting feature which serves to rescue the room's carefully calculated effect of simplicity from the danger of becoming too tediously plain. The color scheme, entirely in taste and expressive of the best spirit of modern decoration, is confined to midnight black, chalk white, and cherry red. It has a fresh newness in pleasing contrast to the proverbial "den" which has too long been regarded as a synonym for many-colored rugs and the darker and heavier types of furniture. In the use of cherry red, there is a concession to the traditional, as red is supposed to be the color that is most intriguing to males, from the cradle to the grave. The curtains and the sofa are of cherry red velvet. The easy chair, to the left of the fireplace, is of white leather, while the seat of the side chair, adjoining the desk, is of white and cherry red striped satin. The chaise longue is of heavy red satin corded in white, while the game table group, in the foreground of the view at the left, is worked out in white leather, using red nails for trim. This is the first of a series of rooms to be designed and presented in the pages of ESQUIRE, with the idea of affording the male, whose taste has been so long hooted at, suggestions for surroundings that are both masculine and civilized. Meanwhile, not to forget the married man, we offer designs on the following page for "gentlemen's social tables." These, a modern adaptation of an eighteenth century English idea, are offered for the benefit of those whose wives may feel, and quite rightly too, that a home bar should no longer be permitted to give the house that speak-easy aspect which is now definitely dated as being part and parcel of the prohibition era. They are successors to the Bar, not substitute for it.



Upper left: A bleached mahogany English wine cooler converted into a dinner liquor table, of which the top, when raised on the telescoping center pedestal, becomes a server; the lower drum contains bottles and liquor glasses. When the top is lowered, the cooler can be slipped away under a buffet. Upper center: A bleached mahogany Sheraton mixing table and cabinet; the center part has a tambour front with a container for bottles; side doors arranged with compartment for glasses; the sliding mixing board has a glass top. Upper right: A Louis XVI fruitwood commode, of which the upper section has a drop front that slides outward to create a place for mixing; the lower section arranged for bottles. Middle: A decorated modern black and white column with colored glass top; opens to reveal shelf and drawer provision for bottles and glasses. Lower left: Biedermeier fruitwood table; in use, the center part lifts up to form glass top mixing table and to reveal concealed drawer on either side; out of use, it is simply a console table. Lower right: A fruitwood Sheraton desk, of which the right section has bottle and glass storing spaces; the top is of glass.

The Living Blood of the Grape

Study of the effect of Spirits upon the mind and emotions, and a primer of alcoholic beverages

by FERNAND KABUS

VOX POPULI, "the people's voice," strongly expressed at the last American election, for the immediate restoration of the time-honored cult of Bacchus, the Roman deity of wine and—happiness—prompted the newly elected Pontifex Maximus to announce on his ascension to the Capitol (of Washington), *urbi et orbi*, in ancient Roman fashion: *Fiat populi voluntas*—(the will of the people shall be done). Accordingly he acted with a swiftness which amazed the world and started a tremendous "wet" boom in London, Paris and New York.

As a consequence, the whiskey distillers of Scotland and Ireland, the wine growers and liqueur manufacturers of France, Italy, Spain and Germany, the gin makers of England and Holland, have prepared whole shiploads of alcoholic beverages—in anticipation of an early repeal. Before this article goes to press, an imposing fleet of vessels filled with every variety of liquor and wines will, in all likelihood, be on the high seas en route for New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and San Francisco to enable the new worshippers of Bacchus to celebrate his triumphant reentry in befitting manner.

Faced with a jungle of unknown beverages which will soon arrive, the new disciple of alcohol will stand perplexed and—helpless. Neither will the distributor be any wiser. What does the American drinker want? Is it a Manhattan cocktail, a Gin with a dash of Angostura Bitters, a Sherry, a Port, a Malaga, a Scotch Highball, a Curacao, a Benedictine, a Chartreuse Verte, a Grand Marnier, a Cointreau, a Bouquet Rum, a Claret, Hock or Champagne?

As native sons of an alcoholic desert and as daughters of prohibition, *la jeunesse doree Americaine*, do not know. From occasional visits to "reputable" speakeasies, rare pilgrimages to smart night clubs and exciting rides to gay roadhouses, the occult worshippers of Bacchus may perhaps have got a kick or even a thrill, but no valuable instruction, much less an alcoholic education. To make things worse, the savage home concoctions of newly invented cocktails, usually prepared from domestic bootleg whiskey, wild brandy or rum, synthetic gin, made across the river, have so perverted, in fact spoiled, the juvenile taste that when the real stuff finally appears on the horizon, it may not be appreciated, possibly not even recognized.

It is true: American youth lacks the most elementary education in alcohol. To express it in the forceful, singularly appropriate language of Old Shanghai bars, "the newly fledged smiler has no nautical knowledge and the barman no compass to steer the patron through alcoholic waters."

Within the limited scope of our study it would be manifestly impossible to impart proper nautical instructions for extended alcoholic ventures. Nevertheless, as a first step we propose to furnish a reliable compass which will enable the liquor explorer to steer north or south, east or west, within the alcoholic ocean as the old barmen in Hongkong, Shanghai and Yokohama used to say in glorious pre-war days.

Before we enter upon the technical part of our fascinating study, and explain the features, characteristics and special uses of various drinks and beverages, a few remarks on the rôle which wine or liquor played in civilization, both ancient and modern, may prove useful and instructive.

In their zeal to purify America, the Dry apostles dwell only on the negative features of liquor, and greatly exaggerate its destructive influences. In their sweeping condemnations they fail to remember that the culture on which they stand was founded by Greeks who were wet all over; that the civilization in which they live and move and have their being was born in—Wine, sanctified by Christ Himself at the Last Supper. In their prejudice, the Prohibitionists lose sight of the constructive factors, the intrinsic virtues of alcohol and of the powerful impulse the rational consumption of wine, for instance, gives to the psychic or emotional side of human nature and the consequent stimulus on mental faculties—principles known and applied in remote antiquity.

Alcohol, in the form of wine, has stood the test and weight of more than thirty centuries during all periods and ages of known civilization—glorified as the greatest gift of the gods by the most celebrated writers, poets, philosophers and scientists. Therefore, it may be advanced as an axiomatic truth that alcoholic freedom is a postulate of human development and rapid progress. Without the discovery of alcohol for human consumption, that is, without wine, the advance of mankind would have been very slow.

A careful study of history across the ages reveals the astounding fact that the "wet" nations or races always were the pioneers; they were the ambitious, progressive and intellectual people. Music, art, architecture, literature, philosophical thought, military genius, technical and scientific achievements flourished best in wine growing countries, because—according to the ancient Greek interpretation—the fermented juice of the grape, wine, the priceless gift of Dionysus (Greek god of wine) softens human nature, beautifies the soul and illumines the mind. Conversely, by history we can demonstrate that alcoholic abstention or prohibition, whether self-imposed or enforced, has proved detrimental to human evolution and retarded its progress.

Long before Christ, the Romans had already established the maxim: "*Vinum purum sanguis est*"—"pure wine is blood." About sixteen centuries later during the Renaissance period a distinguished medical authority and philosopher of France declared: "*Vin pur est pur sang*"—"pure wine is genuine blood."

As blood is the sustaining part of the body and the most vital element of the human system, the ancient identification of wine with blood is highly instructive and significant.

This leads us to the consideration of the intrinsic value of liquor, its use, importance, in a word, its *raison d'etre* in human life and development. For the demonstration of our theory we will take wine, as the oldest and, even today, the most popular alcoholic drink in Europe.

Wine, the "living blood of the grape", is the fermented juice of freshly gathered, ripe and perfectly sound grapes. In the form of grape juice it usually contains 80% water, 15% of grape sugar and 5% of acids (carbon dioxide). After fermentation, the percentage of water remains practically the same, but the grape sugar and the acids together have been transmuted into alcohol, forming an entirely new chemical combination with totally different reactions on the stomach and the system. When the fermented juice as finished wine enters the digestive organs, either with meals or taken simply as a drink, a large part immediately passes into the blood where the alcoholic constituents of wine, under the action of the blood heat, commence to volatilize (trying to escape). In their flight they are captured by the nerves which immediately conduct them to headquarters, the solar plexus, located at the back of the stomach. This is the great nerve center, at once the receiving and broadcasting station of the universal life forces and the seat of the subconscious mind, that is to say, the center of emotions, sensations, feelings, passions, habits and memory—the architect, builder and repairer of the physical body. The subconscious mind has a branch office—in the brain, the cerebellum, called the little brain, located at the back of the head. The cerebellum is connected with the cerebrum, the big brain, the seat of the conscious mind and objective faculties. The volatilized constituents of alcohol, on entering the solar plexus, increase at once the voltage of the great nerve center. Through this stimulation, the wire connections between the solar plexus, the cerebellum and cerebrum are improved and extended; a more intimate intercourse results; thoughts, emotions and sensations pass easily and freely; the stimulating

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COMMON SENSE MANNERS

An attempt to steer a middle course, for young males, between the two extremes of etiquette

by STUART HOWE

There's nothing like a good wedding to settle the average man's social problems. Once you're married, points of etiquette are best entrusted to your wife. She's apt to be right in most instances; and even when she's wrong it will do you no good to mention it. To the contrary.

For the bachelor, though, things are not so simple. The apparent casualness of modern society, the surface relaxation from the code of manners of another generation (a code which may appear to some of us to have been made up largely of imbecilic posturings), cannot always survive too literal a reading. Mother, it should be recalled, continues to know best; and you can never hope to retire another Pittsburgh Phil by laying even money that the girl friend won't confide in mother.

It has become increasingly difficult, then, to steer a middle course between the rigidities of Mrs. Post and the inconsistencies of Miss Moats, who informs her contemporaries in one breath that no nice girl swears and, in the next, outlines specific instructions for the handling of drunks. Good manners should, in a reasonable world, be based upon common sense. Originally they were, for it is well known that most matters of etiquette and social procedure were originated by men for their convenience and protection and for the protection of their women-folk. When, however, the more obvious crudities of civilization had been eliminated and man, in the press of weightier affairs, handed etiquette over to the women, it was only natural that most of the beautiful logic should have gone by the board. Which brings us again, without too swift a transition, to the present.

Perhaps the greatest advantage enjoyed by the youthful bachelor over his sister is that he is not obliged to come out. (I knew a man once who thought he had, even said so; but his is another and sadder story. We need not consider him here.) In a few of our more provincial cities it is true that the custom lingers of placing the eligible young sprig on the list for the junior assemblies, thus ensuring his introduction to suitable debutantes; and even in New York the Assemblies continue to exist. It is hard to believe, though, that anyone beyond the debutantes' mothers and, among the girls themselves, only a few of the more ingenuous, take these things with much seriousness. The mothers are obliged to be serious, for it is no small task to get together under one roof a sufficient number of presentable and sober young men.

If it happens that you are a youthful bachelor, it is just as well to go to a few of these debutante things if only to learn once and for all the trouble and expense to which women will go in achieving dullness. This knowledge cannot be gained too early in life. There are a few simple rules to observe in order to avoid a reputation for boorishness.

Answer your invitation promptly, in longhand, and in the third person. Follow the phraseology used in the invitation and you can't go wrong. Wear tails; dinner jackets are out. If you can't buy tails, can't chisel them out of your family or can't borrow them, stay at home. Be sure to have a clean pair of white kid gloves; if you need them at all you'll need them badly. If the party includes dinner, turn up on time; it is *not* fashionable to be late. If the party is a large one and you are not known to your hostess, have someone present you at once or, failing that, introduce yourself and thank her for having asked you. Find your dinner partner and take her in to dinner, being careful to let the older people go in first. If, later, you are going on to a dance, it's up to you to get your dinner partner there, whether you like it or not, and to dance with her at least once. Don't get tight. Ordinarily there is not much liquor at these things, but you never know your luck. Don't give the appearance of shyness, no matter how shy you may feel. Remember that most of these young things are pretty dumb but that they've been carefully trained to make men talk. Talk then; but not about yourself, and avoid anything heavy. It is easy to impress people with your knowledge if you seek an audience with a low enough mental level, but erudition is not considered to be one of the social graces. This is not Versailles and you're no Voltaire. If you were, you'd probably spend a lot of time at home.

You are not obliged to take your dinner partner in to supper, although you may if you like and she is agreeable. It is not necessary for you to have a supper partner unless you want one, and the way to get her is by asking. Leave early, but not too early. You won't have to take anyone home from a coming out party, as debutantes are chaperoned, at least at these functions. In a large city you are not obliged to pay a party call unless you want to. The chances are that if you've behaved yourself, you'll have more invitations than you care to accept. Do not let this lead you to the conclusion that you are a social lion and that this is a man's world after all. If it were, there wouldn't be any coming out parties.

If you want to entertain a debutante, ask her to tea or to the theatre. Take her home afterward, unless you have both been asked on to a large party. Play it safe and don't make any passes. There is a conspiracy among women to affect the belief that all men make passes upon the slightest provocation—or upon none at all—and that they are up to no good. The fact that this is obviously untrue and that no one knows it so well as the women themselves, won't help you at all. You may have had many a hearty laugh over shotgun weddings, yet it is surprising, in this sophisticated age, how many young men have been feinted into a pass only to find themselves engaged—or even married—before they could cover up. Women were the first counter fighters; and they remain the best.

Even if you've plenty of money, don't send expensive presents to young girls. Nice girls won't be permitted to accept them; others will take them and you, too, unless your footwork is remarkable. If you are escorting a girl to a dance you may send her an orchid or two for her evening dress. Don't send corsages to be worn in the daytime. If asked for a weekend, candy or books are most acceptable. A book with plenty of snob-appeal is perhaps the best small gift. The less able the girl is to understand it, the more she'll be flattered. Wearing apparel and jewelry are out. Always write the hostess a bread-and-butter letter upon the day of your return.

As the girl grows older your problem, paradoxically enough, becomes less complex and more expensive. You may take her to dinner and the theatre and on to a night club if your purse runs to it. With the passing of prohibition it will again become possible to dine graciously at a hotel or a restaurant, although speakeasies are considered entirely respectable in most cities, always providing you exercise some discretion in making your selection. If you have your own apartment, you may ask her for cocktails or dinner or both. Do not ask her alone unless your acquaintanceship is of some standing. It is annoying to be refused and even more provoking to be misunderstood.

Conversely, it is almost never necessary for you to ask a girl if you may call on her or, having escorted her home, if you may stop in. If she wants you, she'll find some way of letting you know it; if not, you are wasting your time.

If you live alone or with another unmarried man, a cocktail party is perhaps the most satisfactory and the least expensive way of working off obligations. For some reason or other the more people you pack in the better time they seem to have. I have never known a comfortable cocktail party to be classed as a success. It is no longer necessary to serve bad liquor. You can have martinis for the experienced drinkers and a sweeter cocktail for others; canapes may be ordered from a caterer by the dozen, although it is always wise to insist upon plenty

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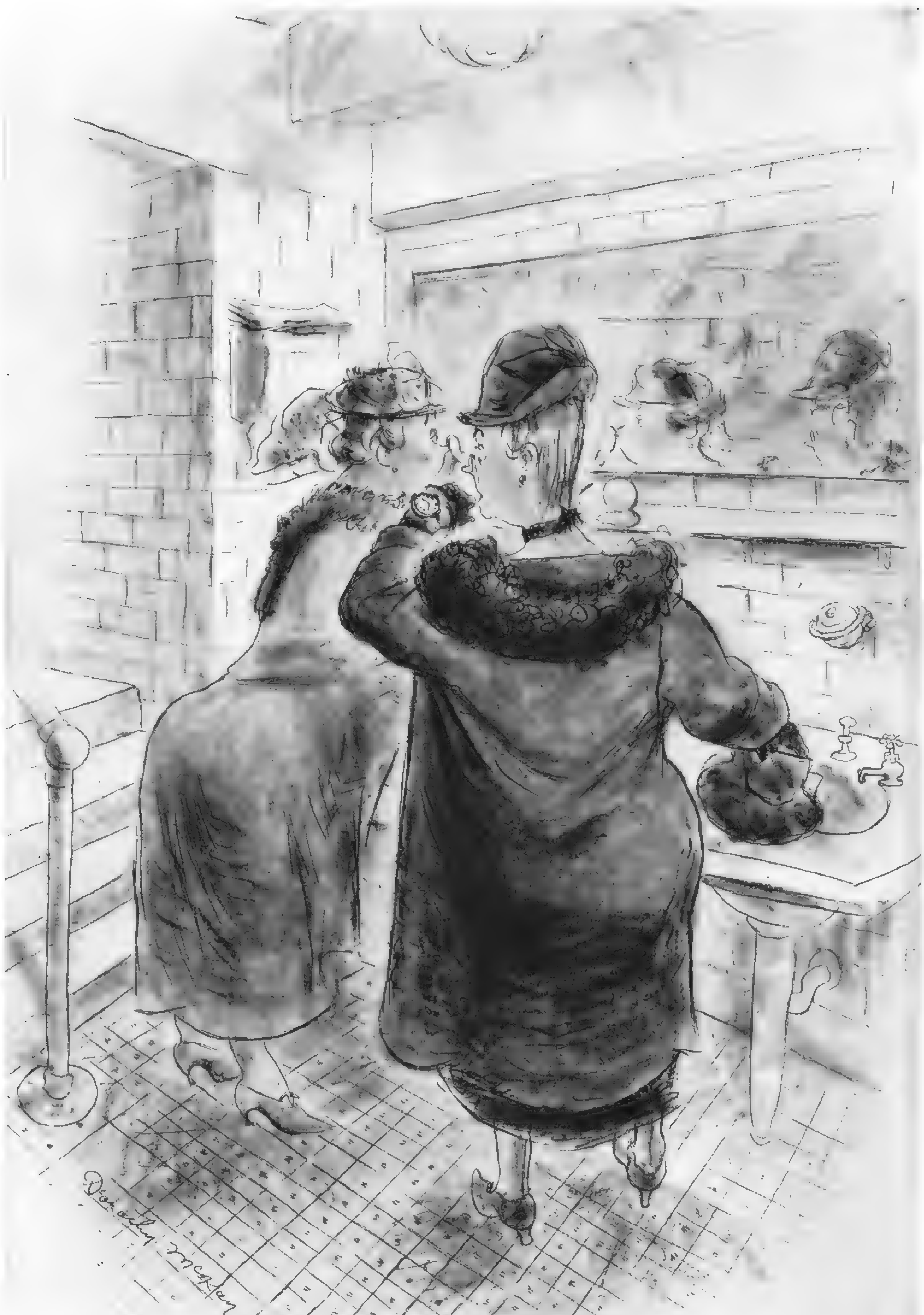
Dorothy McKay

"My dear, we simply must scram*!"*

Esquire's Five-minute Shelf

Being the irreducible minimum that you ought to know about books to get by as a bright boy

by BURTON RASCOE

I, HAVING once said in two moments of hilarity that Ernest Hemingway wrote as though he had so much hair on his chest that he had to do it up in curl-papers every night and that Dorothy Parker is the sort of woman who is always telling people things for her own good, humbly repented of my misabuse of the critical faculty and asked my guardian angel to whack me over the head when he saw signs of aberrations like those coming upon me. But, just the same, there is a wee, tiny mite of truth in those undazzling epigrams. Hemingway, at times, is a little too consciously virile and hard-boiled. When he repeats words that are not in general literary circulation for the tenth or twelfth time, one begins to raise an eyebrow. We heard him the first time. And say what you will, Mrs. Parker's dumb and spiffy ladies can be as tiresome in Mrs. Parker's pages as they are wherever you meet them.

I have just read Hemingway's *Winner Take Nothing* (Scribner, $2.) and Mrs. Parker's *After Such Pleasures* (Viking, $2.25) and I feel as though I had been wrung through a wringer. I think I should like to spend an evening now curled up with one of the Rollo books or with one of the Elsie Dinsmore series. Unfortunately there is not in my house, where there are nearly eight thousand books jumbled everywhere except in the ice-box and kitchen range, one single novel of that pre-war vintage of sweetness and light to take the taste out of my mouth. My children have been brought up in the post-war atmosphere and they wouldn't be caught reading a Rollo or Dinsmore book for red apples. (I use that expression, borrowed from Mrs. Parker, to show how insidious her phrasing can become. Mrs. Parker is in real life an Elsie Dinsmorish person—combining the qualities, I think Alexander Woollcott said, of Little Eva and Lady Macbeth—and there she is. One keeps on quoting her. Some have made a reputation of the sort one gets in New York by quoting things Mrs. Parker did not say.)

At their best Hemingway and Mrs. Parker have incisiveness, clarity, truth and observation, and humor. "The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio" in Hemingway's collection of short stories competes with Mrs. Parker's "Here We Are" in being among the best short stories produced in our time. Mrs. Parker's "Here We Are" would get my vote as the finest humorous story in implication that anybody has ever written. It is about a young middle western couple on their wedding trip; and it is mostly in dialogue, wherein the bride says one thing when she means something else.

Pity is usually lacking in Mrs. Parker's stories; and it has become a cliche now among sophisticated writers to show no pity. But I think that this takes warmth and humanity out of literature. And I would turn from fiction so icy to a novel like *Peter Abelard* by Helen Waddell (Henry Holt & Co. $2.) which is a romance about the love of Heloise and Abelard that has warmth, beauty and dignity; or to *Hear, Ye Sons* by Irving Fineman (Longmans, Green & Co., $2.), which is a novel of Jewish struggle and suffering told with humility and calm; or to *Three Cities* by Sholom Asch (Putnam's, $3.) which is an epochal story of three towns, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, by the greatest of writers in Yiddish. Any one of these three novels is of a character to restore faith in human living.

Gertrude Stein in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (which is her own autobiography written as if it had been composed by her companion, Miss Toklas, of some thirty odd years) said of Hemingway that he was 90% Babbitt. He asked if she wouldn't reduce it to 80%, and she said "No." Miss Stein was in grievous error. She is 99 9-10% Babbitt, and Hemingway is, fortunately, Hemingway and doesn't seem to be pleasantly occupied in being so; but, at his best, he records life with an expert reportorial cleverness. I wish the war and life had not done so many things to him that he should find it necessary to put his virility so much on parade, because he is a genius.

Those who read Ursula Parrott's *Ex-Wife* will remember that, although it was a strip-show, Mrs. Parrott went about her self-exposure in such a disconsolate manner that as she progressed to the ultimate revealment one was ready to break down and cry. I should not have guessed from the irreticent maudlinity of that story that Mrs. Parrott would ever be able to write a novel so richly massed and moving as her latest book, *The Tumult and the Shouting* (Longmans, $2.50). It will be, I predict, widely read and discussed. The novel is about three generations of Bostonians. The first were of immigrant Irish stock and they had difficulty in adjusting themselves to a community that was primarily Protestant. But they had faith, fortitude and ambition and the family was established as one of consequence wherein reliance was placed upon the bourgeois loyalties to family, hearth and home. The third generation was deflected from all these virtues by the annihilation of ideals that the world war brought about and bashed themselves to pieces in a wayward hopelessness. There is compassion in this novel and this is a quality which has so long been absent from the fiction of better endowed younger writers that I think it will be welcomed.

If you want to read something that is completely cock-eyed I give you, brethren, *My Life and Hard Times* (Harpers, $2.50) by James Thurber. While I was reading it there issued from me such hysterical shouts of laughter that the wife and kiddies came rushing into my study, exchanged looks of apprehension, and finally one of them (one of the kiddies, I mean: the one whose first name I can never remember because it is the same as my own) asked if he should call an alienist or merely get a cold towel for my head. Thurber's stuff is crazier than the things you read on the first page of the newspapers. It is in the line of the Stephen Leacock, Donald Ogden Stewart, Robert Benchley, and Frank Sullivan type of dada humor; but we shall make no invidious comparisons, because each of these geniuses can stand on his own head without any help from any one. I think Mr. Thurber is a deep philosopher something like Aristotle and Lewis Carroll; but to tell you why I think so would be to go into abstrusities that would tire me out and I am terribly concerned about my health these days and very anxious to avoid fatigue. On the surface *My Life and Hard Times* is the autobiography of a neurasthenic, of the sort of fellow who hides himself under the pillow when he first wakes up in the morning and has told so much to psychoanalysts that twelve of the latter have had nervous breakdowns. From the opening sentence of this rigamarole which reads "I suppose that the high-water mark of my youth in Columbus, Ohio, was the night the bed fell on father" to the concluding lines, "In Martinique, when the whistle blew for the tourists to get back on the ship, I had a quick, wild, lovely moment when I decided I wouldn't get back on the ship. I did, though. And I found that somebody had stolen the pants to my dinner jacket," the reader is carried into a comical nether world that is exceedingly funny. All the morbid fears and compulsions, the anxieties and trepidations of the ordinary human being in these years when nerves are so much on edge, are woven in a fantastic burlesque of autobiographical literature. It is illustrated by

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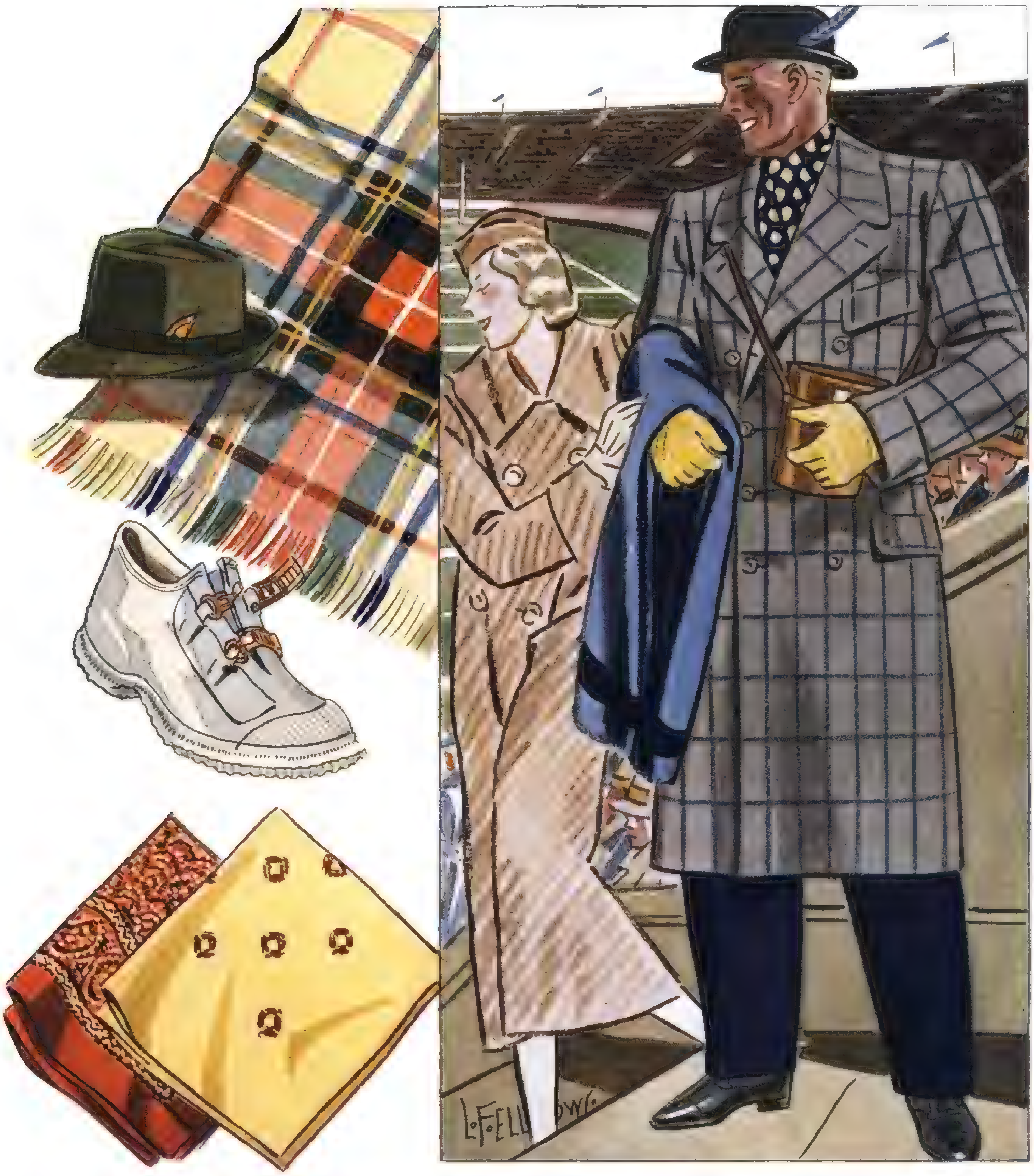
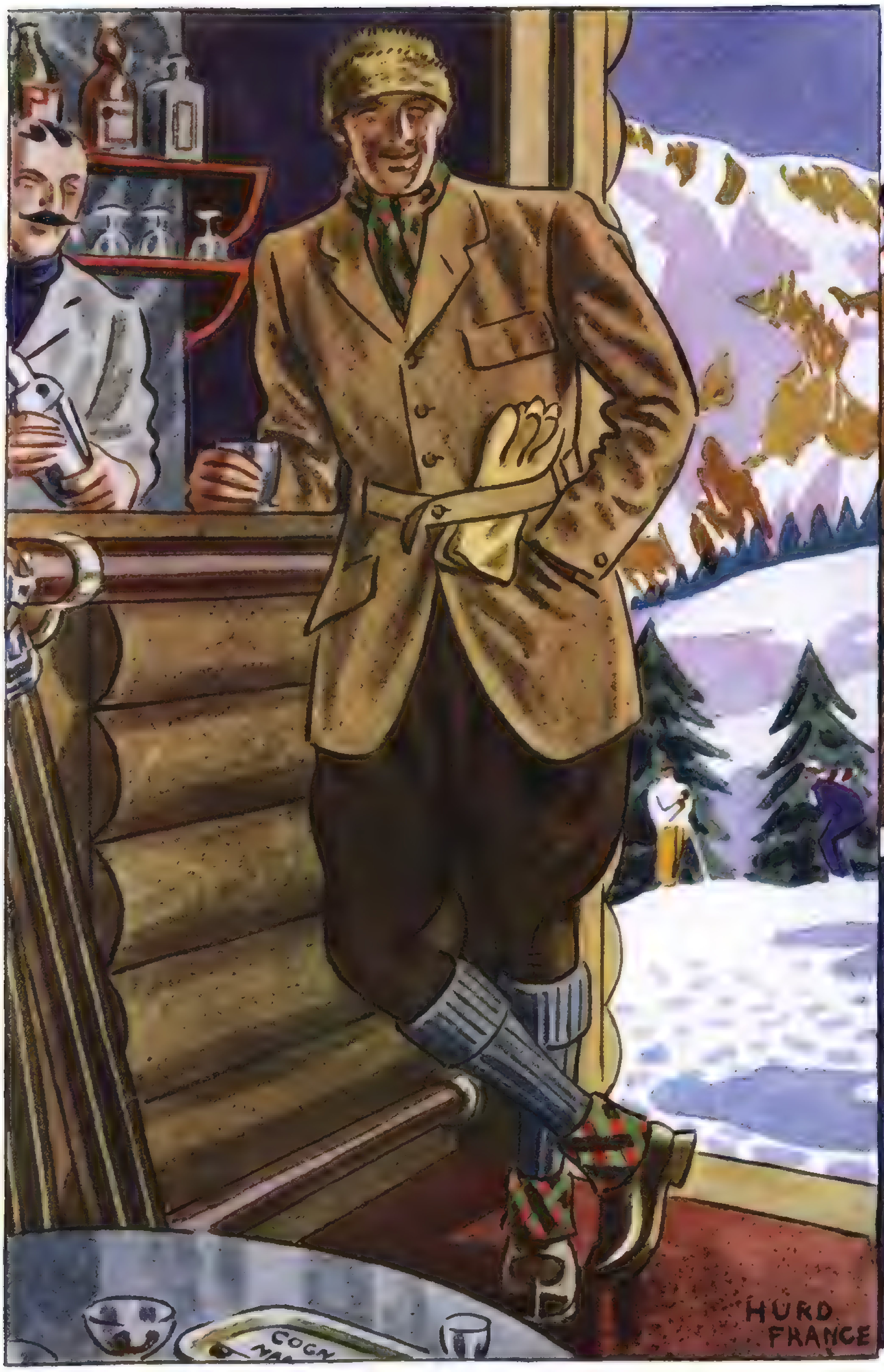
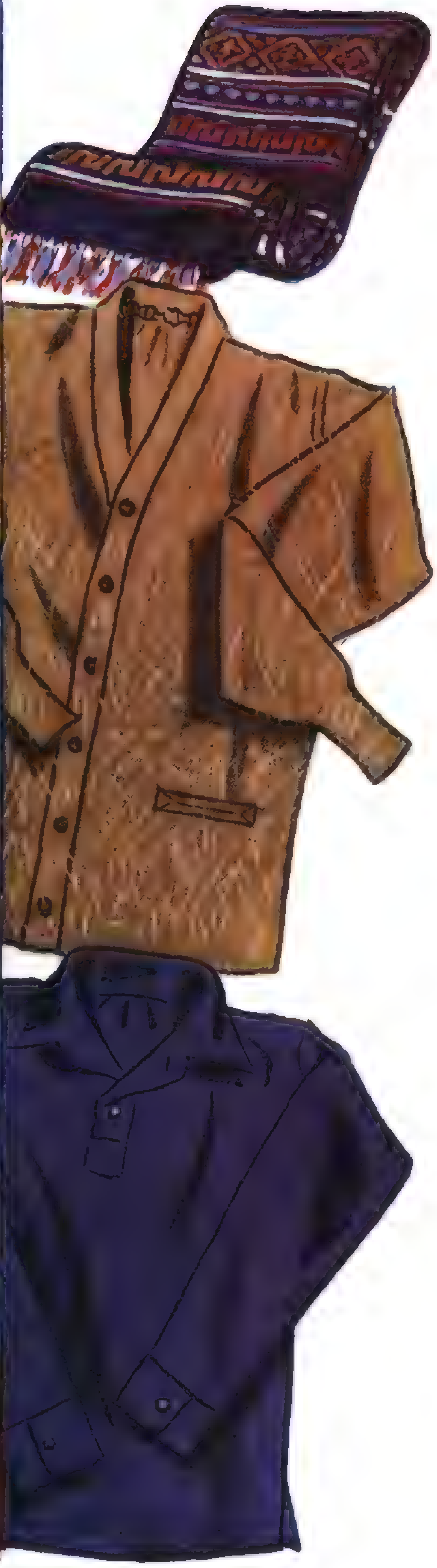


HERE IS FASHION GIVING SATURDAY'S CHILDREN A BREAK

Saturday afternoon football games for the man whose week concludes on Saturday noon present a clothes problem. Since clothes that are subject to classification as typical spectator sports wear are apt to be a bit conspicuous around one's office, and the regular habiliments of business wear are neither suitable nor comfortable for a cold afternoon in a stadium, some middle ground must be found. A practical solution lies in the selection of a town ulster of the type sketched. The collar, much larger than that of the usual overcoat for town wear, will turn up to keep out the wintry blasts. The lines of this coat adapt themselves very nicely to the use of a heavy yet soft fleecy fabric, which is particularly good when it carries either a large overplaid or a small check. The smartest thing about the coat, aside from the general excellence of its lines, is the flap on the vest pocket. To keep the hands both warm and dry, yellow knitted string gloves with wool linings are the best of hand coverings. A heavier type of shoe than that commonly worn to business is both permissible and advisable with this outfit, but even if the usual street shoe is worn, ample protection is afforded by the lumberman's overshoe, sketched at the left, which has recently, and for no particular reason, acquired a halo of swank. Since galoshes have become so effeminate, he-men have been getting their feet both wet and cold by way of futile and silly protest. But the white musher overshoe ought to end that phase. You'll see a lot of the Tyrolean hats at the big games, and they're really better, for comfort at least, than the derby. A bright muffler, and a football rug of traditional Scottish plaid completes the list.





AN OUTFIT WHICH ALMOST YODELS IN ITS SWISS ACCENT

The popularity of cold weather sports has increased so rapidly that the clothes necessary for these pursuits have become important enough to warrant consideration as part of the wardrobe of the average man. Since the spectators, in most instances, get an even worse break from the weather man than the participants, warm windproof garments are a necessity even if the only event in which you compete is the standing broad grin. The jackets are best when belted and may be made either of heavy tweed or of the light weight twill fabric which is both windproof and snowproof. Under these jackets a heavy sweater, a dark flannel shirt and a corduroy or heavy flannel waistcoat should be worn. The knicker breeches can be made of either of the jacket fabrics, but needn't—and some go so far as to say shouldn't—match in color. Keeping your feet warm is more than half of the battle against the elements, and it is folly to attempt it with one pair of socks. It is equally foolish, however, to try to wear two pair, unless the footwear is built to accommodate that second thickness. Your feet will get colder, if pinched and cramped, with two pair of socks, than they will with one pair. A pair of heavy wool hose, of three quarter length, teamed up with a pair of wool ankle socks, makes the proper combination, encased in stout well-oiled ski boots—but the latter must fit or you'll be wretched. Knitted woolen gloves, a muffler (in which item bright colorings are to be encouraged) and a close fitting cap, either knitted or of fur, completes the kit. This one, as it happens, was sketched abroad, but all the items are standard in this country, and easily obtainable.

PARTLY CLOUDY TO CLOUDY

What a morning of duck-hunting can be . . . in the company of a big brother of sadistic bent

by JOHN RAMSEY

GUY rowed with quick, jerky strokes. Soon, Tom reflected, it will be light enough to see, daybreak and sunrise against a pink, cloudless sky. The oarlocks creaked in the dark, high above the sound of Guy's heavy breathing.

"You sure fixed them oarlocks nice," Guy said with sarcasm, scowling through the dark at his younger brother.

"I'm sorry, Guy. I forgot to," Tom said.

"Every damn duck within ten miles of here knows we're coming."

"I'm awfully sorry, Guy. I'll remember the next time."

"A hell of a lot of good being sorry does right now," Guy said. "To hell with the next time! What about now, eh?"

Somewhere along the shore behind them a dog barked at the still darkness, five or six staccato barks, and then it was very quiet again. Guy quickened his strokes, fearing daylight.

"If those mallards aren't out there, I'll give you the worst beating you ever had," Guy said just above a whisper, breathing hard. Tom said nothing, knowing of no excuse.

"Yesterday morning I told you to grease the oarlocks," Guy said.

"Yes, I remember all right."

"Remember hell! You mean you forgot all right!"

Tom said nothing, tightening his grip on the two shotguns across his thighs.

"If those ducks aren't gone by now, they must be stone deaf and paralyzed. That's all I've got to say," Guy said.

Shortly after sunset the night before, Tom had seen the flock of mallards land on the lake near Guy's blind. There must have been at least fifty in the flock and Tom ran back to the house to tell Guy about it. The two brothers walked down to the inlet and watched the ducks until it was too dark to see any more. Having made sure that the ducks would remain overnight on the lake, believing that they rarely flew in the dark, Guy decided to row into his blind before daybreak the next morning.

Watching Guy row, Tom felt of the water with his free hand. It was ice-cold but there was no ice on the lake and Tom tried to recall when the water had seemed colder. Christmas Day one year when he was a boy with a new pair of ice-skates his father had given him and he went through the thin ice in the middle of the lake and his father and Guy had thrown a rope to him and pulled him out. It had been colder then than it ever would be, Tom was certain. He remembered the whipping he got the next day when his father was convinced he hadn't contracted pneumonia.

Guy rested his oars, turning in the seat and looking for the gate to the blind. Spotting it, he began to pull hard on the right oar. Then he pulled on both oars for a short while and rested them again while the boat coasted into the blind.

"Well, here we are, Guy," Tom said.

"Shut up!" Guy hissed, gently placing the oars in the boat.

"Do you see 'em?" Tom said as he handed one of the guns to Guy.

"For the love of God will you shut up, you fool!" Guy said.

"I'm sorry, Guy," Tom said. Guy broke his gun and put two shells in the barrels and slammed it shut again. Tom imitated him.

"There you go, being sorry again. Try being something else for a change. Try being your age. Try keeping your big mouth shut," Guy said. "I wonder why the hell I bring you along anyhow. You're no damn good to me. All you do is scare all the ducks away. Next time you come along with me will be on a snowy day in July."

Day was breaking. Guy stood up in the boat with his gun cradled in his arms, pointing at the brightening sky where the sun would rise. Afraid of angering Guy to any greater extent, Tom remained seated with his gun vertical between his knees.

"The sun will rise this morning at six-fifty-eight," Guy said with a knowing profundity. He had read it in the evening paper the night before. "What time is it now?"

Tom reached for his watch and held it before him face upward. The hands marked four-twenty. The watch had stopped.

"What's the matter now?" Guy said.

"My watch stopped. I forgot to wind it last night," Tom apologized.

"Hell!" Guy said. "You sure are a dandy to have along. You sure are a great one to depend on."

"Look and see if you can spot them, Guy," Tom said, trying to make Guy forget about what time it was. Guy refused to be distracted, saying:

"The law allows a man to begin shooting five minutes before sunrise. I suppose you're so damned smart you can stand up there and say, without a watch, 'Guy, it is now exactly five minutes before sunrise. Commence firing!'?"

"What difference does it make? I don't see any ducks for you to commence firing at."

"No, of course you don't! Those lousy oarlocks you forgot to grease scared 'em all away long before we coasted into this blind."

"Maybe they're still here, somewheres? Look and see, Guy."

"Look and see hell! There ain't a duck on the whole lake now."

"Maybe there is."

"All right, smart guy, look and see for yourself."

Cradling his gun in his arms, Tom rose and looked around the lake. The flock they had seen the night before was gone. Tom sat down.

"You're right, Guy. I can't see a single duck on the lake."

A cold wind blew across the lake and Tom shivered as he watched the sun rise. Guy turned and faced northeast, his gun held ready to be raised to his shoulder. He lit a cigar with his free hand, puffing on it vigorously and stamping his feet on the floor of the boat. As the minutes passed, Tom became stiff and numb with the cold. His legs began to ache. He turned away from Guy and looked across the lake. Bill Brewer was leading his stock out of the barn, the only boy on the lake who owned an automatic and whose folks were quite well-to-do. It

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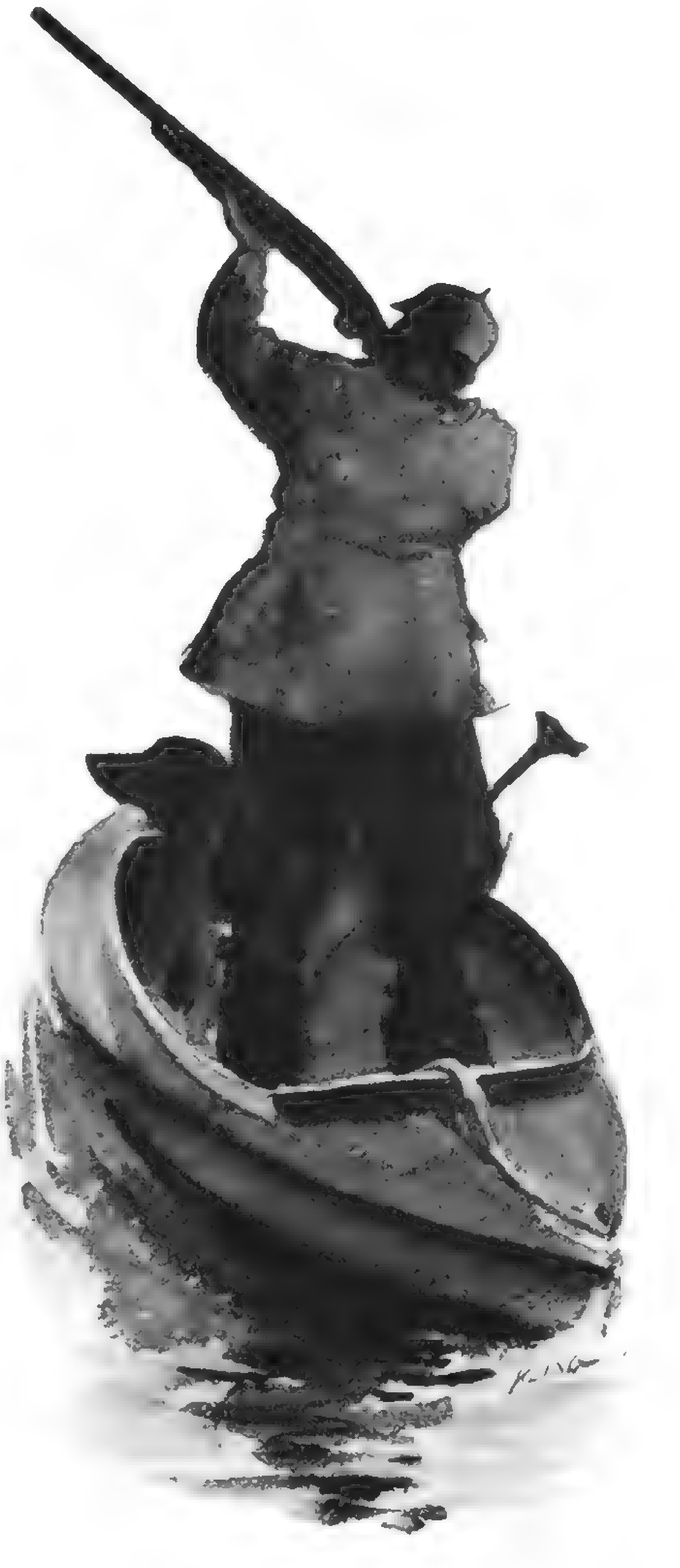
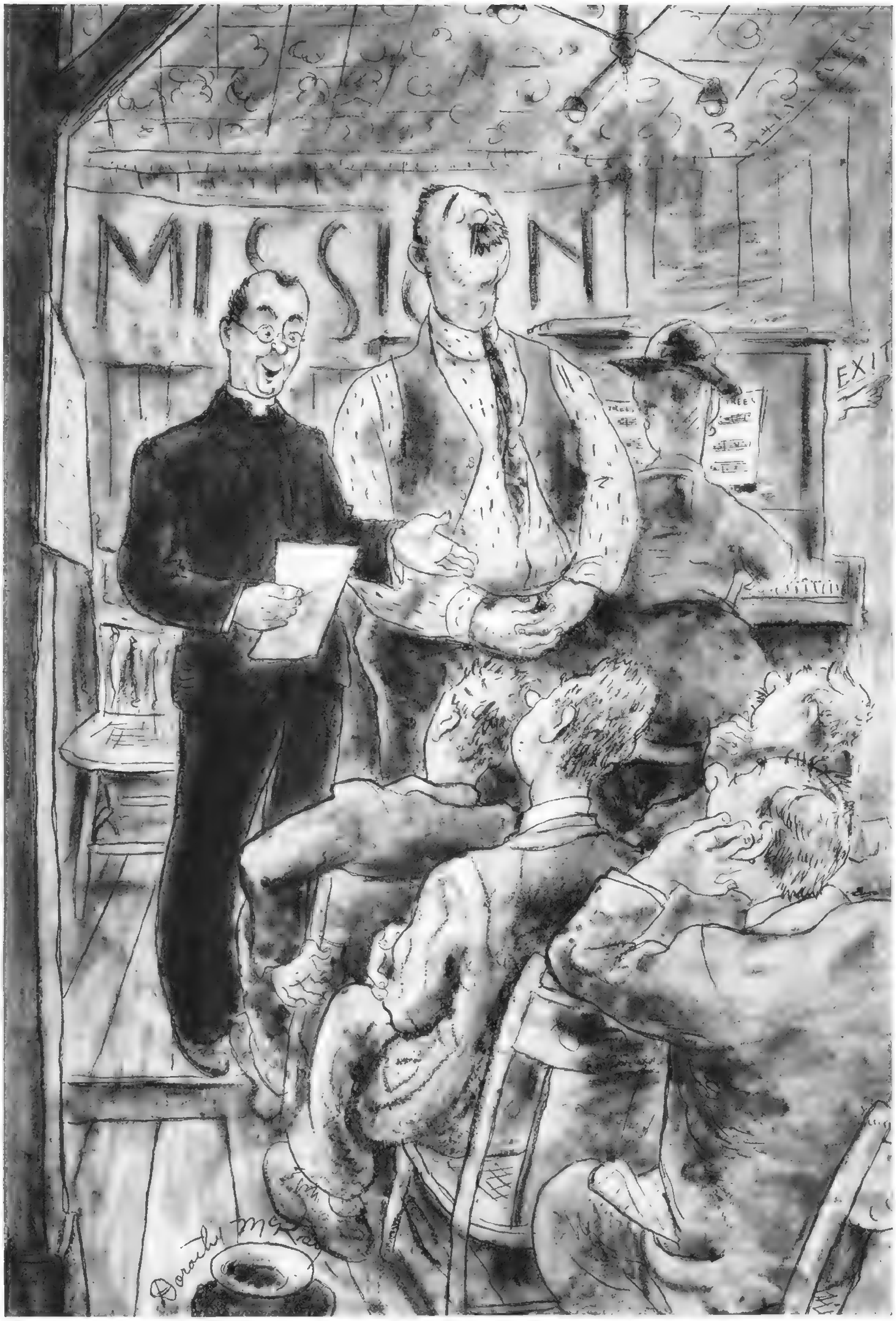



MISSION
EXIT
TREES
Dorothy McKay

"Mr. Gooch will now sing 'Trees'"

THE OLD PIRATE

Horse-trader, bandit, king, who trusted no women and few men, kept his secrets and his word

by PIERRE MILLE

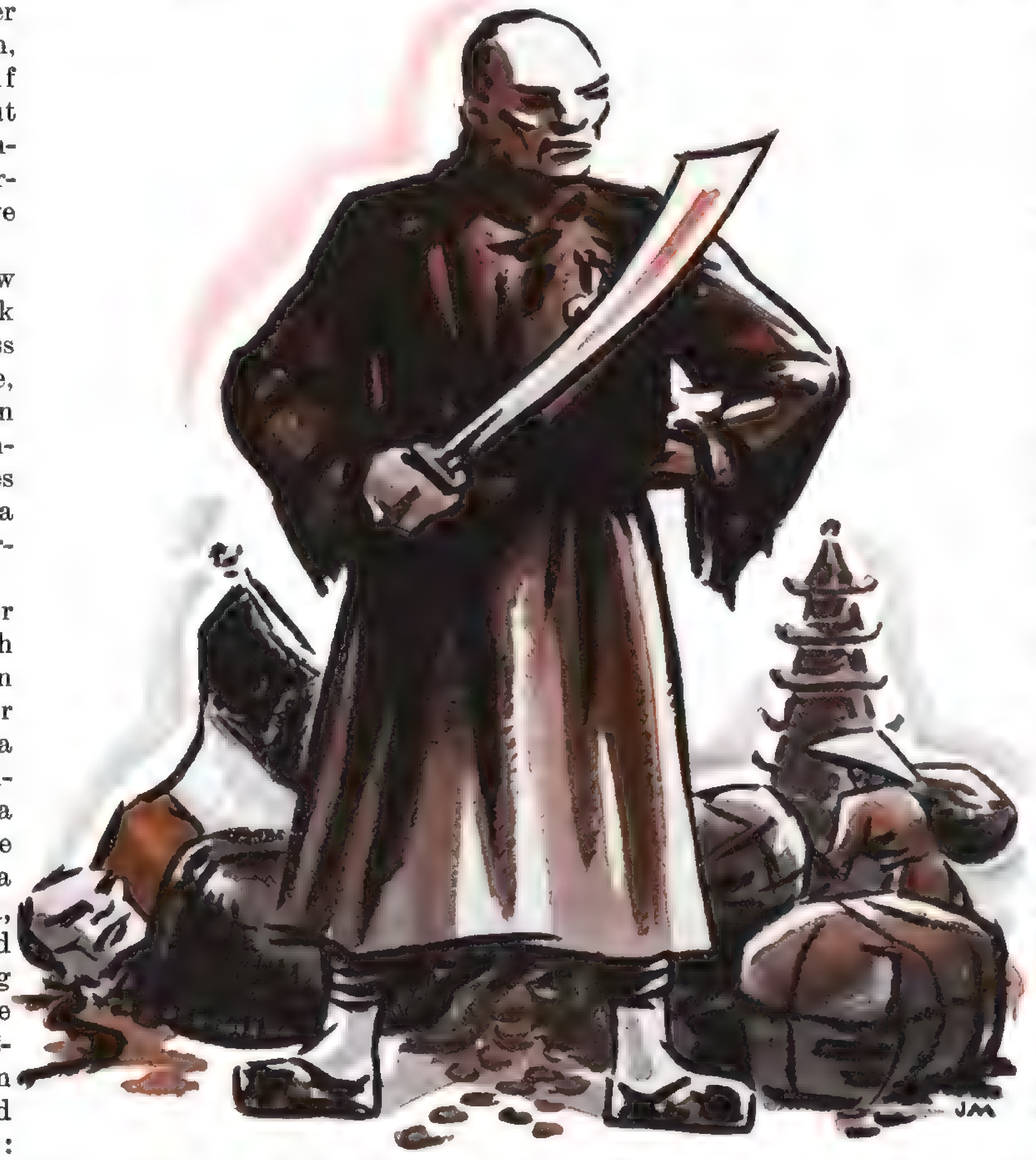
We saw him coming from afar. At first he seemed like a big blue sack stuffed with cotton, propped on a red sack lashed upon a small, gentle horse which ambled easily. For the old pirate had one thing in common with the late General de Gallifet: A fierce saber blow had ripped his abdomen, and he had had himself stitched as best he could; but less intrepid than the Frenchman, he evidenced a preference for horses which have easy gaits.

When we were nearer, I saw distinctly that the red sack was a comfortable mattress spread on an Annamite saddle, and that the blue sack was in reality Luong-Tam-Ky himself. He rode with his knees very high, and whistled a French bugle call with surprising precision.

This remarkable rider alighted, greeted us with kindly gravity. He wore on his chest a French medal for life-saving, suspended from a tricolored ribbon and a handsome gold plaque badge of a native decoration. For the rest, he was dressed like a Chinese. His face was full, fleshy, strong and vulgar. Had he but showed a protruding chin, he would have been the exact portrait of the *Condottiere*, a painting hanging in the Louvre Museum, credited to Antonello de Messina: Creases above the nose, two narrow, quick, deep-sunk eyes: The eyes of one who must see very clearly, quickly, very near and very far at the same time, to attack and defend himself; in fact, the face of a horse-trader become first bandit, then king. He was fifty-three years old at the time, and I have not heard of his death yet: Five foot six, solid body despite opium, alcohol and eighteen wounds. He will live a hundred years unless he is murdered. That is not likely, for he deems life worth living and takes good care of himself.

Luong-Tam-Ky has good reason to love life. At twenty, he was a *ma-fou* in the hills, that is a two-footed beast of burden, one of the many who earn their daily rice carrying from Tonkin to China, from China to Tonkin, bales of opium, cases of cartridges, weapons, bags of salt; but he was the son of a *tai-ping*, of a Chinese rebel. From childhood, he had lived in the shadow of the sword.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he quickly gave up the trade of coolie to become a soldier. He served under all flags, even ours, and was a bugler in the French service. That is why he whistles our calls so well. But he soon understood that it would be more profitable to turn bandit, smuggler and purveyor of women: The Chinese pay dearly for young Annamite girls.



Unfortunately for him, the late General Borgnis-Desbordes caused him much trouble, and other Chinese stole his money, which he had buried somewhere in the hills. Hunted, wounded, he was forced to take refuge in caverns and to drink waters in which the fetish-snake Thuong-Long spits venom, which causes, as you ought to know, malarial fever. He surrendered, but on his own terms. He was still so powerful that his conditions were accepted by the French. It was thus that he became king.

King of the regions of Dinh-Hoa and Van-Long, completely ravaged by him before, perhaps also ravaged by our soldiers seeking him, he brought into his realm sixteen thousand peasants who pay him taxes and rent, who buy from him their tea, sugar, opium, for he has established for himself a commercial monopoly, who pay him market duties, ferry dues, a levy on cattle—and moreover, he collects two hundred and fifty francs each month from the Government of the Colony. He is a man who neglects nothing.

I was introduced to him according to the ritual. My name, translated into Chinese, means something like "pebble," followed by the figure 1000. That always makes me smile. But he asked immediately:

"And what is that man's trade? Soldier or civil service employee?"

He was informed that I was a newspaper reporter. He asked for further explanations. He was told: "Some one who goes about everywhere, and writes on paper what he has heard and seen."

Luong-Tam-Ky meditated a moment, spoke.

"Here—such people—I cut off their heads!"

So that I did not smile long. He led me to the center of his capital, where, on an open space, a small table and a chair were ready in the shade of a handsome tree. He pushed kindliness so far as to send for another chair, for me.

"You'll give me permission," he suggested through the interpreter, "to settle my affairs first?"

I saw him collect, according to the size of the villages, thirty, forty, and up to eighty bags of rice for taxes, I saw him rent out oxen, take in much cash, for he was a money-lender at the advantageous interest of twelve per cent a month. He made gifts also, gifts without hope of return, small sums: "Would a coin please you?"

There comes a poor chap, pale and nervous because he is hungry for opium and lacks money with which to purchase it. The king-merchant, fierce and

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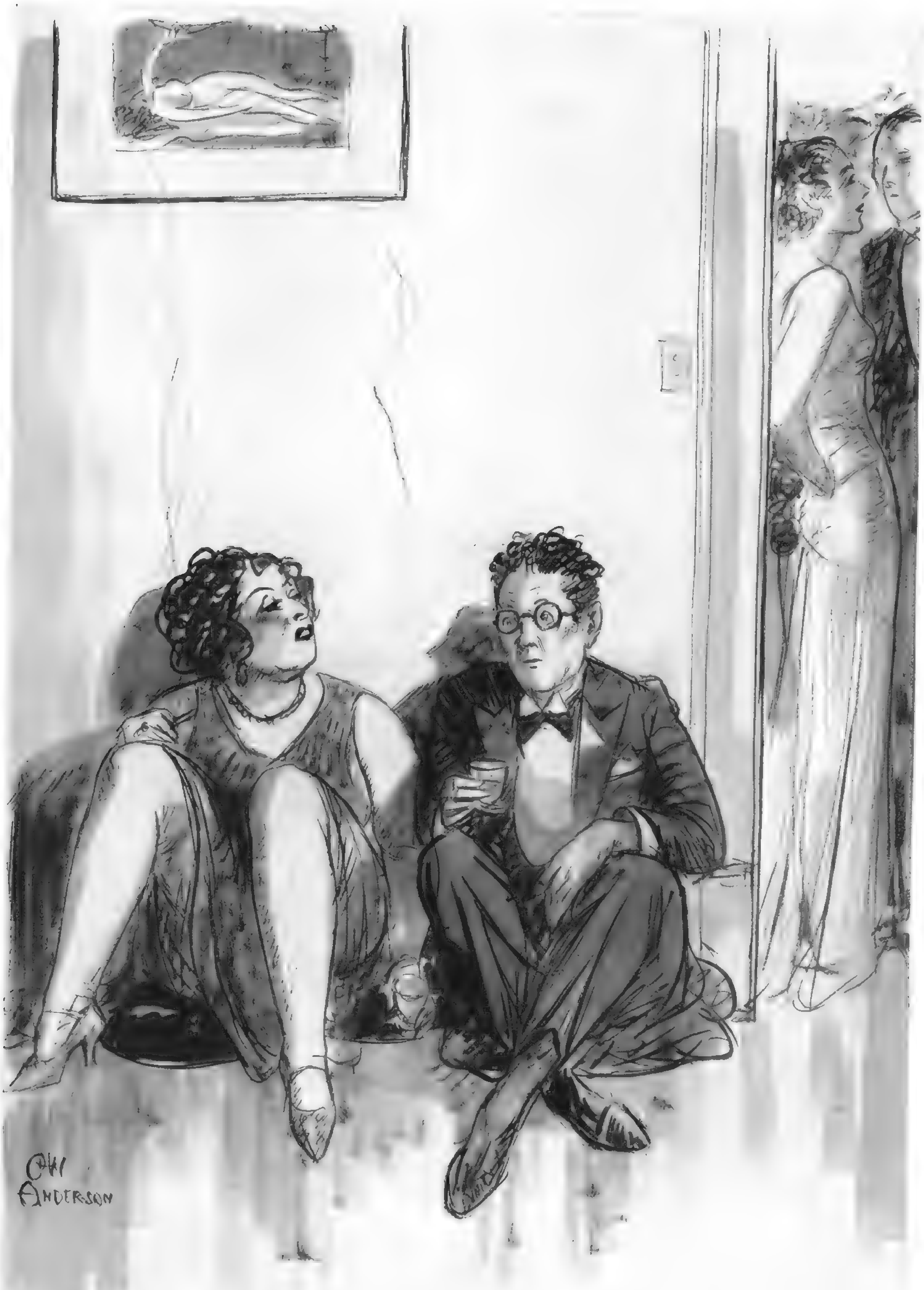

CW ANDERSON

"Well, why shouldn't I marry for money, tell me that?"

Preparing for Competitive Golf

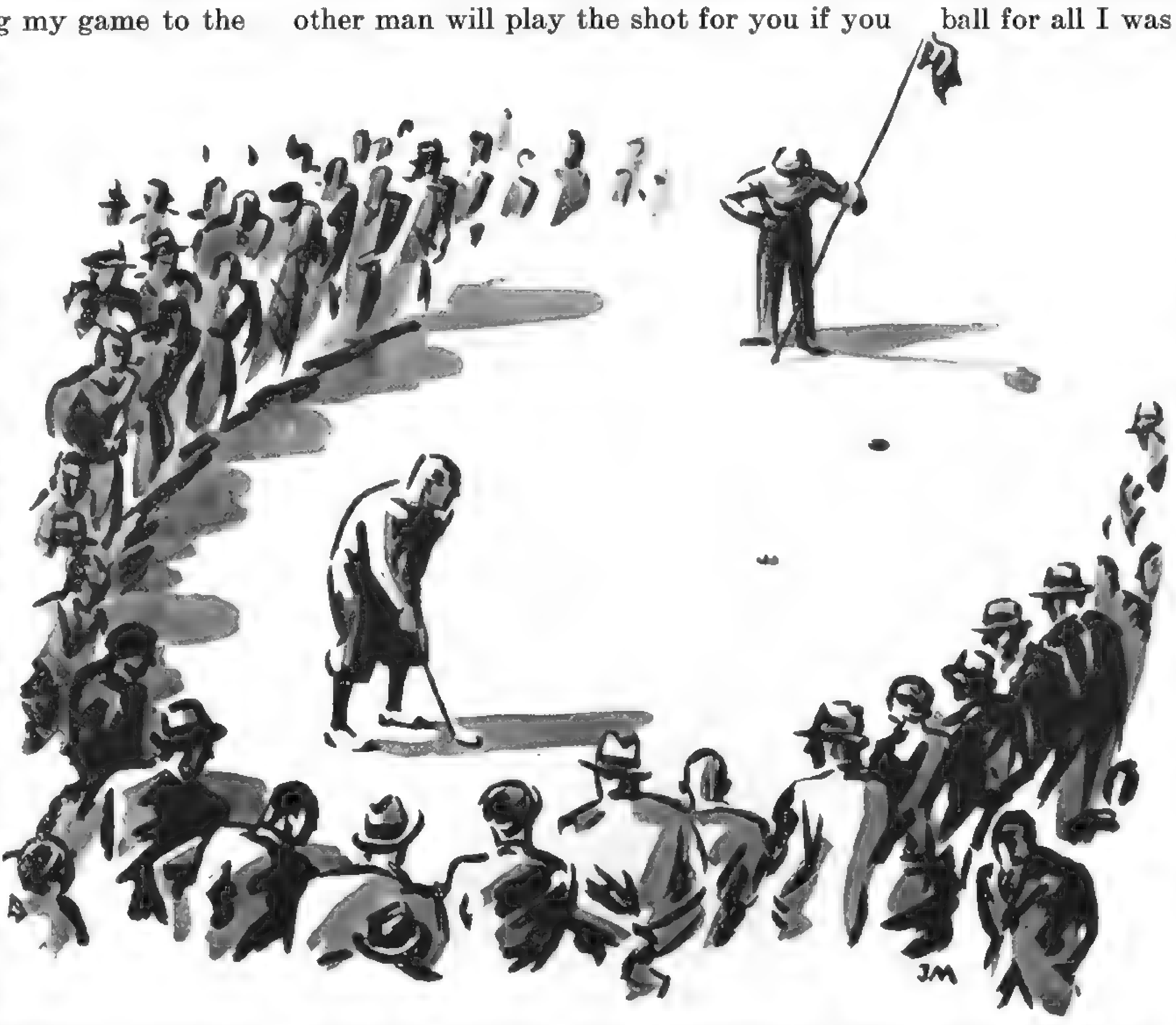
If you are like ninety-eight out of every hundred, you must train the mind, not the muscles

by BOBBY JONES

THE question has been so often put to me, "What do you consider of greatest importance in preparing for an important tournament?" Indeed, I had asked myself that question, in one form or another, through the many years I played competitive golf. For I knew that there must be some "best way" to bring my game to the proper pitch for some important event; but I had not found it easy to come upon the magic answer. I have, however, been able to reach the conclusion that the most important maxim to observe is "Don't play too much golf."

And I should like the word "play" to be understood here to include the worrying you do at night over those iron shots that will not go right, or the putts that won't go down.

The golf stroke requires to a high degree co-ordination of mind and muscle. But if your golfing muscles have been properly schooled and thoroughly drilled in what they have to do, you need fear nothing from them. It is the mind you must train. From the force of old habit your muscles will respond if the mind by conscious effort does not interfere.



How Watts Won

To help me illustrate my point, ask yourself a few questions. Which sand trap are you more likely to go into, the one you don't see or the one you are afraid of? When are you more likely to hole a long putt—when you think you will, or when you know you won't? Don't you drive straighter when you are not consciously attempting to guide or steer the shot? You know the answer and the reason for all is that a conscious effort to control the stroke is usually attended with disastrous results.

It has always been my contention that the practice field is the proper and the only place where the player should attempt to mould or alter his method of hitting the ball. After the first tee is left behind, every faculty should be concentrated upon the result rather than upon the manner of execution. I think I can truthfully say that when I am playing my very best the direction of my conscious mind ceases when I step up to the ball and take my stance. I have then determined upon the club I should use, I have selected my objective.

There remains only to allow the muscles to go through the motions they have made numerous times before. Call it habit, or the control of the subconscious mind or what you will, I am firmly convinced that this other man will play the shot for you if you will only let him. Any nervousness, indecision or fear of consequences will interfere with his work and your shot will be ruined.

In the championship of 1925 at Oakmont, Watts Gunn, of Atlanta, afforded me, in addition to several uncomfortable moments, an excellent illustration of subconscious playing. Watts had come up for his first tournament of any great importance. He had qualified comfortably but not in brilliant style and had been drawn against Vincent Bradford in the first round. Watts having started badly, found himself three down going to the twelfth hole.

I have it from Watts himself just what had been troubling him and the remarkable way in which he pulled himself out of a seemingly hopeless maze of bad shots. Anxious to make a good showing, he had consciously attempted to steer every shot away from Oakmont's terrifying bunkers.

The not unusual result had been that he had been caught by a great many more than he had avoided. Playing his third shot at number twelve, Watts had again tried to control his shot, the ball lodging in a sand pit to the left of the green. And here Watts made the wisest decision of his golfing career.

He afterwards said to me, "I was so disgusted with myself and so sick over my play that I was ready to give up. When I went down into that trap I made up my mind that I couldn't get any worse, so from there on I was just going to stand up and hit that ball for all I was worth and let it go where it would." He did. He came out of the trap, holed a long putt to win that hole, and then won the next fourteen holes in succession. He continued to play magnificent golf in his succeeding matches and became the outstanding player of the tournament.

"Forget the Bunkers"

This story is so well known that I have felt some hesitancy in repeating it. But it affords such an excellent illustration of my theory that I could not resist using it. What happened to Watts was that he simply eliminated from his mind all thought of what he was doing with the club.

He forgot about the bunkers, ditches and traps. He saw only the flag and his ball. He knew what he wanted to do and did it. He told me himself that after that twelfth hole he never once gave a thought to his swing.

For my other illustration, I must be permitted to draw upon my personal experience. It was at Inwood, in 1923, in a play-off with Bobby Cruickshank for the National Open championship—an iron shot over the water to the last green which luckily brought up right and enabled me to win. It may sound foolish, but I have never been able to recall hitting that ball. I remember drawing the iron from the bag and that is all, until the ball hit the green. Now, I couldn't have been thinking of my stroke that time.

This has all been said in support of my statement that a person should not play too much golf before a tournament. Practice and play all you like when you have no important matches. Cultivate and drill into yourself the proper strokes. But don't wear out your disposition and your love of the game just before the test comes, when you want to play well.

If you have the tournament instinct and

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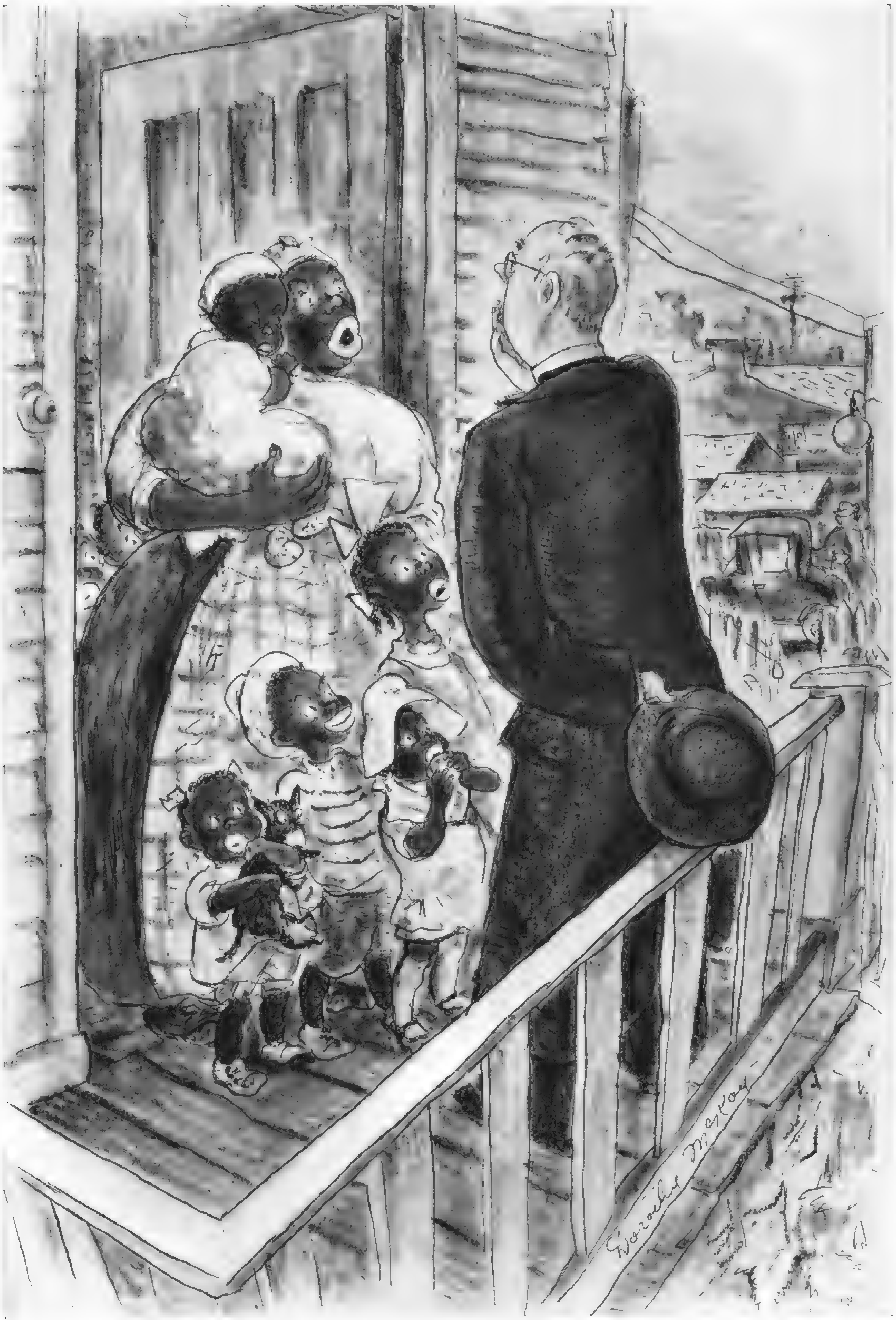

Dorothy McKay

"They all got the same papa but one"

TOYS FOR POOR RICHARD

Story of a crusty old bachelor and of the one secret which he finally felt the need to share

by HENRI DUVERNOIS

Richard Dawson was getting ready to go out. Not for that listless stroll to which he resigned himself every day for fifteen minutes—up one side of Park Avenue, and languidly back home on the other side. This afternoon he was setting forth on a real expedition. The announcement of his intention completely upset the new butler.

"What an idea," he confided to the cook. "At this time of day to have to go out and hunt a cab!"

". . . . . a hansom cab," she reminded him.

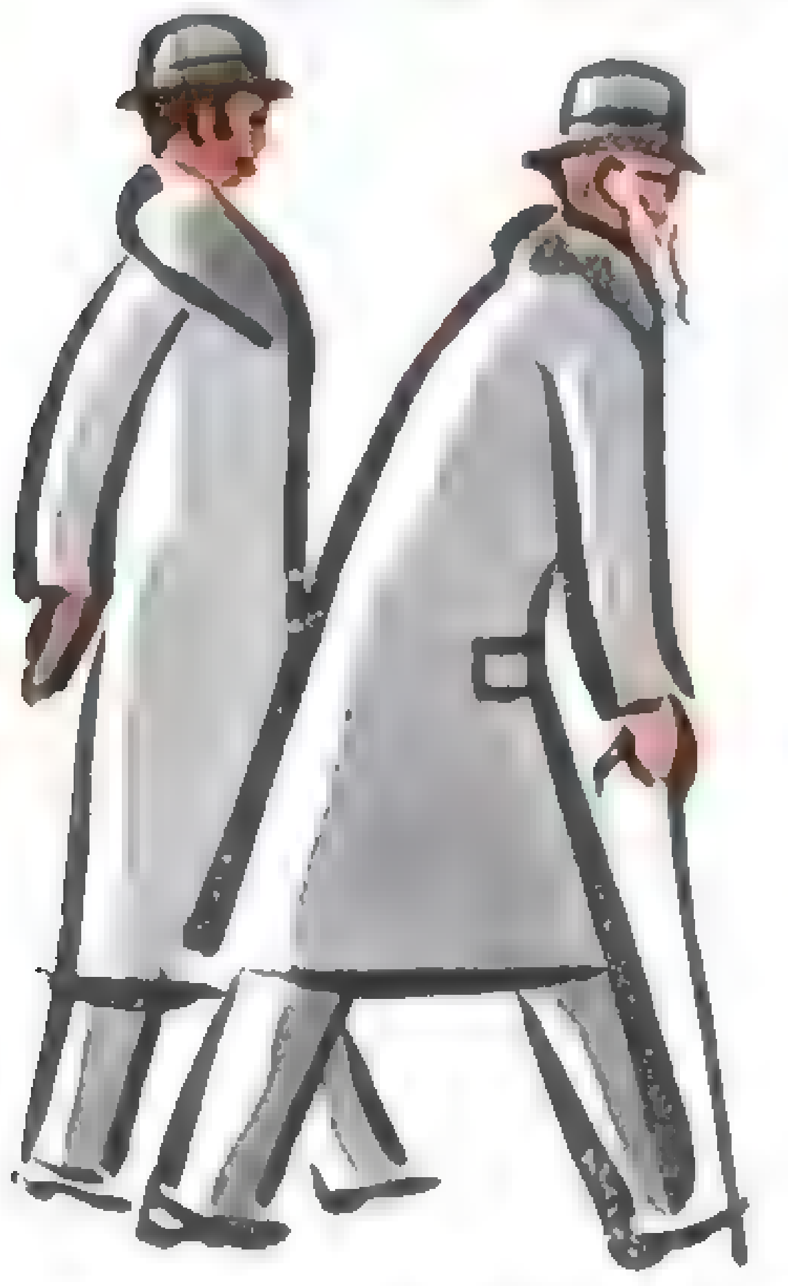
And then she went on to explain, with the superior smile of a cook.

"I've been in this place now for twelve years and every year on the day before Christmas, the master's done the same thing. Don't get all worked up about it, Jules; tomorrow he'll go back to his old rut again."

"Where the deuce will I ever find a hansom cab?"

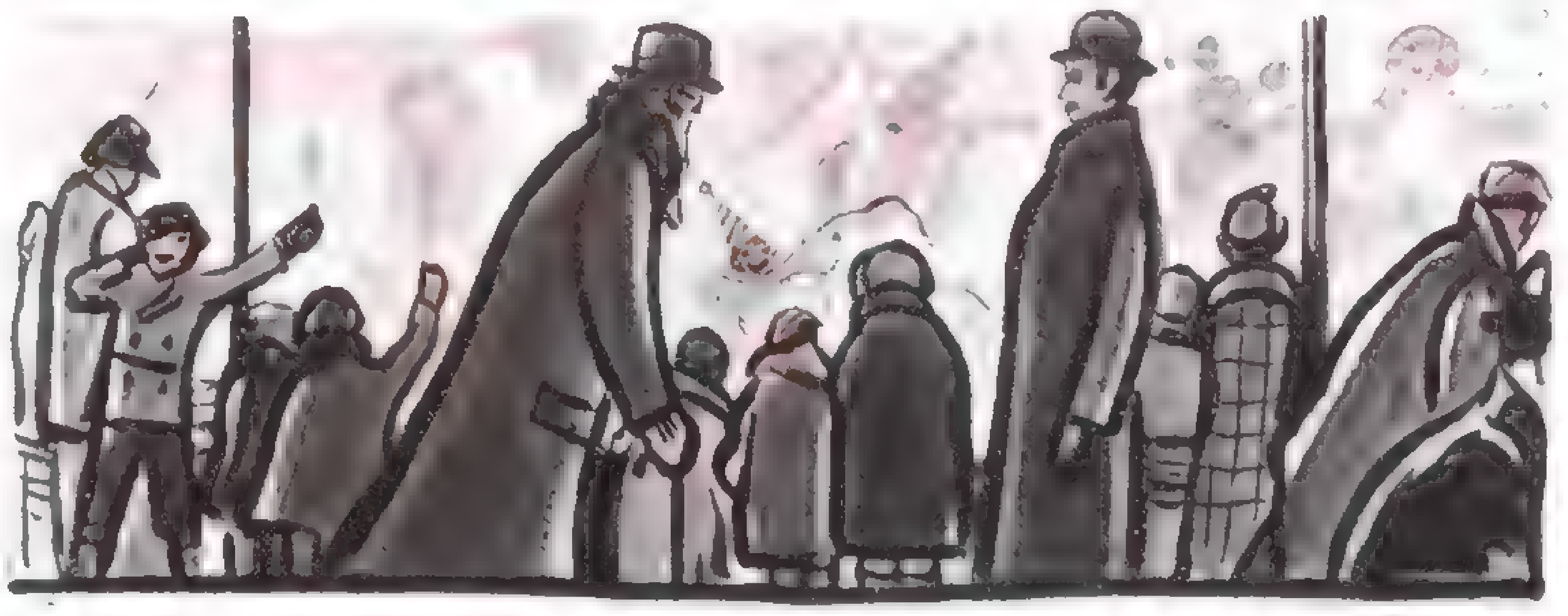
"Over at the park in front of the Plaza, the hotel, you know."

Meanwhile, so much excitement was unnerving Dawson. As usual, his first move was to consult the thermometer; he shook his head dubiously. Next he buckled on his goloshes. Then he examined carefully his heavy fur-lined overcoat. Finally he took a few measured steps into the sitting room, whose symmetrical bronze statues, glazed porcelain figures, and dull oil paintings in their heavy gold frames gave one the chill of a dentist's waiting-room.



Richard Dawson was a man of about sixty. His face wore the pitiful expression of those who no longer have reason to go on living; whose eyes cannot be made to light up either with pleasure from without or happiness from within. He lived alone in his drab apartment. Every once in a long time, he would treat himself to a gourmet's meal. And the next day he would go back to his customary frugal diet—and his medicine bottles. His sole aim in life was to fight off death as long as possible—just as though he had ever really lived. His egotism was as much a disease with him as any of his bodily illnesses, and made him as much to be pitied. Because he neglected his gray beard and shielded his worn-out eyes behind thick, shiny glasses, the tenants in the cold, smart apartment house in which he lived spoke of him as The Scholar. They attributed his seclusion to some momentous piece of work in which he wished to bury himself. They were proud of this silent, mysterious, self-effacing presence in a house which was featured in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers as the home of financial geniuses, wealthy sportsmen and social celebrities.

Now this afternoon, while he was standing at the window watching for the butler to come back, he heard the bell ring. A second later, the cook came in to him.



"Mister Daw . . . "

"I'm not giving anything . . . "

"It's not a beggar, it's a very stylish young man. He says to me, he says, that his name's Ransom, and that he's your nephew, and that he'll come back later, being as he's disturbing you now."

"Tell him to go to the devil."

She went out. Listening, he heard a few words of explanation. The outside door shut. He continued to pace up and down the room, stopping from time to time to glance out of the window.

An hour later, he settled himself in the cab, with Jules sitting uneasily beside him. At a sober trot, they rolled down the avenue, then over to Fifth. Dawson looked out on the hurrying crowds, and said nothing, until they were below the Public Library. Once in that noisy centre, he began to get very nervous. What bewildering tooting and banging! What appalling confusion! A lumbering bus skidded toward them and he cried out in fear.

"It's the Christmas shopping crowds," Jules said, trying to soothe him. "The late Christmas shopping."

"Why in Heaven's name do they let these trucks drive here at this hour?" he almost screamed. "Look at this one; it'll be down upon us in a minute. . . . New York is a nightmare these days, nothing but a nightmare!"

'It's on account of the Christmas shoping," repeated Jules, whose conversational ability was limited. And wishing to change the current of his master's thought, he went on.

"In one way, presents is very nice for both parties; those who give 'em and those who get 'em, seeing that if it gives pleasure to get 'em it gives pleasure to give 'em, when you have the means, that is. In a word, it all evens up."

Dawson's reply to this was a long sigh of relief, and "Thank Heaven, we're here. Follow me."

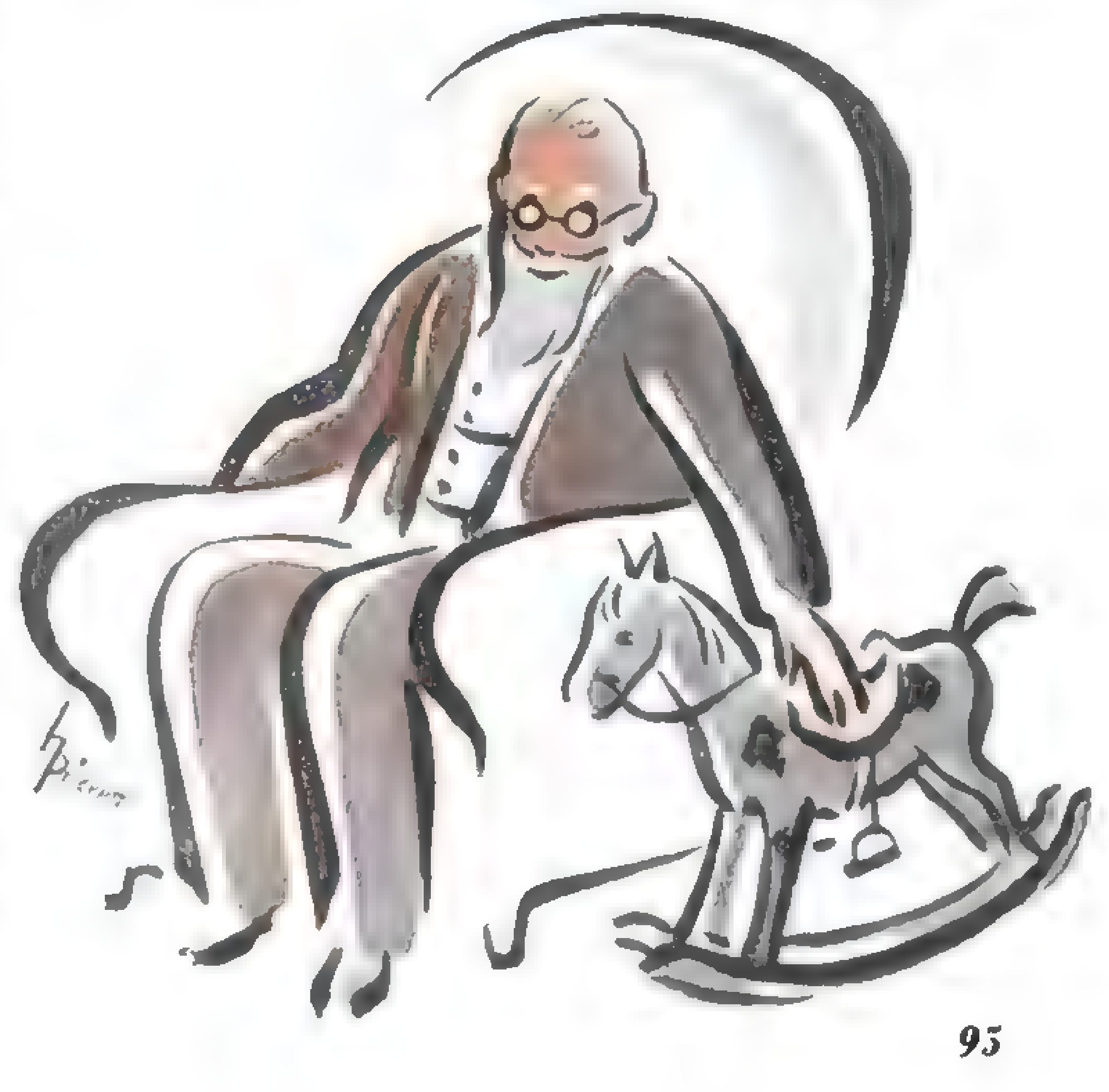
They had stopped in front of a great Herald Square department store. Clusters of electric lights blazed in the windows, and centered upon a droll elephant dancing with a gay little clown. Dawson lingered outside and gazed a long time at this amusing spectacle. He seemed to be transformed by a kind of childish joy; he looked like all the other little boys, as he stood there in the crowd, talking to himself and pointing at the funny elephant, and the little clown.

Finally going inside, he led the way to an elevator and got off on a floor filled with toys and jammed with shoppers. A young woman made her way through the throng and came forward to greet the newly arrived customers.

"We've been looking for you all day, Mr. Dawson," she said cordially. "And what can we show you this year?"

"He's going to buy the first thing he sees and get out of this quick," Jules was thinking. For he knew there was nothing so dear to his master as silence. In his own home, paddings and double doors shielded him from every noise; and if his servants must

Continued on page 129



THE GOLD FISH

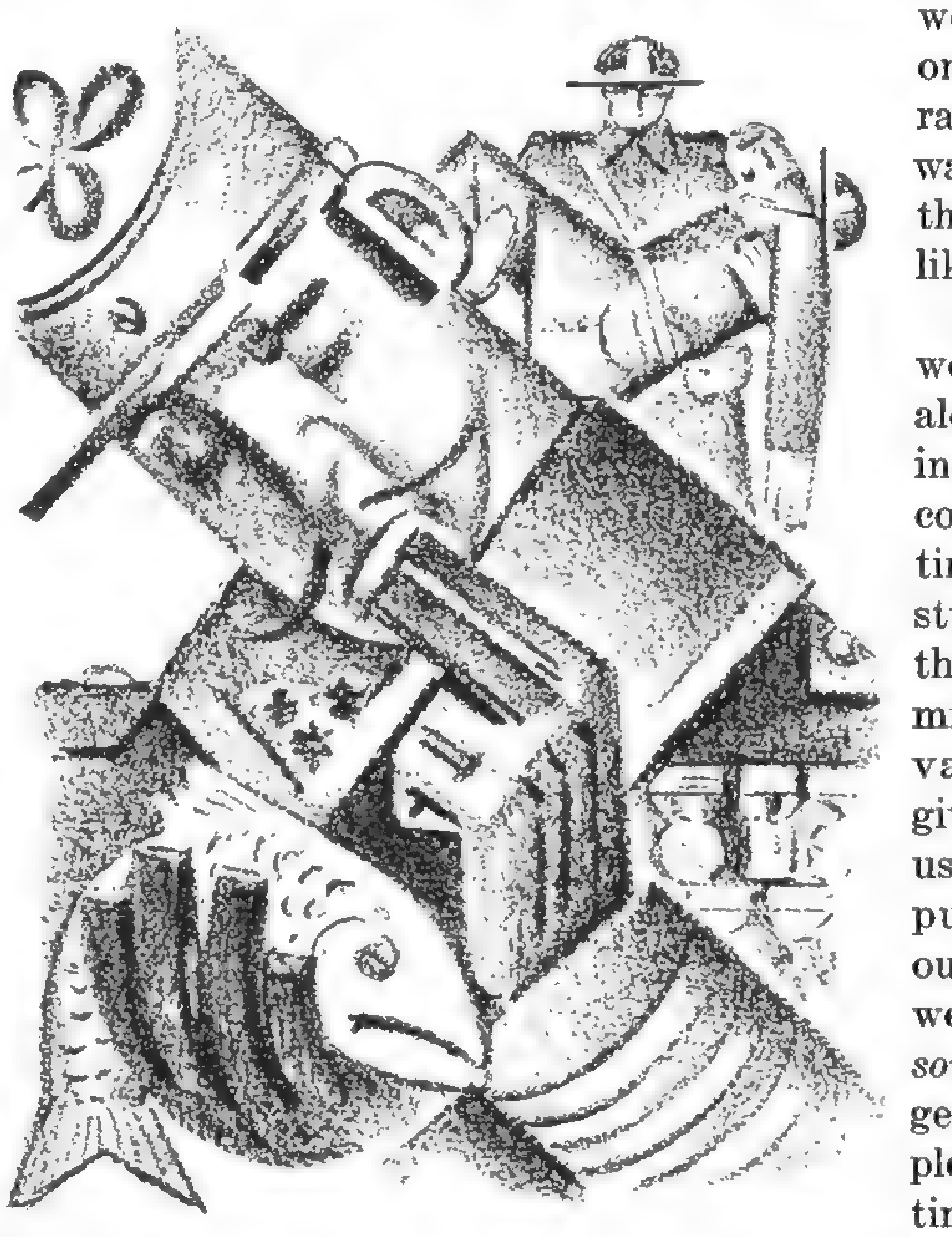
Of a general who compared troop losses to breaking eggs for an omelet, but worried over his pets

by ROLAND DORGELES

A COMRADE had been watching at the entrance of the branch trench leading to the mine.

"Look out!" he warned us "they're coming back."

In an instant, everyone was under cover. Some vanished into the dugouts, others, changed into statues of duty, stared straight out of the loopholes, frowning, and Landry, who had been hunting cooties between two naps, cautiously refastened his great coat.



"Can't even be left alone at home," Lousteau complained. He had been filing a piece of aluminium, taken from a shell, into a ring.

The Staff officers who had gone in procession to visit the mine were returning, with a satisfied air. A tall chap, in light blue uniform, wearing a gold-embroidered armlet, took a certain interest in us as he passed by. He paused to look us over.

"Eh, they look healthy, these lads," he said, granting us the kindliness shown gypsy children trotting behind the family van. "I bet you are well fed?"

"Yes, the grub our folks send us," grumbled some one.

The elegant group left, talking loudly.

"Really very picturesque, that mine. I hope my snaps come out well—"

"When is the attack scheduled?"

"They'll defend themselves well, you know."

"Well, you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

We were the eggs. And as we cared for our shells, such talk did not make us smile.

The mine just visited by these gentlemen was the curiosity, the show place, of the sector. The general was proud of it, and, according to the Engineers who had dug it, it might be deemed a model of its type.

It was high, wide, solidly braced, with a ventilator to renew the air and a pump to drain the water. Fifty yards beyond its entrance, the steps of the Germans could be heard overhead, and that never failed to give visitors a little thrill.

"Are those the Germans, really?" they would ask in a breathless voice. And they would stare at the ceiling in awe, never having been so near the Boches.

People came to the mine as on a pilgrimage, General Headquarters sent, every morning, visitors of very high rank—at times civilians who, among us, appeared to be wearing disguises—and the supply service officers came to take photographs, so that we were left at peace only on days when it rained, or when there was a bombardment—the gentlemen did not like to be spattered.

However, although we had to be on the alert constantly, fearing the arrival of our colonel escorting a distinguished guest, our strategic position at the entrance to the mine had minor advantages. We were given cigarettes to get us to talk—with unpublished details—our last attack, and we received a twenty *sous* pieces, when the gentleman had been pleased. From time to time, we were photographed, in striking attitudes, like heroes ready for anything. Generally, Lousteau was selected for the snaps, because he looked like a trapper, at times Landry was chosen, because he was the dirtiest.

Everybody in the region knew of the mine, its exact location, its length; it was discussed in every cafe for five leagues around, and when we went down to the rear from the trenches, to rest, the peasants politely questioned us concerning it. Probably, the Germans themselves informed the units replacing them about it, when they were relieved and sent to the quiet area.

It had been ready for six weeks, it had been about to be set off ten times, with companies massed for the attack, bags stuffed with grenades; but at the last minute, the time of the ceremony would be postponed, for the general desired to preserve his main attraction, and each regiment wished, without selfishness, that the next bunch would witness the explosion. We had become accustomed to this filing by of curious visitors, but never had we seen as many as during the last three days. The mine, really, never was empty, and as Lousteau so justly said, 'Nothing was missing, except the Boches.'

And they came in their turn.

It was one morning around ten o'clock. Naked in a large tub filled at the source, our new corporal, a sissified young man, was taking a bath, and the men bringing up the meal, shocked by such behavior, insulted him as they tramped by.

"Hide yourself, homely!"

"He's doing it to show off—"

Landry was chuckling nastily, wiping out his mess-kit with an old piece of newspaper.

"He is—when he's hunting his cooties, he doesn't need such a big audience."

Our table was set: an old door resting on four stakes. We had brought back also, from the village, unassorted dishes, knives, spoons and forks of plated metal, and a horrible porcelain pot which we had garnished with mistletoe. Thus we were so splendidly rigged out that the whole company envied us, hinting an underhanded intrigue and shamefully acquired favor as an explanation.

Seated on a crate, head thrown back, I was watching the patches of sunlight in the branches of an oak-tree. It was such a peaceful sector, where patrols went out without risks to run, where our existence seemed a prolonged excursion. A happy smile flowered on my lips, as I listened to the frying of grease in the pan. Lousteau was making fried potatoes in the lid of a mess-kit, and I felt my mouth watering in advance.

"Are you ready?" he called out from his kitchen.

In answer, a dull explosion thudded, not very far away, in the woods. Then a few shots, a few grenades. Before we quite understood, there was the sudden storm of battle, a fierce barrage, the crackling of fusillade—all that at once, like an amunition dump blowing up.

The corporal fled naked, his shoes in one hand. Lousteau emerged from the kitchen, smeared with soot, shouting: "My rifle—where's my rifle?"

Some rushed to the loopholes, others ran aimlessly. Kneeling on the parapet, the sergeant cried out: "Can't see nothing!"

Before us, between the French and German woods, the plain remained empty. But shells were bursting above the trench, and the steel balls fell through the branches like hail; larger shells panted over us, to explode on the second line trenches. Men questioned each other.

"What is it?"

"The Boches are attacking."

"Where?"

"Nobody knows—"

We saw our captain, running toward the noise. Already, a call was passed from squad to squad: "Stretcher-bearers!"

At this moment, we saw emerging from the branch trench, racing, cameras slung

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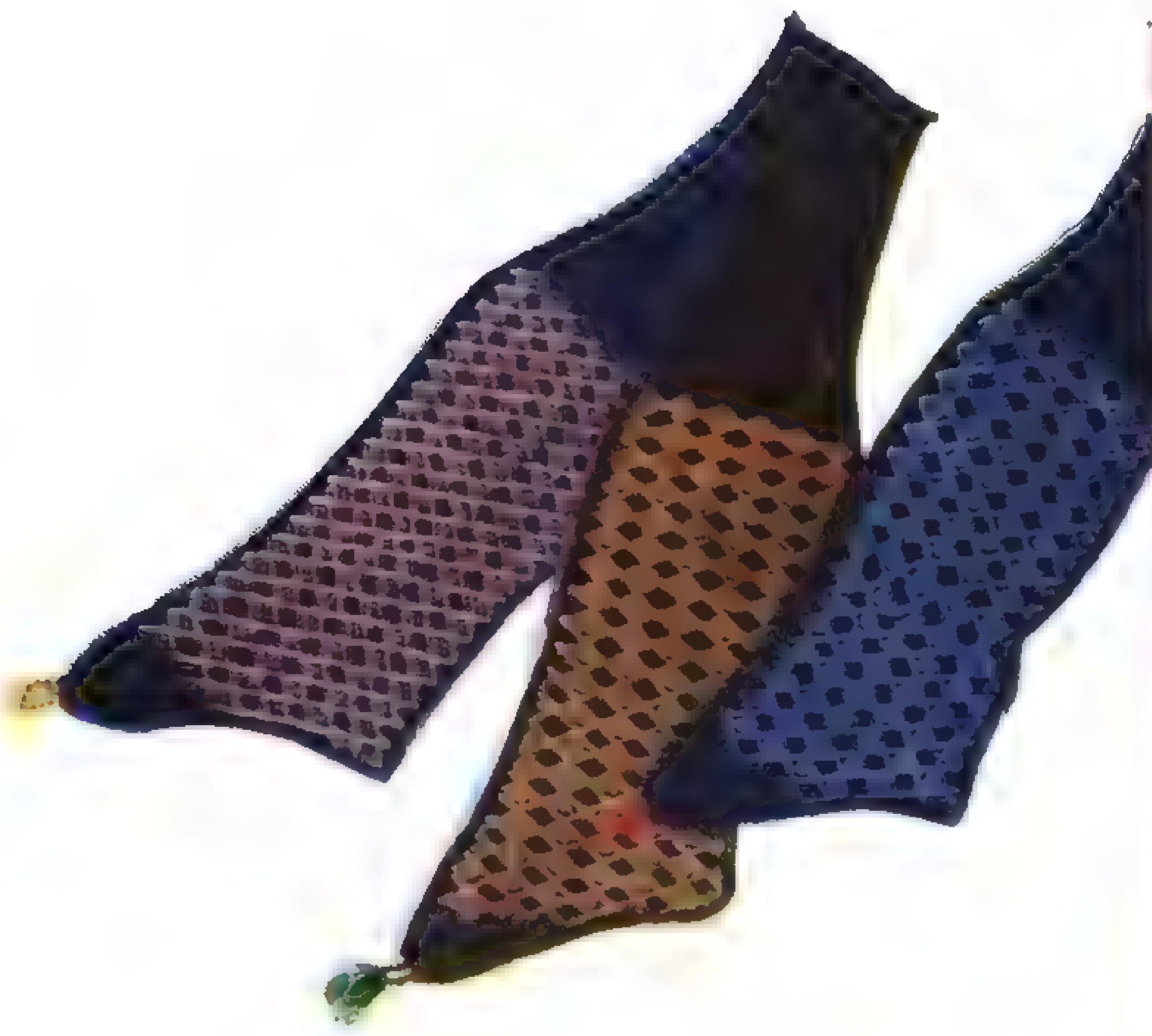
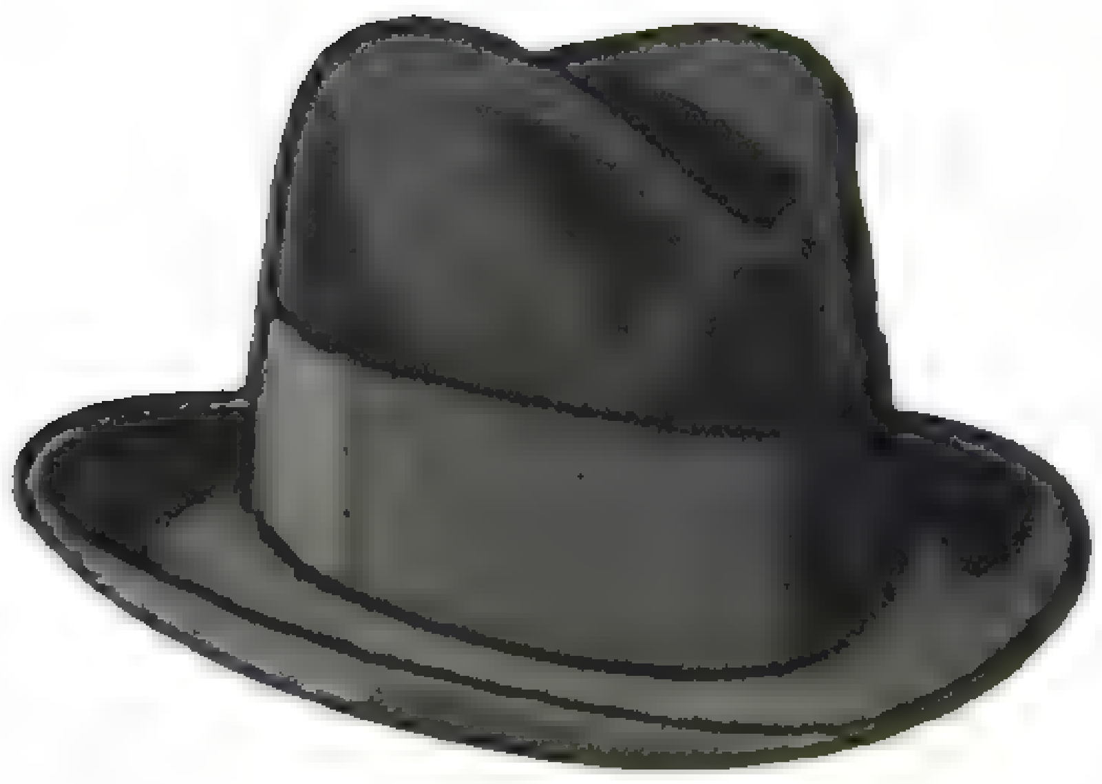
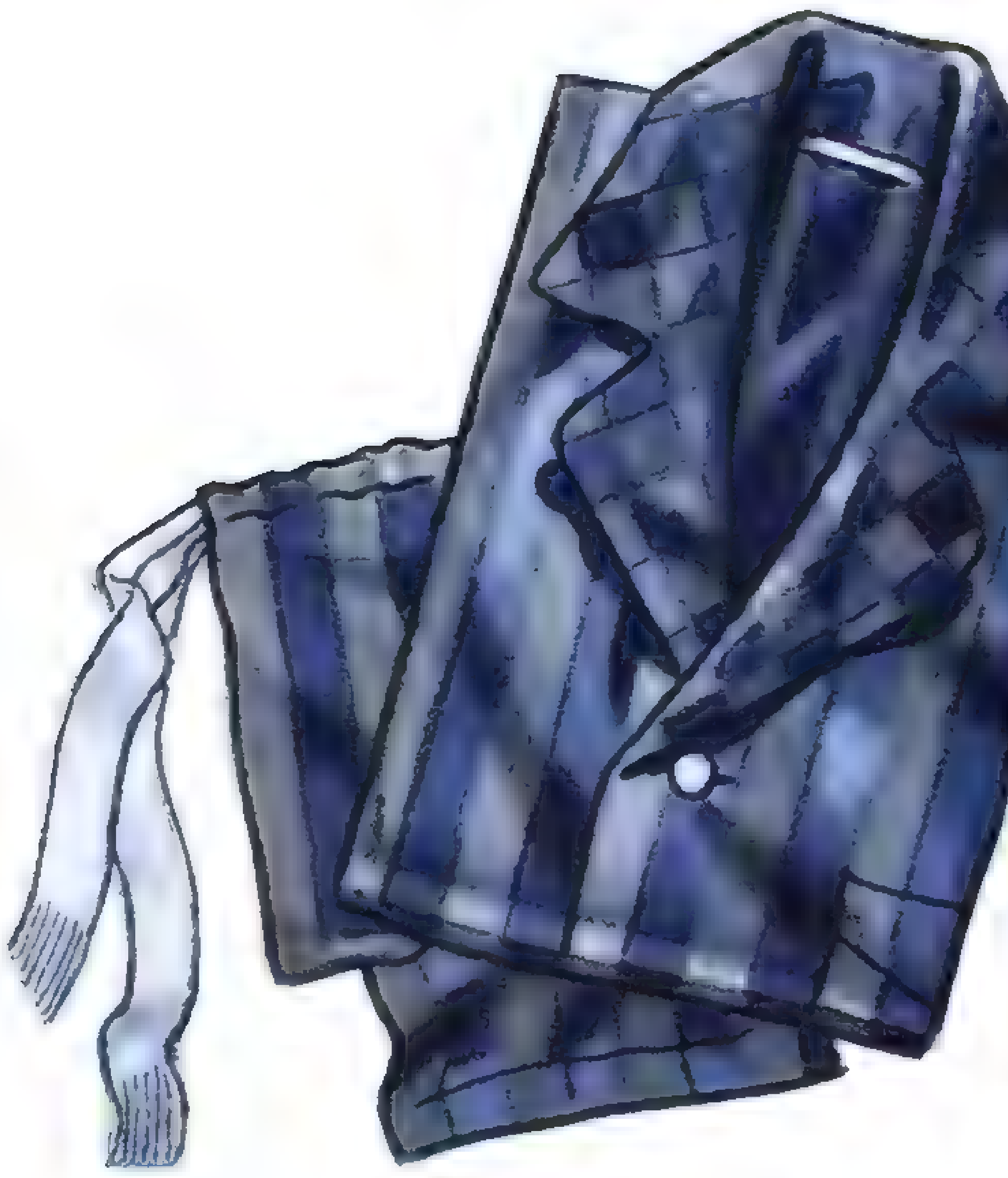
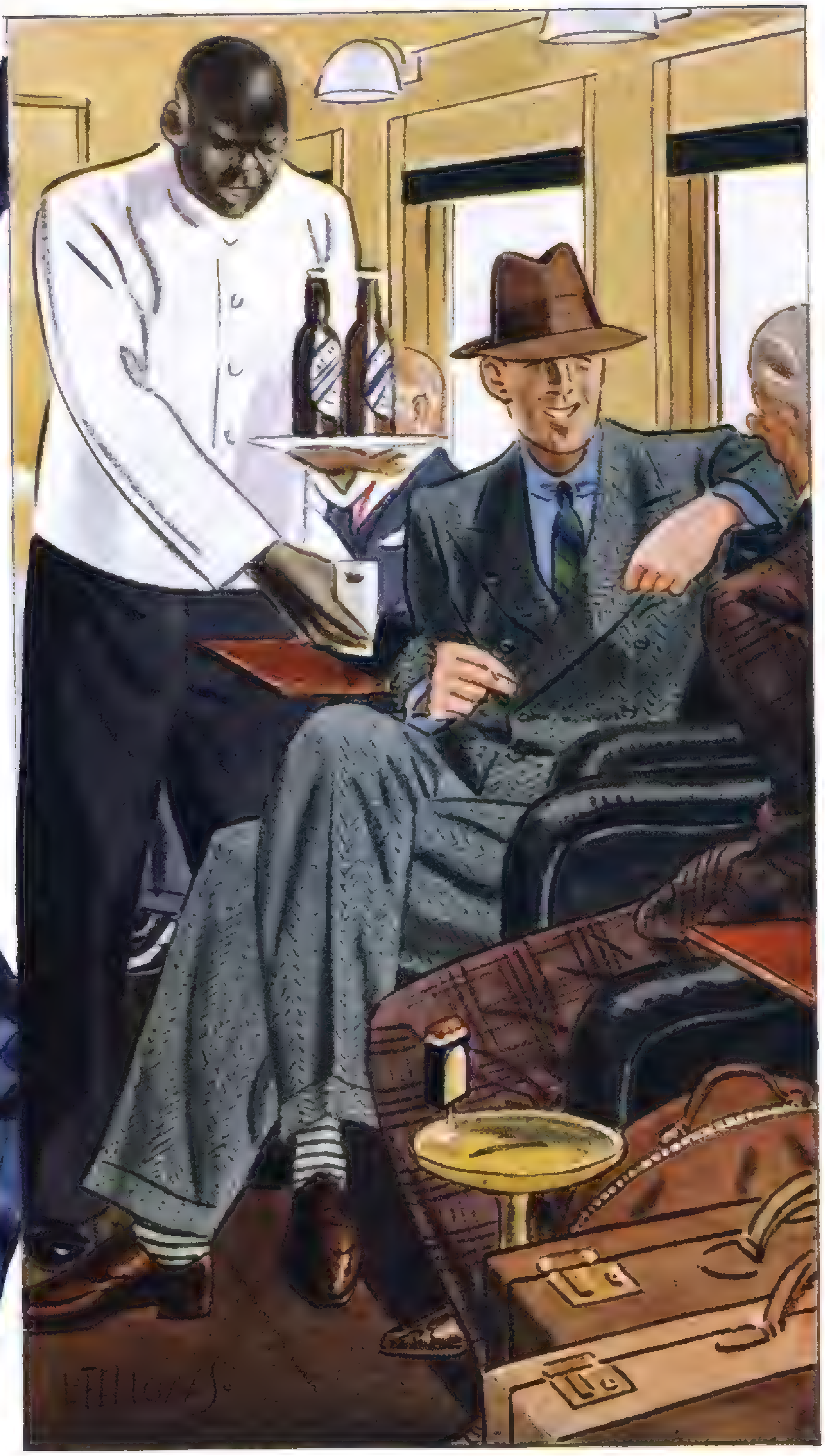


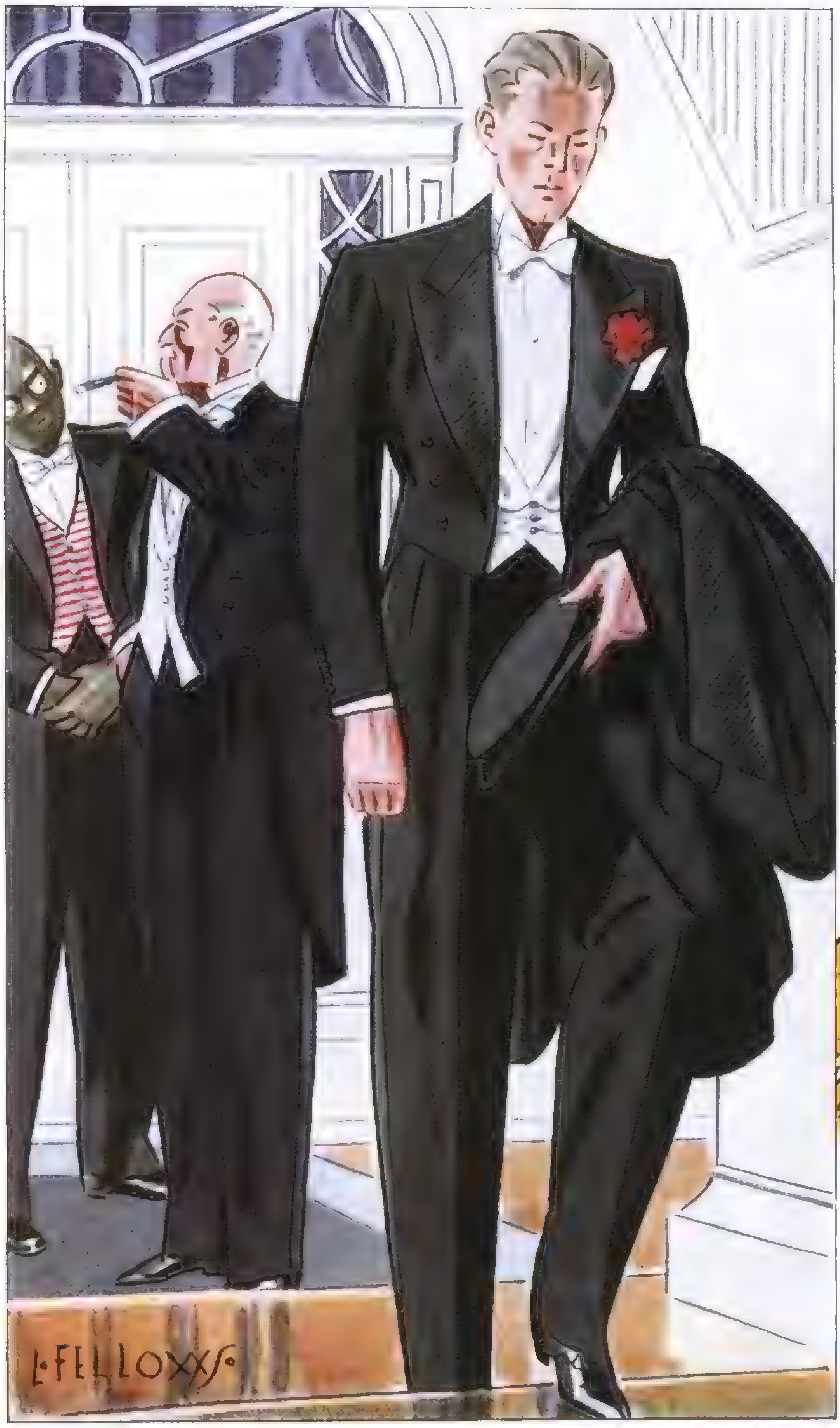


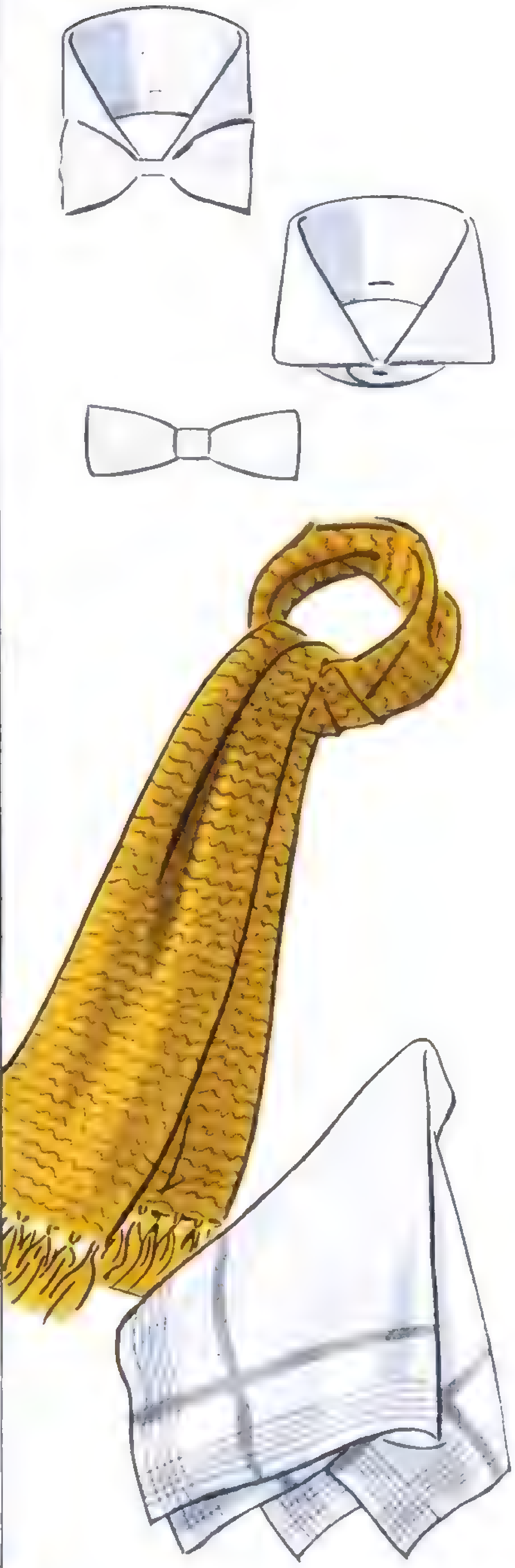




CLUB CAR, COUNTRY CLUB—AND CORNER CIGAR STORE TOO

SKETCHED here is a lounge suit in an easy fitting double breasted model that is well adapted to the rough textures that are the dominant note, at the moment, in men's suitings. What has it got to do with the corner cigar store? Nothing, we simply mention that in protest against the kind of fashion copy that (a) gives clothes such silly names as lounge suits and (b) suggests that you wouldn't dream of lounging anywhere but in a club car or country club—so we included the corner cigar store too, just to keep our fashion consciousness from getting too uppity. In fact, given more space, we might have added that you could wear this outfit to the poolroom, too. In that case, however, we couldn't refrain from adding that it would make you look as if you had better places to spend your time, lounging or otherwise. The point is, clothes like these typify that particular phase of good grooming, fortunately very popular at the moment, which suggests that you don't give a hoot about your appearance, and that you have more important things on your mind. From the tapered crown hat to the reddish brown brogue shoes—and not forgetting the rounded collar on the shirt—everything is in perfect keeping with this suit of herringbone tweed. Note the two alternatives in the method of wearing the hat. This is exactly opposite to the vogue of a few seasons back, when the turned up brim called for an unpinched crown, and the snap brim hat was always worn pinched. No reason for the change, except that, in each instance, the men who set the pace in these matters always veer away from a thing the minute it begins to seem common. The hat, by the way, has a wider brim.





LITTLE TOUCHES ARE BIG THINGS IN EVENING KIT

Men's evening clothes have changed very little, from season to season, but the little changes that have been brought about are very important. You realize this when you compare the attire of the two figures in this sketch. The older man is wearing an outfit which, while perfectly suitable for one of his years, is dated considerably, in comparison with the modish turnout of the younger man in the foreground. The latter figure can be taken as an exemplar for anyone under sixty. (Older men ought, and probably will want to, wear a gardenia or white carnation in place of the clove red carnation which is affected by the younger element, but with this one exception, the outfit in the foreground is both correct and becoming for all men, including those well along in middle age.) The coat lapels are of dull silk. The trousers are full cut and, to give the right effect, ought to hit you just a bit below your lowest rib. The brief waistcoat comes down to the corners of the coat front, and shouldn't miss. If it fails to come down that far, the high waisted effect is over done, and if it comes down below that point, you'll be suspected of having rented the outfit. Don't pay any attention to rotogravure pictures of dukes in evening dress with underslung vests that protrude below the coat front—You've got to be a duke yourself to get away with that, and it's still wrong anyway. These waistcoats are usually backless—that is, with no back save a strap which is drawn in snugly to hold both shirt and waistcoat permanently in place. Oldsters may retain the high silk topper, but the collapsible opera hat in dull grosgrain is preferred by younger men, and is considered smarter.

SUNK WITHOUT TRACE

The fictionized account of a secret agent's real adventures in the Occupied Zone in 1919

by P 173

After a successful attack a certain amount of mopping up had to be done to consolidate the new position and to leave nobody behind you who might prove to be a menace. The same thing was true in the espionage and there the mopping up process was carried to the last extremity.

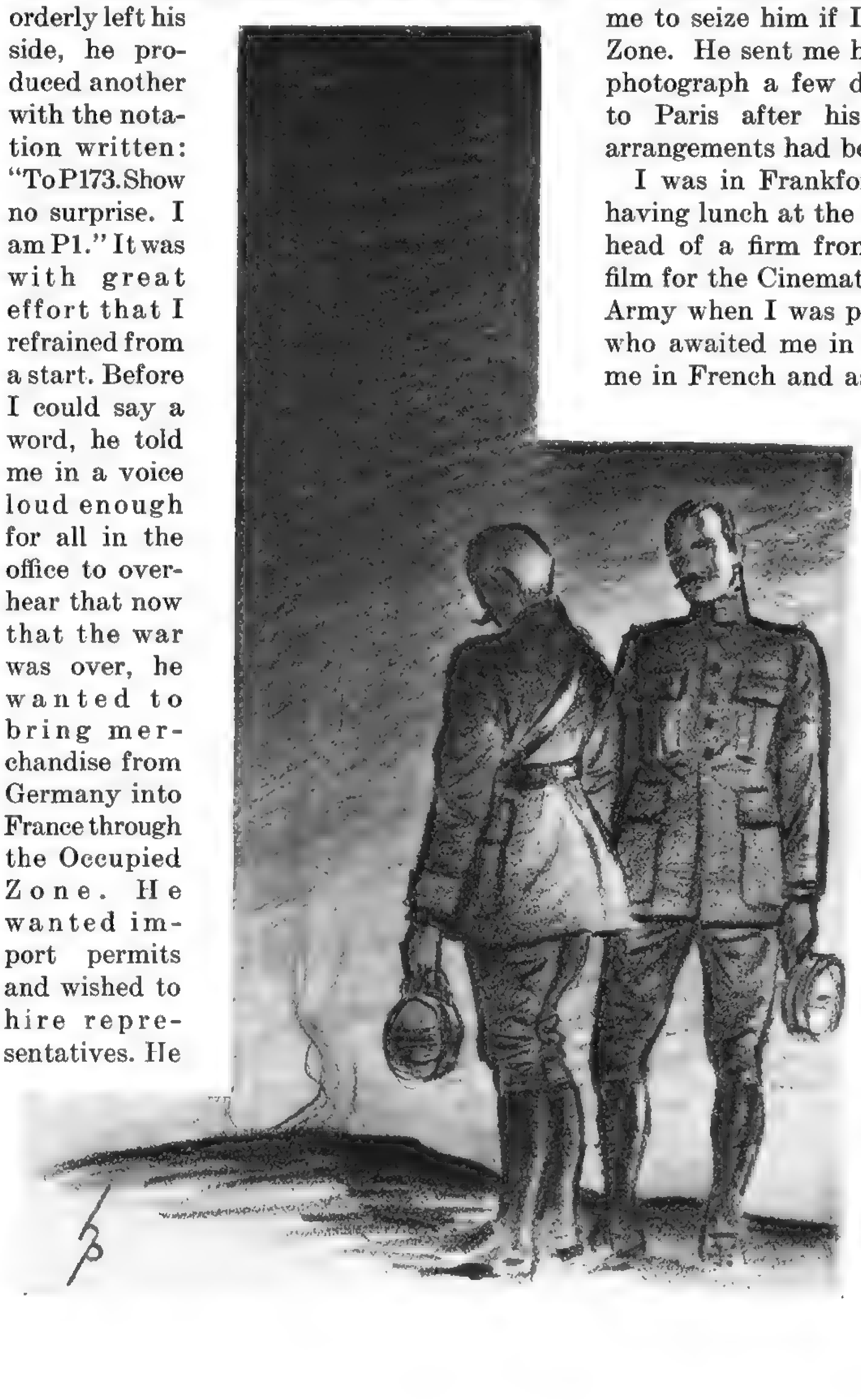
We had used a number of Alsatians in our service and to their credit it must be said that they were practically one hundred per cent loyal. An exceptional case arose occasionally and that had to be dealt with summarily. The case of K. is one in point.

In 1914 at the outbreak of the war, he had escaped across the border into France and had volunteered his services. He had done his military service in Germany as had a great many other Alsatians and Lorrainers who later became loyal French soldiers. Most of these volunteers were enrolled in the Foreign Legion for service in Africa—as a matter of precaution—but numbers of them saw service on the Western Front. K. served in Morocco for two years and was then brought back to France, having given ample proof of his courage and of his loyalty. The suggestion was made to him to enter the espionage which he at first refused but later accepted, presumably lured by the high rate of pay and the expense allowance.

During 1917 he was landed behind the German lines on numerous occasions by our aviators and returned successfully each time, having accomplished his missions to the fullest extent and was twice secretly decorated. However, 1918 seemed to change matters. Two of our fliers did not return but K. succeeded in getting back to us via Switzerland. Several of our agents working on missions with him disappeared but K. seemed to have a charmed life. He always managed to come back to Paris with a whole skin. The information he brought back was always correct but hard luck seemed to overtake anybody who was assigned to act on it.

The last straw was in August, 1918. K. brought back information that a particular sector was being lightly held by the enemy, the reserves having been moved to counter-attack the British farther north. When this news was transmitted to Headquarters, it was acted upon at once. An attack was ordered and an entire trench system was taken without much trouble. It was a short-lived victory as the poor devils who won it were blown to bits as the entire sector had been mined. It was so obviously an ambush that when the details came to our Chief, he began to suspect K. of treachery. He assigned K. to several fake missions to try him out and had him trailed. When the Chief was sure of treachery, K. was in Geneva. The Chief ordered him back to Paris but K. must have smelled a mouse and beat it into Germany. The Chief lost all trace of him. Shortly thereafter the Armistice was signed.

I was serving on the General Staff at Mayence during the Occupation when the Chief walked into my office one day in May, 1919, in the role of a respectable business man. His disguise fooled me completely. An orderly brought me his card, while he waited, hat in hand, outside the railing. When he approached my desk, he said, "I'm afraid I've given you the wrong card," and fumbling in his wallet until the orderly left his side, he produced another with the notation written: "To P173. Show no surprise. I am P1." It was with great effort that I refrained from a start. Before I could say a word, he told me in a voice loud enough for all in the office to overhear that now that the war was over, he wanted to bring merchandise from Germany into France through the Occupied Zone. He wanted import permits and wished to hire representatives. He was establishing an office in the Hollander Hof. Could he have an hour of my time when I was at leisure—that evening perhaps?



During the course of our evening rendezvous, he explained the real purpose of his visit to our area, which was a check up on stocks of munitions and war supplies still held in Germany. This he expected to do through the organisation of an importing concern, dealing chiefly in chemicals, with headquarters at Mayence. He hoped by the liberality of his attitude (the war is over, let's do business, etc.) and the generosity of his dealings to be approached with illicit transactions and thus gain access for his agents to the information he was after. He outlined to me the manner by which, in my official capacity, I should assist him. Incidentally, he told me how valuable K. might have proved to him now, had he not been a traitor. I had never heard of K. before and learned his complete story then. The Chief described him to me and asked me to seize him if I ever found him in the Zone. He sent me his measurements and a photograph a few days later on returning to Paris after his preliminary business arrangements had been made.

I was in Frankfort on the first of June having lunch at the Carlton Hotel with the head of a firm from whom I was buying film for the Cinematographic Section of the Army when I was paged. A young woman who awaited me in the corridor addressed me in French and asked me if I wanted to earn a thousand francs. Attempted bribery was quite customary during those days of flux and transition, so instead of waxing indignant I asked how I was to earn them. She quickly explained that she wanted a pass to enter the Occupied Zone. I told her that it was not necessary to pay me for that simple service, that she need merely make application at the French Mission in the hotel where we were, stating her reasons for wishing to circulate in the zone and submitting two photographs, one for the pass and one for the records. Her reply

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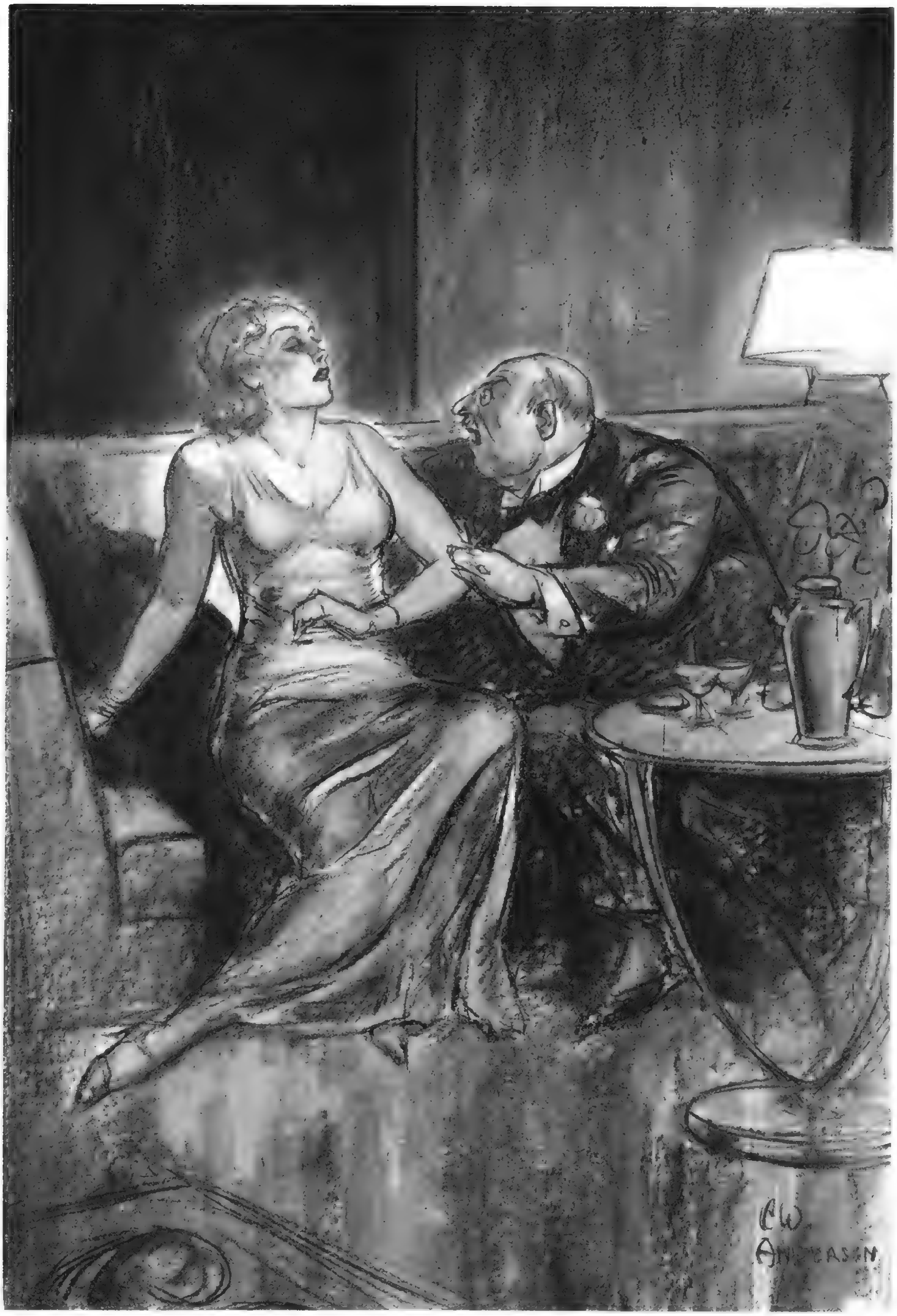

C.W. ANDERSON

"So you think you can play with fire and get away with it?"

THE MULLAH'S MIRACLE

The story, so old that it may seem new, of that indivisible herd that the mullah divided

by ALLEN GLASSER

When Ali Mahomet came to the appointed end of his earthly sojourn and surrendered himself to the soft arms of heavenly houris, the sorrow of his three sons was great indeed. But after all a dead man is a dead man, and no amount of tears will bring him back again. But live camels are live camels—beasts as beautiful and noble as they are valuable. So, while Ali Mahomet's sons lamented his death, they were nevertheless anxious to enter into the possession of his camels.

A herd of seventeen camels had Ali Mahomet left to his three sons, and in his will he directed them to divide the herd as follows: the eldest son was to receive half of the whole herd; the second son, one-third of the herd; and the third son, one-ninth of the herd.

The three young Arabs led the herd of camels into the courtyard and began to count. Here they were, the seventeen camels.

"Now then," the eldest brother said, "how many camels does each of us get?"

They began to calculate and after a while they exchanged agonized glances. The eldest brother looked at the other two and declared:

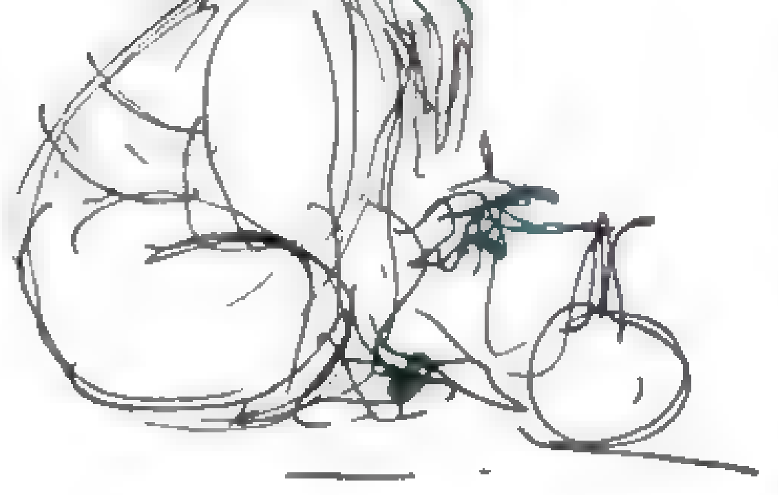
"Unless I've gone plumb crazy, one-half of seventeen makes eight and a half. We can't cut a camel in half."

"That's nothing," said the second brother. "For one-third of seventeen makes five and two-thirds, and it's even more difficult to divide a camel into thirds than into halves."

And the third brother said something that couldn't even be printed, for one-ninth of seventeen made just a mess.

"Oh, well," the eldest brother observed, "half a camel would be no good to anybody. Now my share is eight and a half camels. Suppose you let me have the other half; that is, nine camels. That'll be only fair. Then you can divide the rest between you two."

"Fair? You call that fair?" the other two brothers protested. "Certainly half a camel would be of no use to anybody, but you are getting the biggest share as it is. So take your eight camels and leave the half to us."



"Why should I?" the eldest brother objected. "All I want is to obey our beloved father, and he left me one-half of the whole herd."

The argument grew hotter and hotter, and almost ended in a fist fight. But the eldest brother, mindful of his responsibility as the new head of the family, stopped the dispute.

"It doesn't behoove us to quarrel, brothers," he admonished sternly. "Let's go to Mullah Ibrahim. He is a holy man beloved of Allah. Let's tell him our problem and abide by his decision.

The brothers agreed instantly. For Mullah Ibrahim was a just and holy man indeed, and rumors had it that he possessed the gift of clairvoyance, and had performed several miracles in his life.

To the Mullah they went and told him their trouble.

The Mullah remained for a while in silent contemplation. Finally he smiled and, stroking his beard, said:

"Children, far be it from me to criticize your late sire, but the fact is that it is impossible to divide a herd of seventeen camels as he directed. I am a poor man and I have only one camel, but I'll give my only camel to you, and with eighteen camels you will have no difficulty in following your father's instructions."

At first the young men protested, but the old Mullah insisted that they take his camel.

"What's a camel?" he said. "Of course that camel was of great use to me, but my camel could render me no greater service than to restore peace among my neighbors. So take my camel, and don't worry about me. Allah is just, and in due time He will give me back my camel, if such be His will."

Somewhat ashamed and profoundly grateful, the three young Arabs took the Mullah's camel and went home with it. And now they had no difficulty dividing the herd of eighteen camels according to their father's will.

The eldest brother took half: that is, nine camels. The second brother, who was to get a third of the herd, took six camels. And the youngest took the ninth part, or two camels. The brothers were overjoyed, but ashamed as they were of having accepted the gift of a poor man, each took his camels and led them to his own shed in silence.

Suddenly the eldest brother stopped and exclaimed: "I'll be jiggered!" (Or whatever might be its equivalent in Arabic.)

The other brothers turned their heads at that exclamation and saw to their utter bewilderment Mullah Ibrahim's camel standing in the middle of the courtyard.

"Who forgot to take a camel?" asked the eldest brother.

"I have my two," said the youngest.

"I have my six," said the second brother.

"And I have my nine," said the eldest brother. "So each of us has his camels; and yet, here is Mullah Ibrahim's camel left over."

The brothers began to count. They counted and counted; they read their father's will over and over again. The herd was to be divided into one-half, one-third and one-ninth. One-half of eighteen was nine; one-third of eighteen was six; one-ninth of eighteen was two. There could be no doubt that each had received his rightful share—and yet here was the Mullah's camel left to himself. Clearly a miracle had come to pass!

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THE WATCHER

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He faced only blackness; yet, though his ear had heard nothing, his sense had warned him of something—a step, was it? Or a movement of human lips? Or the unclasping of human hand? He stared into the blackness, listening with all his body; and the repulse that the shop had seemed to give him when he first came to it, was repeated. It was like a presence. But, keenly as he listened, through all his senses, there was no sound; no sound at all. It must have been a little flick of loose wallpaper, or the dropping of a speck of plaster, or the settling of a bundle of the packing straw. The house was, as he had known it would be, empty. It must have been one of those things, or just his own nerves. He turned again to the stove.

But the house was not empty. There was another man in that house who had also thought it was empty, but who was now doubting. He had heard nothing, but he, too, was aware of something and was listening with all his body. He did not move from where he was; he just listened. And Roderick, with his hand on the disused stove, only six yards away from the unseen listener, also listened. They both listened for each other, but while one listened and stood still, the other listened and went on with his work.

Softly the first brick came out, and softly the second. And then the third. Not a sound came to the unseen listener; yet he knew that somebody was there and at work. When the fourth brick was out, Roderick flashed his torch into the cavity and saw his reward. Three flat tin boxes. His other hand entered the cavity, and the boxes went from the cavity to his pocket so softly that they seemed to fly in. A fat envelope completed the hoard, and that, too, flew in. Then, still with soft movements, he replaced the four bricks, and stood up.

It was as he stood up that he had again, and this time more powerfully, the sense of a presence. But he had done his business, and could not now bother about the possibility of there being somebody in the house. He had done his business undisturbed, and he must now bother about getting out. He turned to the door, holding the torch well downward, and then shot back to the stove and lifted the torch.

The torch, shining on to the floor, had shown him a pair of slippers and the lower part of trousers. The torch, lifted, showed him an erect old man standing against one of the crates and steadily gazing at him. He knew then that the man had been there all the *time*; had seen all his actions; had seen the transfer of the hoard; would be able, since he had worked by the light of the torch, to describe him. For two, perhaps three, seconds they stared at each other. Then, as he realized his situation, Roderick's right hand went to his breast pocket, the torch went out, and a life-preserver crashed on to the man's head.

The man went down with a muffled bump. The crate went with him and its fall shook the floor. And at that Roderick lost control of things. The episode—the strain of the burglary itself, the sense of being watched, and then the discovery that he had been watched—had shaken him. He switched on the torch and rained blow after blow upon the body on the floor. He was still striking when he became aware, not merely of presence but of noise. A noise of men in the passage. And then a noise of men at the door. And then a noise of men in the very room.

And then they were on him, and two of them were defeating his struggles, and had him down and helpless.

One of the men said, "My God! It's poor old Gregory." And another said: "Why? Now why kill the poor old chap?" And another said: "Look—he's been at the stove. I wonder what for?" And one of those holding Roderick and running through his pockets, said: "That's what for—see?" And help up the fat envelope.

The first man said: "Yes, but why murder?" And turned to Roderick and repeated: "Why? Why on earth you want to kill a poor, harmless old man? So unnecessary. Why?"

Roderick snarled at him. Then said: "Because he'd seen me, of course. I had to. Or I wouldn't have had a chance. He'd been watching me at it. I had the torch on, and he had a clear view of me. Could have described me and identified me. I *had* to quiet him."

The man gave him an odd glance. "You seem to know where they kept their money. Which is more than I do, though I live next door. But you haven't been here lately, I reckon. Have you?"

"Not for some time."

"Ah! I see. That explains it. If you had, you'd a-known that this poor old chap—their uncle—had come to live with them. And you'd a-known that he's stone blind."

THE BRIDEGROOM

Continued from page 62

jumble of glasses, sweets and fancy confections she was trying to choose something she might nibble. She smiled with a lazy good nature as if she had unexpectedly found pleasure and security and couldn't imagine herself being disturbed. "I suddenly felt hungry," she said. "When everybody else was eating, I was so nervous I could hardly lift a fork."

"I was watching you. Then all at once you started having a good time."

"Everybody seemed to be trying so hard to make me happy. It's so beautiful. Everybody's so generous and sweet to me. They're all marvelous, Arthur."

"I haven't had a single moment with you," he said, and feeling himself reddening, he shook his head, and his hand made that nervous fussy motion to his bald spot.

She was in such a dreamy good humor, she was hardly aware of him being there beside her, and she moistened her full lips, sighed two or three times with satisfaction and again gave him a warm friendly smile. But he said, "One moment, Dorothy. I've a silly question, but it just occurred to me. Why did we ask Macgregor here?"

"Arthur," she said quickly. "I distinctly remember telling you not to invite him, but you insisted on it. You said it would be a generous gesture. So you invited him yourself."

"I probably didn't think he'd come," he said almost to himself.

"Why are you talking about him now?" she asked irritably.

"I was just talking to him. He's drunk. I oughtn't to say this now, but I can't help it. It's on my mind. Tell me, darling, why did you decide so suddenly to marry me?"

"It wasn't sudden," she said like a reasonable, practical woman. "You know you had been coaxing me for years when I'd listen to you."

"I know. That's true." Henderson felt his face reddening shamefully, but he said, "I know I was always satisfied just to see you from time to time. I knew I was older and I guess I just went on hoping. But what made you change your mind. I gathered . . . do you see . . . well, there was nothing else that could be gathered. You wanted to get married. Were you frightened? Did you think it would be better to get married?"

"I did not," she said fiercely. "What are you saying, Arthur? Shame on you."

"I know. But I had never thought of it till now. Till this moment."

"Such a thing to talk about," she snapped.

"Forgive me, but please answer me."

She tried to look at him brazenly. "I don't know what Macgregor said to you. He's such a beast when he starts drinking anything," she added lamely. Her bold assertiveness weakened before his simple sincerity. Her fingers began to drum on the kitchen table. "What did he say to you? You have to tell me. What did he say to you? Why should you believe anything he says? He lies, he lies about everything, Arthur, I must know what he said," she whispered jerkily. But he was looking at her with such patient earnestness she couldn't conceal her growing feeling of shame. In the other room a male quartet began to harmonize.

"Why didn't Macgregor go through with it?" he asked mildly.

"Go through with what?"

"Why didn't he marry you?"

"He didn't seem to want to get married," she muttered, looking at him with her lips still moving awkwardly.

But he felt so wretched, he couldn't answer.

She kept on shaking her head from side to side, and at first she had only pity for herself. But when she looked up at him and saw how deeply hurt he had been by his loss of faith in her, she held her breath, as though full of wonder. "I always admired you, I always knew what a fine man you were," she began to say, and then, suddenly, her compassion was all for him. Tears came on her cheeks as she put out her hands timidly and drew his head toward her breast. "Forgive me," she pleaded, "if only you'd forgive me."

As she touched his head he felt this warmth of love in her that he had never known before. Her humility seemed to be giving him his first real conquest of her, and the unexpected joy coming from his willingness to forgive, bewildered him. "It must have been terrible for you poor darling," he said.

"It's nothing. It was nothing. It can't mean anything at all," she said.

They were sitting there, clumsily trying to comfort each other, and groping with words that were slow and strange to them. But then the door was pushed open and the whole party came crowding into the kitchen. Someone shouted, "There they are. Good Lord, look at them. Look at the turtle doves hiding by themselves." Everybody gathered around the bride and groom and shouted and laughed at them for looking so shy.

WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNY

Continued from page 60

we paused.

Then up the ladders to the forecastle-head we went to secure the awning spars and the wire reels that had been carried away by the weight of the water hurled upon them. There came a lull in the wind, a halt in the wild capering of the vessel. The work was almost accomplished when a weird whining was heard high up beneath the driving scud as if the heavens were being torn apart like a piece of dry linen.

"Hold on for your lives!" the chief mate yelled. There also came to me, against the shriek of the wind, the warning cry of the captain from the bridge.

I fell flat on my belly on the forecastle-head, my arms clasped around the mooring bitts. Not a moment too soon! From the corner of my eye I could see the sailormen clinging to the stays, to the windlass, to the bitts like myself, then high above me, rising until the sky, hung low with storm-dirt, was completely obscured, there towered a fearsome mass of hurtling water. It fell upon me as the sluggish bow sank into the trough. I held my breath, held on tightly to the bitts, and waited.

In a few seconds the water had cleared away. As I review those seconds I don't think that I was afraid as the water, in its maddening race, strove to tear me from my hold and hurl me to destruction in the seething foam to leeward. I was too young to know fear as I know it now. I do know that the sea-sickness passed from me at that instant and that I ate a hearty breakfast which, to a boy, was compensation enough for any agony of mind that was suffered. But that is incidental to my story . . .

When the "Norman Monarch" cleared herself of the dangerous water "all hands" were mustered in the lee of the forecastle-head. No one had been hurt although it seemed as if someone surely would have been carried away by the mad assault of the brutal wave. As the sailormen struggled aft to the bridge-deck the "old man" leaned over the weather-cloth and cupped his hands around his mouth.

"Muster below!" he shouted.

It was rum, good old Jamaica, and not lime-juice that was now issued to the sailormen. They laughed, jostled each other, and cared not a hoot for the sodden clothes which hung upon their backs. If it was water and not sea-songs that could soften the heart of the "old man" let the storm gods do their worst just so long as there remained a drop o' grog in the bottom of the keg!

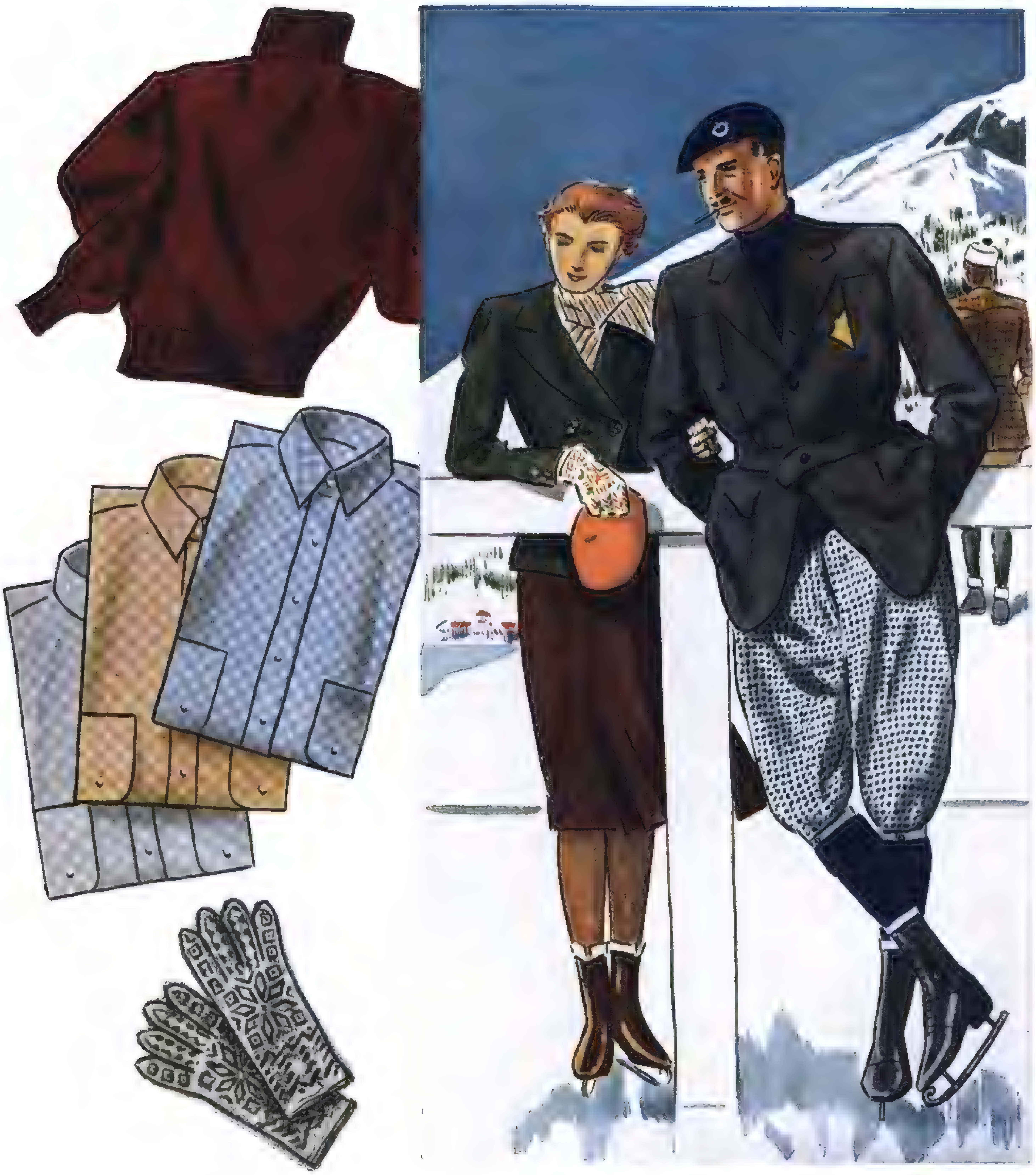
"Merry Christmas, men," the captain said.

"Merry Christmas, sir! Merry Christmas!" shouted the sailormen. And they smacked their lips, and winked their eyes.

The captain laughed, expanded graciously, and made his name renowned upon the seven seas by issuing a second tot o' rum at supper-time to "all hands."

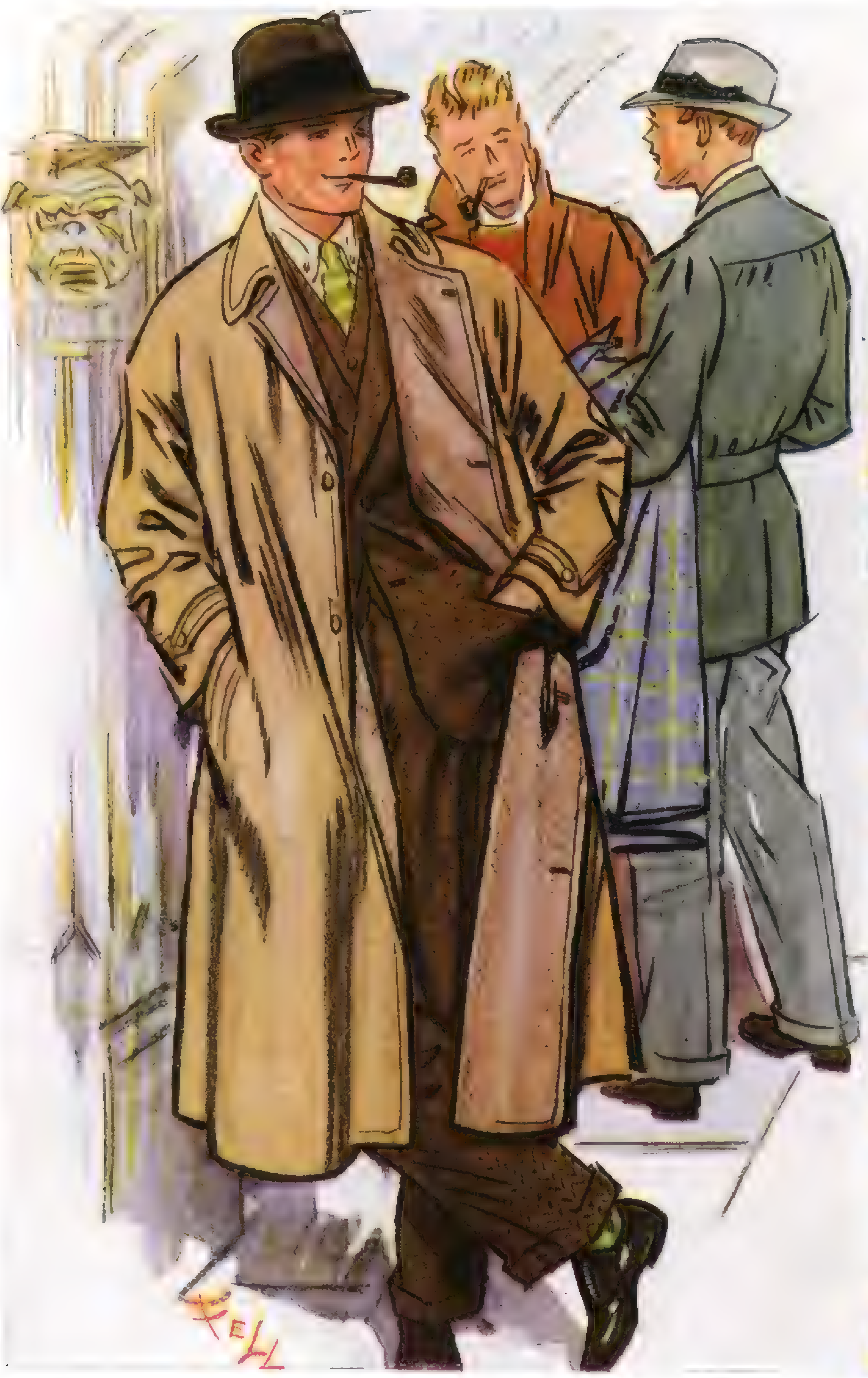
That evening, in the second dog-watch, four cadets lounged in the half-deck, for the sea had fallen calm. The third mate joined us and, in chorus we sang old songs of the homeland, and when the light was doused a stray tear or two fell on restless pillows . . . the gap, from childhood to manhood, is bridged at sea but by a single step. There had been no presents, no cheerful greetings.

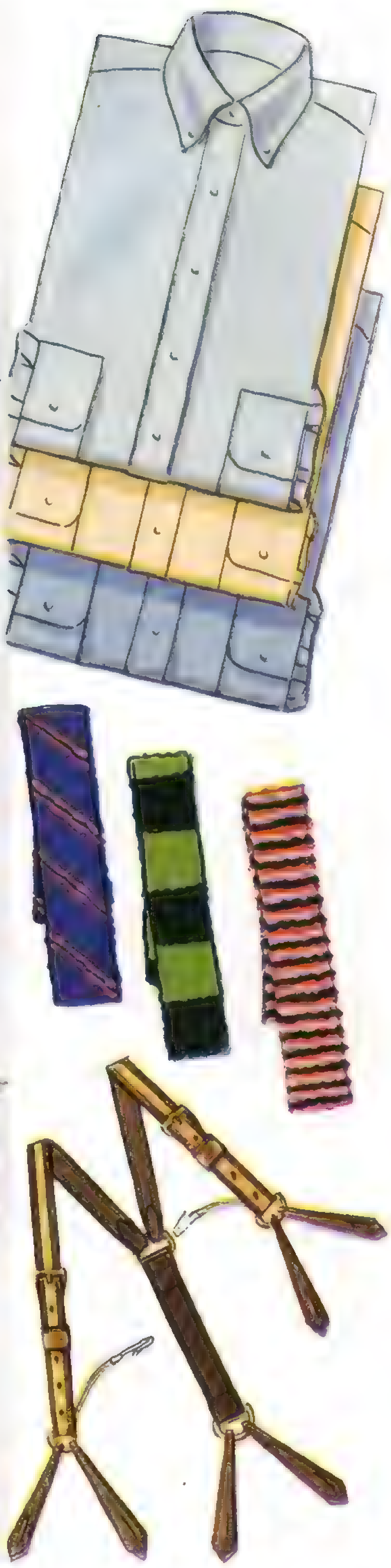
My first Christmas upon the sea was done.



SMART AND WARM OUTFIT FOR THE ALL-YEAR SPORTS

Your skating may need more than a swank outfit to give it that last touch of professional dexterity, but at least you'll look great as long as you lean against the rail. A jacket of semi-Norfolk cut, in heavy gray tweed, combines the advantage of being ideal for winter sports with the added grace that it is by no means useless for everything else. Some times, however, men who spend a great deal of time in the open, and find it impossible to keep warm enough with a sweater, or even a series of sweaters, under a coat like this, have it made up with a heavy lining and the addition, both decorative and practical, of a short fur collar. For all around use, the knicker breeches with the four inch box cloth cuff are very practical. Knickers have not yet completely recovered from the black eye they received when two oddities, the white linen knicker that made a man look as if he had forgotten something, and the plus four, which became too ridiculous when it was exaggerated into the plus six and plus eight, cast discredit on all knickers, as such. But they have begun to stage a pretty impressive comeback, even on golf courses on which everybody, including the caddies, have long disdained them. But they aren't under any circumstances, the baggy kind of knicker. They show a closer relationship, in fact, to breeches than to knickers. Long wool hose are called for, of course, and they should be accompanied by heavy anklet socks of a length to suit the boots or shoes worn. The turtle neck sweater has a lot to recommend it, in that it makes it impossible for people to amuse themselves by counting the number of layers of clothing that you are wearing under it. Note the peasant gloves.





ON EVERY CAMPUS

JOE COLLEGE GOES NONCHALANT AGAIN

College fashions, like all others, swing in pretty well defined cycles. There was a trend, for a few seasons, toward constantly increasing formality in undergraduate dress, which reached a point at which young men from Princeton and New Haven, cutting classes for a day in New York, were indistinguishable, except for their shinier faces, from young Wall Street. But now the pendulum has begun to swing the other way, and university clothes, at least for on campus wear, betray a studied carelessness. The campus leaders have swung completely away from the favorite worsteds of past seasons and have gone in for rough cloths exclusively. From Princeton to California, the better dressed undergraduates are wearing shetlands, Harris tweeds, cashmeres and cheviot suitings. In fact, except for formal clothes, those are virtually the only fabrics you see. This outfit, with its rough textured suit, buttoned down collared shirt and crocheted tie, is almost a campus uniform. The reversible topcoat of tweed and gabardine, which swept the country after its introduction at Princeton almost two years ago, is another established favorite. College men, always ingenious in problems of economics, outside the classroom, have resorted to an odd trick in the matter of headgear—the combining of a brown hat and a black hat band. The obvious reason, if a reason need be sought, is that undergrads won't wear anything but a brown hat, regardless of the grays and blues that may be present in their clothes, so this quirk is intended, doubtless, to serve as the harmonizing note. The new hats, by the way, have a lower crown and a slightly wider brim. The exact proportions are shown in the hat at the left.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

Continued from page 56

seem strange to you, but more than half our crew were praying. Sailors did quite a bit of praying in those days. The world was not as well known as it is today, and the sea was less known, and God seemed nearer—or, at least, more necessary . . ."

Captain Prideau paused. The fog horn on the forecastle made its melancholy moan. The water alongside seemed to be trying to answer it, or perhaps telling the Kenyon of the haven under the hill where tired ships could find rest.

"Yes," continued Prideau, "praying was not so much out of date then. But our Skipper was not the praying sort—that is, he would not admit it.

"'Hell,' he says, 'you're like a lot of old women, what with your ghosts and the like. That hailing was some fisherman in a dory trying to find his schooner. He wasn't hailing us at all. He was trying to find his own ship, and now he's rowed away to her.'

"'Ship ahoy.'

"Came that dying voice again.

"'Sir', said the boatswain—him that had told me about fogs—his voice trembling. 'Sir, that voice may be human, even if our crew is scared. Shall I get a boat over, and find out?'

"'Go forrard,' answers our Old Man, 'and don't bother me . . .'

"'Ship ahoy,' came the voice again, and this time it was a wail. Our men shivered, but the skipper remained in possession of himself. Mind you we were flat becalmed, without steerage way.

"'Stop your hollering and come alongside, if you want to,' shouts our Old Man. 'What ails you?'

"'What ship is that?' came the voice.

"Our Old Man laughed.

"'There, you scared fools,' he said. 'That proves it's human. Ghosts don't answer back.'

"I have wondered ever since where he learned so much about ghosts!

"He shouted back, 'This is the brig Welcome of London. But what in hell do you want to know for? I am Captain Thomas. Now, shut up or come alongside!'

"The voice answered:

"'I am coming, Captain Thomas.'

"There came the sounds of oars rowing. Weakly, like. Tired.

"Then our Old Man had to have another laugh on us.

"'That's a damned well trained ghost," he said. 'Now go to your duties. If I have any more of your nonsense I'll log the whole crew—and fine you. Throw a side ladder over the rail, and stand by to take that boat's painter . . .'

"The sound of oars, in rowlocks, came nearer. But it did not sound regular. It sounded like a very weary person who had rowed a long way. Splashing of the blades, you know, and breath panting. But so thick was the fog that you could see nothing.

"'Get men over the rail to help that fellow,' shouts our Old Man, who was not tough under the skin. "He's all in. Hurry now, boatswain. Get him aboard.'

"The boatswain and four good men stood ready. They got the ladder over and climbed down the ship's side.

"'Throw us your painter,' shouts the boatswain.

"'I'm too tired,' came a feeble voice in reply.

"'Over the rail, you fellows. Swim, if you have to,' shouts our skipper. Now all sympathy he was. 'Get that poor man up the ship's side.'

"Men jumped to obey. They did when Thomas told them! Half the crew was over the rail. But it was the bos'n who got into the boat first.

"'My God,' he cried, 'it's a girl!'

"'A girl?' shouts our skipper.

"'Yes, sir,' comes back the bos'n, 'and she's fainted.'

"'May the good Lord look sideways . . . ' Our Old Man began. Then he shouted, 'Lift that girl aboard. There's enough of ye. You don't need a gantline.'

"Mister," said Captain Prideau, "that remark about the gantline shows you how rattled he was, of course. Imagine him talking about a gantline to get a girl out of a boat, with our low freeboard. But you, being a sailor man, can understand. Just face the thing yourself. How would you feel if, out of this fog, a fainting girl came alongside in a small boat?"

The second mate wondered. Then he ventured.

"It might depend upon the girl, sir."

Prideau laughed.

"Boys will be boys," he said, "but you would not have been disappointed about that lady. She was a beauty. Talk about Grace Darling, Nancy Lee and those other celebrities—they weren't in it. I was a lot younger than I am today—about fifty years, or more, younger—and when we lifted that girl out of the boat and carried her aft to the cabin—well, mister, with the carpenter holding that lantern and I could see her face—well, I lost what heart was left to me, and I had been losing bits of it since quite young!

"Well, where had this lovely girl come from? What was she doing out alone in a boat in the English Channel at night, in a fog as thick as a hedge, in the dead of winter? That was what all hands were debating. Talk about arguments. Meanwhile the Old Man had dug something out of the medicine chest, and the girl had come to. Then the steward gave her a cup of tea. She was so tired she could only just smile her thanks. Then she went to sleep in the spare room.

"Mind you, mister, her boat was as empty as a sailor's pocket the day after pay day. Not a clue in it. And there we were. That lovely girl asleep in the spare room. And our tough old captain, gentle as a woman, telling us to keep quiet, lest we waken her.

"Well, we got a bit of a breeze—just steerage way—and headed our course. East a half north. We didn't steer to degrees in those days like the fancy sailors do now.

'"The Coastguards were after me!'

"This did the steward hear. The girl talking in her sleep. And he ran to the Old Man, telling him.

"'A smuggler,' says the Old Man. 'Why, steward, that's silly. How could she be? There was nothing in the boat. No! She's just worn out, poor kid, and having a nightmare."

"So we carried on. The breeze was clearing the fog. Then, and even the man at the wheel could hear her, the girl started crying. It stirred all hands, until they were near crying, too.

"'What in hell are we going to do, steward?' asks the Old Man. He would never have asked advice about anything—but that lovely girl crying in the spare room got him.

"'I carnt say, sir,' says the steward. 'It ain't nice to henter a lyday's room, and 'er in bed.' He was, as you see, mister, a Cockney. 'But you're captain and doctor, and all. She must be taken care of.'

"So, the Captain, with the steward in support, knocks on the door of the spare room, in which the girl was crying."

Captain Prideau stopped his yarn. Close on the port bow was the boom of a steamer's siren.

"Keep that fog-horn going forward," he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

And the melancholy wail of that fog-horn shouted through the night, more rapidly than ordered by the Rules of the Road.

"I wish to the Lord they had never invented steamers," growled Captain Prideau. "Nuisances!"

But the steamer shunted off through the night, and a fog bank into which the Kenyon had headed. There came that relief of the captain and his officer, which only an old time sailor knows—they could forget for the moment the strain, feel comfortable, could forget the harrowing of the sea by screw propellors, and the danger of those *nautical instruments* that race through the night.

"Yes, mister," went on Captain Prideau, "steamers are a crime against decent seamanship. I am glad I was born so long ago. To see the ocean bothered by steamers is like seeing decent women dressed in tights. Mid-Victorian I may be, but I am not ashamed of it. Well, as I was telling you, now that we are clear of that engine room, there was the girl crying in the cabin. And our hard case skipper afraid he might do wrong if he opened the door, and the Cockney steward backing him up! All hands were standing under the break of the poop. Old, tough sailors so affected by that girl's crying they were knuckling their eyes. We were changing watches, and of course all hands were on deck. And the Old Man and the steward like, as you might say, a forlorn hope facing a charge, knocking on that cabin door! Did ever a sailor see such a thing? And a crowd of hairy chested men standing there—damn near blubbering in sympathy. The world has turned a lot since then."

The dripping sails of the Kenyon lifted to a bit of wind. She began to move through it. The fog began to spread in patches. No longer was the Kenyon quite a blind thing. The man on the lookout could see—"Light on the starboard bow, sir," he shouted.

"I see it," shouted Captain Prideau . . .

The vessel came close. A small sailing ship.

"Good Lord," Captain Prideau gasped. "Just like it did that night—and me telling you about it!"

"Sir?" asked the astounded second mate.

"Just like that," went on the captain. "Like a ghost dodging the fog . . . "

He was strangely moved. The other ship went by . . .

"On that night I was telling you about—when that lovely girl came alongside.... Just about in this position, in the Channel. And she crying in the cabin, and the Old Man and the steward not knowing what to do. Well, mister, with the fog breaking and us heading our course, a ship came streaking, like that one did a minute ago. But she did not go by. A large lugger, she was, and she sailed like a witch. She went about. The wind was increasing—giving us about five knots. That lugger went about, and came to the windward of us like a yacht. Then a man hailed.

"'Ship ahoy?'

"The Old Man stopped knocking on the cabin door and came running on deck.

"'What in hell's the matter with the world tonight?' he shouted, while all hands crowded the rail. 'I've come up Channel fifty times and never been hailed before. Does that fellow want to sell fish?'

"'That's no fish boat, sir,' said the mate. 'She's as trim as a sloop of war.'

"'Ship ahoy,' hails the other ship, keeping her luff so as not to get ahead of us.

"'Ahoy yourself,' retorts our Old Man. 'What do you want. And don't crowd too close on me.'

"The man on the lugger had a voice like a horn. He shouted. 'I've cruised about for hours. I have a gun on the forecastle. I would hold up the English Navy, the way I feel. Don't ye dare tell me not to crowd you.'

"Our skipper laughed. He would have laughed at the gate of hell.

"'Are you a floating lunatic asylum?' he shouted back. 'If so, don't let me interrupt your desires. If you want to hold up the English Navy—go ahead! But you'd better steer for Plymouth Sound or Portsmouth. I am not the English Navy!'

"'Let's talk sense,' comes the man with the big voice. 'Maybe I lost my head.'

"'Sounds that way,' shouts back our skipper.

"Our men on the rail laughed hard at that, but the big voice came back in no laughing way.

"'I could blow holes in your old brig and sink you, and nobody would be any the wiser.'

"Which, if he had that cannon, would not have been a difficult matter.

"'Well,' growled our Old Man, 'what in hell do you want?'

"'I want my daughter,' shouts the man. 'Sorry, captain, to sound mean, but if you'd lost your daughter you'd hold up every ship in the English Channel. I have come alongside ten ships tonight, and I'm half crazy. Have you seen anything of a girl in an open boat?'

"Our crew gasped. Then our Old Man shouts, "'She's in the cabin now, crying for you—but unhurt.'

"'Thank God,' shouts the other man. 'Would you mind heaving to, so I can come alongside you in a boat?'

"Our skipper don't answer direct. He did not have to. The man on the lugger understood when our Old Man shouted to the mate:

"'Back the main yard.'

"So, we hove the brig to. The water gurgled alongside, like it does. We heard the lugger getting a boat over. Then the boat coming our way.

"'Throw over the side ladder again, mister,' said our captain to the mate. His voice was quiet. Like a parson in church.

"And the boat came alongside.

"The man climbed up the side ladder. He might have been Sir Francis Drake. He had that air about him. Mister, do you know that, in the time I speak of, there were Gentlemen Adventurers in this old English Channel. Men of the stamp of Drake. Afraid of nothing. Lord, to think of it. Drake went through Magellan Strait, and took so many Spanish ships that his crew got satiated with loot. First Englishman to circumnavigate the world. He had such a reputation that when the Armada came along, and he laid alongside an admiral's ship, five times his size, that Spanish admiral surrendered without a blow being struck.

Continued on page 112

Little Augie and the Davis Cup

Continued from page 46

hesitated a moment, and then, leaning forward, whispered confidentially:

"You are our good friend, are you not, monsieur?" Bondidier nodded vigorously.

"Then I can speak freely," Frank continued, and pointed at the envelope. "These two men are *not* les messieurs Davis. They are the talk of the entire tennis underworld. *They are, monsieur, the true Men of Mystery!* Everywhere, on every tongue, one meets this question: 'Who are they and where do they practice?'"

Bondidier's eyes were black beads of excitement, for he thrived upon gossip of any sort, and mystery was his special dish.

"Don't ask me who they are," Frank warned him with upraised finger. "I only know their names and that they are really red Indians from the Arizona desert, trained in secret by 'le Beeg Bill' himself, and that they are the secret stars of the American team."

Little Augie's mouth was now a funnel of astonishment upon which his twig of moustache teetered nervously.

"Les Indiens *rouge!*" he whispered in horror.

"Red as radishes!" I chimed in, plunging headforemost into the crime. "I have seen them myself, August, once when I drove out from New York to Arizona for the week-end. *Caphars!* What speed! What ferocity! What craftiness! If it were really these two . . ." I shrugged and smiled wanly.

Bondidier was fairly bouncing in his chair. He set his glass upon the iron table with a bang, so that he might have both hands free. "But this is terrible! It is *incredible!*" he cried. "The journals the authorities, the Pistolet, do they not know this thing? Are they then deaf and blind?"

Beals flicked a speck of dust from his blazer and smiled indulgently. "Ah, *there* you have it. They do not know, those worthies. If they did, then it would be no secret. It will be one rare treat, Monsieur Bondidier, to watch their faces when *Sock-in-the-Wash* and *Lob-in-the-Alley* run out on the courts, screaming their Navajo war-cry. That is something we will not want to miss, eh?"

This was pure, unadulterated torture, and my toes curled in their sneakers for *Little Augie.* His fingers drummed a swift tattoo upon the chair-arms and in his eyes was the look which Saint Joan must have worn before Orleans, and Papa Joffre at the Marne.

"Rouge . . . Messieurs Soak-eny-Warsh et Lowb-eny-Yallee . . ." he repeated, as if memorizing the words. He jumped up, bowed to us both, murmured his *plaisirs* and hurried off to the dressing-room.

I pretended to be looking for my coat until Bondidier was well out of sight, and when I straightened up there was Beals chuckling into his glass with a most unholy glee.

"Look here, Frank," I said seriously. "You can't go through with it. The fellow's ready for the Sante now!"

"Sure I can. Why not?" he replied. "Say, I even know where I can dig up two Injuns—Slew-foot and Sam! Though how I can spring 'em on him is something you'll have to figure out. Son, this is going to be *rich,* colossal! Come on, grab your racket."

"They ought to slap you into jail for this," I grinned.

"We've certainly started something," he admitted generously. "And speaking of jails, if your *Little Augie* doesn't have the whole Surete on the trail by midnight I'll stand you my lone bottle of '12 Verzenay—in the silver bucket."

Back at the hotel I saw nothing of my host for several days. In fact, it was not until Friday that he appeared at all during the waking hours of his guests—extraordinary behavior for a man of his hospitable nature. Every morning when I descended for breakfast Madame Bondidier, whose figure was modelled after a Benedictine bottle, smiled politely and spoke, though there was a vaguely distrustful glint in her sharp gray eyes. In the evenings after dinner I either retired to my room to read or else went out to visit friends, so that I had no idea when M. Bondidier returned or where he had been.

On Friday morning while I was shaving and listening with one ear to the chefs' discussion of a fish in the courtyard below, there came a knock at my door, and I opened to Bondidier himself. His usually cheery face, of the type rounded by nature and the Rhone sun for laughter, had that peaked look of a man's who had been up all night for a week with a sick relative. He barely answered my greeting and sat heavily upon the bed with a deep sigh of resignation and despair.

"Well, my old one," I began, "you have failed us recently."

His eyes rolled to meet mine with a burden of utter misery. "Yes, I know," he replied. "I have failed France also."

I turned back from the mirror and pointed my razor at him. "*You,* Bondidier, fail France! Why, in all Paris there is no fierier patriot!"

He nodded faintly in agreement, and there was a momentary flicker in his eyes. "Nevertheless," he said, "I have damn few balls of fire to spit now."

I drew myself up to full height and, mustering as much dignity as a face-towel and a pair of shorts could support, I said in a deep voice. "Tell me, Bondidier, what has happened?"

He studied the tips of his shoes for a moment, then spread his hands and looked up at me.

"I will tell you everything, monsieur, for anyway now it is too late. I have done my best, but I have failed. It cannot be helped. . . . You remember the red Indians, the secret Americans about whom you and M. Beals spoke last Sunday?"

I sat down in relief and covered a grin with the towel.

"I cannot find them!" he continued heatedly. "*We* cannot find them! The Pistolet cannot find them! We have scoured Paris from Neuilly to Pantin, from Passy to the Porte de Vitry, but without effect. Hindus we have found, yes. And some few Senegalese. But Indians?—not so much as one red hair!"

"The Pistolet!" I exclaimed. "You went to *them?*"

Bondidier flushed and looked away. "You do not blame me, my friend? Surely you would have done as much for your country. Yes, I went to them with the whole story. 'Alors, we must find them!' they cried. 'Alors, it is for France!' I said. 'Alors, you shall lead the search!' they said. And so I did. But—" and he dropped his voice to a dramatic whisper, "in going to them I risked all my pride, my business, even my—"

"Scalp!" I supplied, in the same voice "Ah, Bondidier, you are indeed a brave man."

"I am a Frenchman," he answered simply.

We bowed.

"And the gentlemen at the Pistolet, they were amazed, eh?"

"They were undone completely," he replied with new enthusiasm. "I had to repeat the story three times; once for Count Clary himself, once for M. Henri Bourdelle, and again for M. Georges d'Arcy." The name of his gods rolled upon *Little Augie's* tongue in a bath of ecstacy. "We decided to tell no one, but to solve the mystery for the further glory of the Pistolet, and to submit a complete report of the Indian technique to the French Tennis Federation before next Tuesday's matches. We then divided all Paris into eight parts and began the search. Every club, every court, every *hotel* . . . for four days we have searched and what have we found? *Nothing,* precisely and exactly." He hesitated, cocked his head to one side, and continued archly: "I wonder really if they *are* in Paris?"

I turned my back abruptly and lathered, for a while in silence. "I have seen them," I said finally.

Bondidier scrambled to his feet and clasped both hands to his breast. "Helas for France!" he cried. "Then it is true! I have failed!"

"Somebody wins, somebody loses," I said brightly. "Anyway, you are not disgraced."

"At the Pistolet," replied *Little Augie* slowly, "I am worse than disgraced. I am just a 'gorgonzola detective', and perhaps even a liar. My chances of membership now are—*pfft*" and he snapped a pair of pudgy fingers.

Just at that exact second The Idea popped into my head, the plan whereby Beals and I might have a little harmless fun and also make up to Bondidier for his week of work and worry.

"Come now, August," I said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Show yourself a good loser and I will have Monsieur Beals bring Messieurs *Sock-in-the-Wash* and *Lob-in-the-Alley* here for dinner Monday, so that you may meet them."

He sat forward suddenly, his eyes blinking. "Here to the hotel?"

"But yes. Why not? Are we not all sportsmen, brothers in the racquet? You, Bondidier, will be the one host whom they shall honor with their presence."

"And I shall serve the *pommes de terre au tennis!*" he exclaimed.

"With the strings," I added.

"*With the strings!*" he cried, and shot through the doorway.

It is for just such occasions as this that Beals lives. When finally I found him poring over accounts in the room behind his bar and told him the news he slammed close the ledger and gave two shouts—one for pure joy, the other for Slew-foot and Sam. Almost instantly the two black boys shuffled in and stood nervously grinning and twisting their aprons while Frank handed them enough of the facts. Their shiny faces were two perfect masks of misgiving, and I knew it was a doubt well-founded upon past escapades, but they had no choice. In the chest under his bed Frank kept a certain brass cornet and a less certain nickel trombone, twin swords of Damocles over those ebony heads. It was a plain case of be Indians or else . . .

On Monday from the crack of dawn our little hotel was a storm-center of furious activity. At dinner the regular guests were rushed politely but firmly through their meal, and the space cleared for the elaborate table set for five with the best of the Bondidier family silver, linen and glassware. When all else was to his taste, *Little Augie* dragged out a stepladder and proceeded to drape the flags of France and America in a funereal bow over the entrance to the dining-room. As the final artistic touch he tacked above the center of the bow his third-best racquet, as completely unstrung as himself.

Sharply at eight the taxi arrived and disgorged the guests of dishonor. Frank was in tails and shook hands with much dignity, but Sam and Slew-foot I barely recognized, for they were truly works of art. Their faces had been rouged to a tone somewhere between a mouldy copper and the color of a sick salmon's belly, and around their necks hung several strings of bright dime-store beads. They had both been terrified into the solemnity of owls, and neither showed me the slightest sign of recognition. In appropriate Indian file we trouped through the lobby to our table, with Bondidier trotting fussily around and in front of us, filled with pride and gurgling grunts.

Now in my time I have witnessed some weird meals and survived the shocks of many an odd table-mate, from Neo-Soofist lady poets to amateur cannibals, but never have I spilt salt at a dinner quite like this one. Certainly nobody could deny its success. M. Bondidier tucked a colossal napkin under his chin, carved, mixed the salad, told stories and poured the champagne in a state of purest bliss. Probably nowhere in France on that evening was there a happier man. He was radiant. He was brilliant. And if he burped a bit along towards the coffee it was due more to an excess of eclat than of eclairs.

The high point of the dinner was, of course, the *pommes de terre au tennis,* served in a great platter by the head chef. There was one awkward moment when Sam exclaimed, at the sight of the dish: "Gawd, Cap'n Frank, wha's *'at?*" Beals arose to the occasion however with a free translation: "Monsieur *Sock-in-the-Wash* is overcome with emotion; he says that as a work of art it can be compared only to a Navajo rug." Whereupon *Little Augie* wriggled in delight as he received the dish with loving hands, served us two balls apiece and a spoonful of string.

The best key to the precise mood of the party lies perhaps in a sample of our table-talk. Unfortunately, only snatches of it occur to my memory, but it went along these lines.

Frank (from the corner of his mouth, to the Navajos): Say something, you two; say *anything!*"

Slew-foot: "B-boy, he sho' do know how to th'ow a party!"

Frank (smilingly to Bondidier): "Monsieur *Lob-in-the-Alley* hopes that some day you can visit the reservation. He wishes to decorate you with the order of the Ring-Tailed Howler of the Panhandle, Second Class."

Bondidier: "Enchanté! Avec plaisir!" And *Little Augie* stood up, bowed, sat down and poured Slew-foot another bumper of Pol Roger.

By midnight we were all five comfortably tight and mutually delighted. Bondidier toasted us with a long rambling speech in which comments upon Columbus, Camembert, tennis and General Pershing mixed in glorious confusion; and Frank and I responded in the same mood, even adding Free Silver and the Monroe Doctrine as final fillips of international amity. But it was Slew-foot and Sam

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ALL ABROAD IN LONDON TOWN

Pointing out the good fortune of the Londoner, who can roam the world without leaving home

by LOUIS GOLDING

I BUMPED into Osborne from Kansas City in the Strand, London, the other day.

"Golding!" he shouted, as he pumped my hand. "Fancy meeting you here! I thought you'd be abroad as usual."

"I *am* abroad!" said I. "What do I want to go abroad for?"

He edged away a little nervously. "What do you mean?" he asked. "You told me back in Kansas City once how beneficial travel was . . . increasing knowledge . . . broadening the vision . . . and all that. That's why I came to London."

"Exactly," I said. "And that's why I'm staying in London."

For London, even for the Londoner, *is* abroad, I told him, all abroad from China to Peru. I bade him look at that old fellow gazing in a shop-window a few feet from us. He wore the green home-spun frieze they make only in the Tyrolese valleys, on hand-looms. On his head was a Tyrolese velours hat, with a tuft of chamois beard stuck in the band. "You've only got to squeeze him and he'll yodel," I said. "Why should I go to Tyrol?"

Then suddenly I swivelled him around. "Quick! Look inside that auto! Did you catch the glint of rubies and emeralds? That was a Hindu potentate. He has nine palaces, and two diamonds above his nostrils as big as hazel-nuts. Why should I go to India?"

I told him of a family of Russians I know who have three rooms in the basement of a house in a poor quarter of London. They are Russians of the old order, aristocrats. They are the Russia of the day before yesterday. In the back room lives a pale young man who does fretwork all day long. They are going to lead him back to Moscow some day to crown him with the crown of the Romanoffs. For he is the Tsar's son, the Tsarevitch. What! The Tsarevitch was murdered with his father and mother and sisters in a cellar at Ekaterenburg? Ah, but you should see these Russians smile at each other with a smile that is pathetic and supercilious . . .

"Why should I go to Russia?" I asked.

"Or France? . . . Look at that little French damsel stepping out of the taxi. Did you ever seen anything so chic in the Avenue des Champs Elysées?

"Or is it the East that you want? Then let's thrust our way one Saturday night down the East India Dock Road. The Lascars from Goa, the burly bullet-heads from the African deltas, the blue-slopped Chinese coolies, the soft-footed Indian half-castes from Cutch, the gold-toothed negroes that have come from the Ethiopian jungles by way of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway in New York . . .

"America? . . . Well, didn't I meet you here? And haven't you met anyone from Kansas City, and someone from every state in the Union? And look at that tall, lean, bronzed figure with the broad-brimmed hat ambling along here. He's an Australian or a South African. So why should I go to America, or to Australia, or to South Africa?"

I paused a moment. Osborne from Kansas City had gone. Of course he was gone! I shouldn't have pointed out that chic little damsel from the Champs Elysées.

No, I am *not* leaving London to go abroad. Not even if they should decide to give me fully twice as much in dollars or liras or francs as they used to a season or so back in exchange for my little pound sterling. It's because the whole world is here, at my doorstep. I rub shoulders with it the moment I set foot in the street. And for you Americans who want to see the world, short of joining the marines you can't do better than come to London.

America's huge foreign population does not remain foreign for very long. The big guns of Americanization—nation-wide radio hook-ups, syndicated newspaper editorials, chain drug-stores, chain restaurants, etc.—soon mould it into sameness. It's not like that in London. London has a tradition of hospitality that goes back for centuries. A Fijian in London can remain a Fijian if he wants to, to the third and fourth generation. Indeed, foreigners in London are often nearer to their original type than they are in their own countries. Like my family of Russians, for instance. There is nothing one hundredth so Russian left in all the territories of the U. S. S. R.

Then there are the Sicilians of London. You have heard of the secret society, the Mafia, that has kept the whole of Sicily under its thumb for generations. Mussolini is supposed to have eradicated it in Sicily. But he has not eradicated it in London. I know a young Sicilian in London who today carries an ugly purple scar on his cheek where none was three days ago. The Mafia . . . and in London! "I'll get my own back!" he told me, tight lipped. "If not I, then my son, or my son's son!" Ah, London! You are more Sicilian than Sicily herself.

And some of you Americans have probably visited a restaurant in the Fitzroy Street area of London and found the very heart of Germany. Osborne has. I've taken him along often. You drink real Pilsener out of huge tankards. You swallow colossal pipes of steaming hot sausages. A few nights ago a German Wanderbird appeared from nowhere, with no luggage except his guitar. The tankards thundered on the tables. Then there was dead silence. And the Wanderbird plucked his guitar and started singing German national songs. Osborne and I joined in the choruses. Then, to show that to us British and to us Americans, at least, bygones are bygones, the English and American folk present demanded: "Deutschland uber alles!" The noise nearly unhitched the festoons of sausages from their hooks. How strange are the ironies of history! If that had happened a few

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Little Augie and the Davis Cup

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who carried off the honors of the evening by rendering with intense emotion upon combs and tissue-paper *My Man, Louisville Lou* and *Come to Me, You Beautiful Thing.* "Old tribal chants," Frank explained in a whisper to our host.

It was not until the last great chieftain had been poured into the taxi and *Little Augie* and I stood there on the sidewalk of the quiet, deserted street that I realized fully the charming simplicity which was the fellow's strength, and I felt a sudden uneasiness in the lower chest which might well have been a twinging conscience. Hadn't we perhaps put him through one hoop too many? We had given him a week of utter anguish and lost him his slim chance for the Pistolet Club, but in spite of all this his spirits remained undaunted. Somehow, someday, I vowed as I turned into bed, we would have to make it up to him; an opportunity which, luckily, came sooner than I had any reason to expect.

The following afternoon we arrived at Auteuil with the tickets and a small picnic basket. Bondidier made a valiant effort to be cheerful, but the sight of the crowds streaming into the stadium obviously depressed him with a renewed sense of his "failure." I was frankly worried as to how the rather delicate question of the missing Navajos would be met, but I put full faith in Frank Beal's ingenuity, and sure enough, when we met him at the entrance to the south stands his usually pleasant expression was replaced by one of worry and seriousness, almost pain.

"It's all up. We're licked," he said. "The story's all around that *Sock-in-the-Wash* and *Lob-in-the-Alley* are out. Sudden attack of acute indigestion and they're both flat on their backs, with lumps in their gullets like . . . well, like *tennis balls,* exactly!"

Bondidier's eyes opened wide, and he set the basket upon the ground. "Indigestion?" he asked in a rising contralto. "They cannot play?"

Frank nodded, looking him squarely in the eyes, while I stood by speechless with admiration and relief.

"I wonder . . . could it *possibly* have been those *pommes de terre au tennis?*" Frank mused aloud, stroking his infernal cheek.

Little Augie quivered erect, his every Latin ligament twitching in indignation. "But no!" he cried. "The *pommes de terre au tennis?* That is hardly possible! I ate two, you ate two, and *you* Monsieur Beals, ate six . . . strings and all, and yet here we are. Voila!"

"Well whatever it was," Frank replied, "it certainly saved old France's neck. O God, O Montreal, O Navajos!" and he turned away, his shoulders slouched like the Second Grave-digger's, and one hand clasped Duse-like to his heaving chest.

Bondidier puzzled at that deceitful back until it rounded a corner, then he picked up his basket, looked at me and shrugged. "Cuckoo," he observed darkly, while we mounted the steps.

Just as we stepped through the south portal into the sun-flooded square, an elderly distinguished gentleman, dashing madly along with his white "official's" badge flapping at his shoulder, bumped full-force into August and spun him around until the lunch basket stood out at arm's length, like the airplane-swings at the fair.

The two little Frenchmen, recovering their winds and balances at the same time, stood facing each other like a pair of game-cocks until a slow glow of recognition spread over their faces.

Then the stranger stepped forward until his grand moustache bristled within inches of *Little Augie's* modest wisp.

"Head of a Swiss cabbage!" he exploded. "You and your 'red Indians'! *Pooh!* and a *Bah!* So . . . where are they, then?"

"Count Clary . . ." Bondidier gaped for a second at his god of the Pistolet before he snapped his heels together, bowed, and, moving closer, stood on his toes to whisper into the other's ear.

I was rooted to the spot. Now Bondidier's back was to me, and Count Clary's eyes, staring directly ahead of him, fixed me through as he listened to my companion in rapt attention. Finally he nodded slowly, then rapidly, until finally he turned and kissed Bondidier on both cheeks; after which extraordinary behavior he dashed back through the gate by which he had entered.

Little Augie stood there, basket in hand, the other clenched tight, his eyes closed and his snubby nose gently quirking. I had to shake him before he would move

"August," I said in real alarm, "what did you tell Count Clary? About the . . ."

He nodded, his eyes still blissfully shut.

"About the . . . gullet lumps?" I finally managed.

The near eye opened and surveyed me coolly.

"What lumps?" he asked, with immense dignity. "You do not, by any chance, refer to my *pommes de terre au tennis?* 'Lumps' indeed!"

Man With a Watch in His Hand

Continued from page 55

live not being able to look any workman in the face without seeing hostility there, and a feeling that every man around you is your virtual enemy.

That was the beginning of the Taylor System of Scientific Management.

The business of management was to increase production, always production, check idleness, eliminate waste; Taylor believed that from every process could be deduced a law, he was out to find the law and (he was impatient of explanations, he didn't care whose hide he took off in doing it) enforce the law.

Writing about the science of cutting metals (he helped invent a new steel harder than the mushet steel then used for tools, a steel tempered hot, so that it was as hard at white heat as it was cold) he put this down: *When starting an experiment in any field question everything, question the very foundations upon which the art rests, question the simplest, the most self-evident, the most universally accepted facts; prove everything,* except the rule of conduct. He boasted he'd never ask a workman to do anything he couldn't do.

He devised an improved steam hammer; he standardized tools and equipment, he filled the shop with college students with stop-watches and diagrams, tabulating, standardizing. There's the right way of doing a thing and the wrong way of doing it; the right way means increased production, lower costs, higher wages, bigger profits, the American plan.

He broke up the foreman's job into separate functions, speed bosses, gang bosses, time-study men, order-of-work men.

The skilled mechanics with their set ways, their pernickety artisans' crochets, were too stubborn for him, what he wanted was a plain handy man who'd do what he was told. If he was a first class man and did first class work Taylor was willing to let him have first class pay; that's where he began to get into trouble with the owners.

At thirty-four he married and left Midvale and took a flier for the big money in connection with a pulp mill started in Maine by some admirals and political friends of Grover Cleveland's

the panic of '93 raised cain with that enterprise,

so Taylor invented for himself the job of Consulting Engineer in Management and began to build up a fortune by careful investments.

The first paper he read before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers was anything but a success, they said he was crazy. *I have found,* he wrote in 1909, *that any improvement is not only opposed but aggressively and bitterly opposed by the majority of men.*

He was called in by Bethlehem Steel. It was in Bethlehem he made his famous experiments with handling pigiron; he taught a Dutchman named Schmidt to handle forty-seven tons instead of twelve and a half tons of pigiron a day and got Schmidt to admit he was as good as ever at the end of the day;

he was a crank about shovels, every job had to have a shovel of the right weight and size for that job alone; every job had to have a man of the right weight and size for that job alone; but when he began to pay his men in proportion to the increased efficiency of their work the owners, who were a lot of greedy smalleyed Dutchmen, for all their taste for Bach and brickhouses and hundred year old boxtrees, began to raise Hail Columbia; when Schwab bought Bethlehem Steel in 1901.

Fred Taylor

the inventor of efficiency

who had doubled the production of the stamping mill by speeding up the main lines of shafting from ninety-six to two hundred and twenty-five revolutions a minute

was unceremoniously fired.

After that he always said he couldn't afford to work for money.

He took to playing golf (using golfclubs of his own design), doping out methods for transplanting huge hundred year old boxtrees into the garden of his home, and giving advice to young businessmen.

In 1900 he'd sold his share in the patents for Taylor-White carbonsteel tools that had made a great showing at the Paris exposition;

(Pennsylvania was getting millionaire rich off iron and coal)

he was on easy street, at Bosley in Chestnut Hill he kept open house for engineers, factory managers, industrialists,

he wrote papers

lectured in colleges,

appeared before a congressional committee,

everywhere preached the virtues of scientific management and the Barth slide rule.

It was the Taylor Plan:

At first glance most of us in fact will see only two parties to the transaction, the workmen and their employers. We overlook the third great party, the whole people, the consumers who buy the product of the first two, and who ultimately pay both the wages of the workmen and the profits of the employers:

the American plan.

His health wasn't good, he was worried about the illness of his wife, he suffered from sleeplessness and dyspepsia,

he was uneasy about his investments,

he took long lecture trips, (in the first decade of the new century his gospel began to find adherents, a fever of efficiency, rationalization, scientific management throbbed through American industry); he was restless, irascible, argumentative.

The society of management engineers was founded that after his death became the Taylor Society; from every state in the union and from Europe experts came to Boxley to consult with Fred Taylor about management, to hatch contraptions and devices for increasing production and profits, for cutting down waste and idleness, eliminating skilled mechanics with their set ways, their pernickety artisans' crochets, substituting the plain handy man (like Schmidt the pigiron handler) who'd do what he was told

and work by the piece.

Production:

more steel rails more bicycles more spools of thread more armorplate for battleships more bedpans more barbedwire more needles more lightningrods more ballbearings more dollarbills.

(The old Quaker families of Germantown were growing millionaire rich, the Pennsylvania millionaires were breeding billionaires out of iron and coal).

Production would make every first class American rich who was willing to work at piecework and not drink or raise cain or think or stand mooning at his lathe.

Thrifty Schmidt the pigiron handler can invest his money and get to be an owner like Schwab and the rest of the greedy smalleyed Dutchmen of Bethlehem and cultivate a taste for Bach and have hundred year old boxtrees in his garden in Germantown or Chestnut Hill, and join the golf club,

and lay down the rules of conduct;

the American plan.

But Fred Taylor never saw the working

of the American plan;

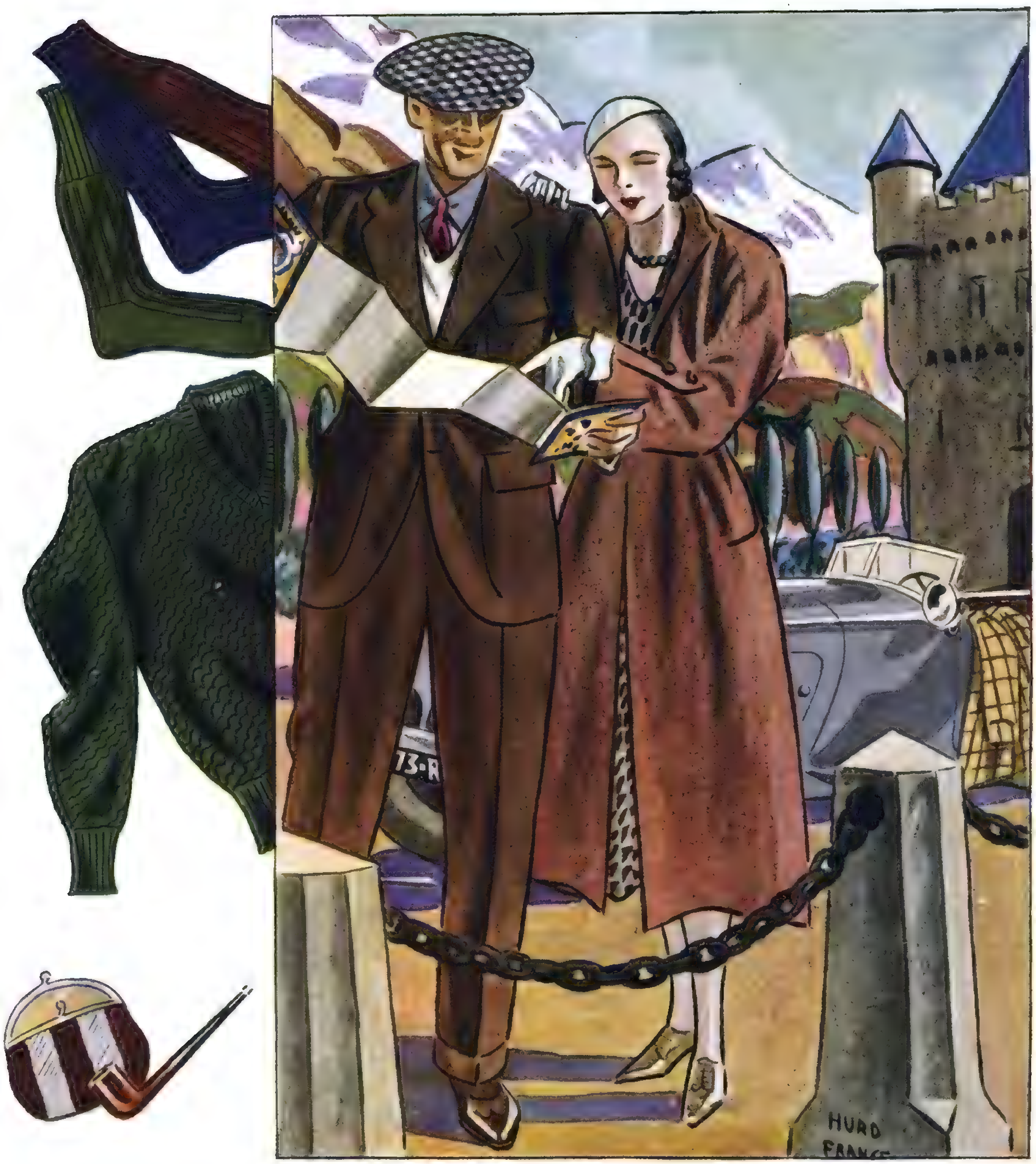
In 1915 he went to the hospital in Philadelphia suffering from a breakdown.

All his life he'd had the habit of winding his watch every afternoon at four-thirty;

on the afternoon of his fifty-ninth birthday, when the nurse went into his room to look at him a little after four-thirty,

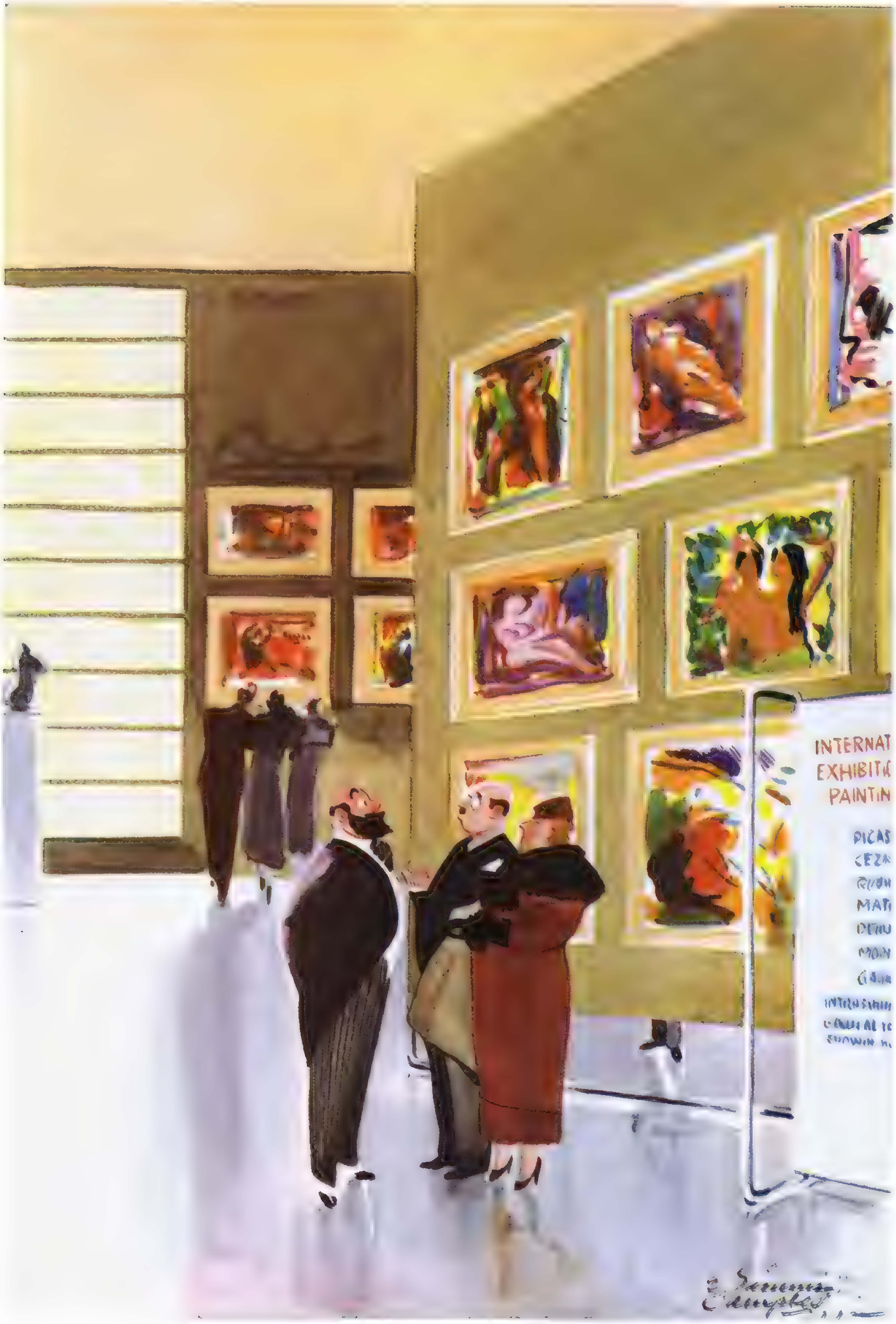
he was dead with nis watch in his hand,

wound.



FOR MOTORING OR GENERAL COUNTRY AND TRAVEL WEAR

While, or with, abroad (to revive a classic line once used by one of our brighter young writers of men's fashion copy) one cannot be too careful of one's appearance. The clothes worn by the motor tourist should be such as will withstand the rigors of travel without retaining more than the irreducible minimum in the way of wrinkles and bagginess. The lightweight brown tweed suit that is sketched here offers a combination, both in cut and in cloth, calculated to help it keep its shape under the most trying climatic conditions. The jacket is loose and roomy, with an eye to comfort and convenience. Just as much in line is the light weight flannel shirt with medium long pointed collar attached, and the white alpaca pullover sweater. The latter serves to rescue the outfit from an otherwise too pronounced tendency toward a monotony of sombre tones. One of the occasions on which you may wear a checkered cap without incurring the suspicion that you are a gunman at large is when you are driving an open car. Even then, though, if the cap is to look at least as smart as the car, it must have a one piece top. Brown shoes, quite apart from the fact that they are currently given the call over black, are indicated as a matter of course with this outfit. Wool hose, as a matter of convenience and comfort, are indicated too. The most suitable overcoat, to complete the costume, is a long roomy one of the polo type, or English balmaccan. The one sketched here is completely noncommital as to model, having been left hanging over the car door in apparent confidence that honesty, as well as thriftiness, is a characteristic of the French peasant. In either model, Harris tweed is a suitable cloth.


INTERNAT
EXHIBITI
PAINTIN
PICAS
CEZ
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MON

“We want something about 24″ x 37½″”

THE MORAL LEOPARD

Continued from page 50

stable on fire, and his feet, if he walked a couple of miles, would blister on him something scandalous, and the poison-oak nailed him at sight and if it wasn't the poison-oak it was the deer-flies biting him. He was only a runty little fellow but it seemed like a deer-fly would quit a man that weighed more than two hundred pound to come browse on him. He says to me the day he was leaving: "Fred," he says, "if I live to get back to civilization you just wait for the grand poem I'm going to write about the joys of life in the glorious wilderness, because that's my main speciality and kind of expected of me. But, strictly between ourselves, Fred," he says, "I've made up a little private poem that expresses my true and personal feelings. Listen, Fred," he says; "it's short, only two lines, but it comes welling and swelling right up from the bottom of my heart. Listen, Fred," he says:

"Oh, nature!
"How I hate you!"

All joking aside, though, there sure was a lot of talk summer before last and a lot of guesswork going on about Miss Gracie Slocum and these two young fellows she had on her string—you know, which one of them would she take and which one wouldn't she take, so on and so forth? Ordinary years, you take the club in the middle of the trouting season and nine-tenths of what-all you'll hear will be about how are they rising and what flies are they taking best and whether the water's too high or too low or what. But this time, everybody had something else to think about on the side—this three-cornered love-business between her and the two of them. Mrs. Dr. Downey, who was up with the doctor, says to me one day that it did indeed provide a touch of heart-interest for the summer, them being her words, not mine.

Well, certainly there wasn't a speck of doubt but what those two fellows had hearts that were plumb interested, you might go so far as to say distracted. You didn't have to be one of these here professional mind-readers to tell that much.

It all started up good and hot as soon as this young Mr. Sandy Holt got here. He was one of our newest club members and, you take it as a general thing, new members come early and stay late their first season or so. But he didn't get here till towards the middle of June; and that first night at supper he had a seat right across from Miss Gracie at the same table, and, according to what the dine-room girl that was waiting on that table told me afterwards, he couldn't eat for looking at her. That's how sudden the lightning struck him.

Not that I'd blame him!

Even so, he was kind of late getting into it because this other young fellow, Mr. Hugh Finnell, already had the inside edge on him; that is, if there was any inside edge to it. Anyhow, it seemed like Mr. Finnell had been sparking her pretty steady all spring and maybe even longer than that at Nashville, Tennessee, where she lived at, and where he's lately moved in from somewheres else. And Lord knows ever since they'd got to camp two weeks before, he'd been hanging around her the way Grant hung around Richmond that time. They'd come in here together and anybody could see that if he had his way about it, they'd be going out of here together and going together from then on, too.

Strictly speaking, the old Major was sort of responsible for him being here in the first place. The old Major had put him up for membership but he hadn't been voted on yet by the admissions committee but had the regular visiting privileges for the time-being. It was a cinch he'd go through when his name did come up, him having the old Major behind him proposing him and pushing him, because Major Slocum came mighty near being the king-bee at this club even if he wasn't the president any more.

Major Slocum was rising of seventy but you'd never suspicion him of it, seeing how spry he was, wading through swift water or handling a canoe on one of the lakes or laying a trout fly out acrost a likely place. And he sure was the great one for playing this here sporting game according to the rules and regalations. If I've heard him say it once, for instance, I've heard him saying it fifty times: "The black bass is a swashbuckling ruffian—gallant and lusty, I grant you, but nevertheless a ruffian; and the croppie is merely something to grease a skillet with; and the channel cat of our Southern waters is a pirate and a freebooter, although having undoubted merit when in a fried state; but the speckled trout, suh, is a gentleman and should ever be treated as such." I've heard him say it so frequent I can say it just like him—notice?

Well, he'd sure brought up Miss Gracie according to those same sentiments. She was an orphan and he was not only her uncle but her guardeen as well, and had had the raising of her. I don't know as I've ever seen a young female that could handle a light rod any sweeter than what she did. He'd even taught her to tie her own flies, and that's going some for a man or a woman, either. He'd been bringing her up here to the club with him ever since she was a sassy little piece with her hair down her back, and all the regalars, including us fellows doing the guiding, liked her absolutely unanimous, as you might say. I don't know as I've ever seen a prettier picture than what she made, all diked out in hipboots and breeches and a flannel shirt like she was a boy, whipping a pool or a riffle just as slick as anybody, and when she snagged into a good one and landed him, her eyes would be shining like a pair of diamonds and her cheeks redding up like sourgum leaves in the fall of the year, and her making silent prayers with her lips all the time she was bringing him in. I've guided for her a heap—for her and the old Major also, and we always got along fine together. So naturally I was for her world without end, no matter which one of them two young fellows she might pick out. Only naturally I didn't want her to be making any mistake. I wanted her to pick the right one whichever the right one might be.

The only thing was that from where I was sitting it was kind of hard to say which one was the right one. Without letting on like I was doing so, I studied them both. And the more I studied them the worst off I was to decide between those two. One minute I'd be saying Finnell was the candidate for my money—good-looking, smart as they make 'em, spry on his feet as a cat, a peart hand with a fly-rod, kind of a sharp way of talking. And the next minute I'd be saying to myself, no, Holt was my favorite entry—maybe not as good-looking as Finnell and kind of clumsy in his movements, quieter, too, but awfully good-dispositioned and with a kind of a honest solid feeling to him, like you could depend on him no matter what came up. And another thing in his favor: Seemed like to me he was more concerned about hearing what Miss Gracie had to say when they was together than he was about doing any talking himself, whereas for instance on the other hand, I'd say Finnell favored the sound of his own voice, 'specially when he was getting off something smart. And then maybe next minute, on account of his winning smile or his general likeableness or something, I'd swing back again towards Finnell. It sure had me puzzled.

Near as anybody could judge, Miss Gracie was in pretty much the same fix. Near as they could judge, she treated one just like she treated the other, and that made it a more interesting race to watch, because it sure looked like a dead heat right on up to the finish. You can easy see how a thing like that, going on right under our noses, would have everybody in camp all keyed up.

Well, it did go on like that, neck-and-neck, for going on three weeks. And by that time it had someway or other got to be the general feeling amongst us outsiders that whichever one succeeded in catching old Sitting Bull was liable to win the other grand prize, too. Nothing hadn't been out and out said to that effect, mind you, but still and all, nearly everybody felt that way, someway, maybe because both of them young fellows, turn and turn about, were doing their derndest to snag onto him.

But shucks, aside from the fact that this here competition was different, that wouldn't have been no novelty to us old residenters. Nearly every green sportsman that ever came up here to the club either on membership or on a guest's card, had tried to lure old Sitting Bull and failed complete. Amongst us boys it had got to be a regalar standing joke of fully five years standing—how each one had went out to nail old Sitting Bull and come back looking foolish.

It sure was tantalizing the way that old son-of-a-gun acted. Sometimes you could sneak up to his hole quiet and see him laying there on the bottom, kind of lazy and indifferent-like, with his fins flapping gentle and his tail waving the least little bit, and looking the size of an elephant, just about. Then again, sometimes you couldn't see him or stir him, neither, but you knew he was right there at home. The old whopper always was at home, dern his aggravating contrary hide! So you'd get upstream or downstream a little ways and drop your fly on the current—dry fly or wet fly, it didn't make no difference which—and let it go sliding over towards him and if he was in the humor to be feeding or even in the humor to be rising, up he'd bulge from alongside that big boulder, making a swirl on top like a five-gallon washboiler turning over, and then when you had all your organs up in your throat, thinking maybe this time the old scoundrel was sure enough for instance going to grab holt, he'd flick his tail kind of contemptuous and back off and settle down and take up housekeeping where he'd left off. And maybe the very next minute along would come sliding down a real live fly or a real bug that was the very spittin' image of the artificial one you'd just offered him, and he'd surge up and open his mouth and suck it in. Wise? Wise as a treeful of hoot-owls, that's how wise he was!

Well, long before this, the old members had given up trying to nab Sitting Bull. They'd just rear back and fetch a laugh when some new beginner went after him. They laughed louder than ever one Sad'day morning when young Holt went down to Pegleg's Hole, full of hope, with Jabe Gibbs guidin' him and a new fandangled imitation blue-winged snakedoctor in his fly-book; and towards dinner-time came sloshing back with his boots full of water and his rod busted where he'd slipped on a round rock and set down up to his neck in cold running water.

But say, listen: Along about four o'clock that very same evening they laughed on the other side of their mouths when young Finnell came sauntering up the trail with a grin on his face that you could see it a quarter of a mile off. He'd sneaked out all but himself and sashayed down Steamboat Creek, and now, lo and behold, and doggone if he wasn't coming back with poor old Sitting Bull slapping against his leg where he had him on a willow stringer. He was too long to go into his creel. So he had him on a stringer.

Well, suh, you could 'a' knocked all those people catterwampussed with a feather!

That night right after supper a still bigger sensation come off, only there wasn't so many in on the second one as there was in on this first one—only just Major Slocum and Miss Gracie and me. And she didn't suspicion about my being in on it neither, seeing I was hid amongst some thick bushes at the far end of the porch of the dineroom where I could listen without being seen. The old Major slipped out on the porch with Miss Gracie and tolled her down to the far end where I was hid behind them shrubberies, like I says. They was so close to me I could 'a' put out my arm and mighty near touched the hem of her garments.

Well, he puts both his hands on her shoulders and told her to look him in the face and he says to her, speaking as serious as ever I heard anybody speak, that what he's about to say to her concerns her everlasting happiness and his, too. So she looks him in the face and says to him to go ahead, she's listening.

He goes ahead to say that up to now he's kept his hands off and his tongue inside his jaws, leaving it for her to decide what young man she wanted to marry with, but now, because she's the very apple of his eye and the dearest thing to him in all the world, he's bound to step in and warn her that if she should take this young fellow Finnell, he'll never be able to forgive her to his dying day and he's likewise shore she'll never forgive herself either. He don't say nothing about cutting her out of his will and leaving all his money to somebody else, because Major Slocum wasn't that kind, being a gentleman through and through. In fact, he says to her he ain't threatening her, he's just telling her, he says, that unless she hearkens to him and heeds him, she's maybe fixing to make a mistake that'll break her own heart and his heart, too. And naturally, then she asks him just what does he mean by that? And he says to her that he's already got the solemn evidences from a certain party which his word is reliable, that this young Finnell ain't hardly fitten to be classed as a regalar human being. That he's got the soul of a cold-blooded murderer inside of him. That he's a moral leopard—anyhow, I think them's the words he used—moral leopard. That if he had his just deserts he'd be a sociable outcast. And then he says to her that if it gets to be necessary, he's prepared to furnish her with the proof of what he's saying against this Finnell boy but for the time being he's asking her just to take his word for it, because he don't want to bring down any scandal on a club that it's always had the name of being a club of true sportsmen and real gentlemen.

Well, when he gets through with all that, she looks at him a minute, sort of breathing hard—there's mighty near a full moon out and I can see her plain—and then she says to him how she's always loved him and always trusted in his judgment and always tried to be like a daughter to him, but this is a mighty big decision he's asking her to make offhand just on somebody's else's say-so and without giving her any of the facts, neither; and she'd like to have till in the morning, say, to think it over. So he says to her if that's agreeable with her it's agreeable with him and they kiss one another and he hugs her up to him close and pats her on the back and she goes on back inside. And he waits till she's inside and the porch door closed behind her and then he comes to the edge of the porch and he says to me, he says, "Fred," he says, "I reckin we don't neither one of us need to worry any more about it. That child's got a head on her shoulders. And Fred," he says, "I want to say it again to you what I've already said: I'm everlastingly grateful to you for the part you've took in this here business and if it turns out the way it should—and mark my words, Fred, it's going to turn out that way—I'll be still more beholden to you, Fred, the longest day I live, and so will Gracie."

Well, I'm glad to say everything did turn out all right. Because the next day that Finnell up and pulled his freight out of here, looking pretty downcasted and low in the mouth. And before night, Major Slocum withdrewed his name as a candidate for membership, not giving any reasons for same but just doing it, dry-so. And inside of less 'n a year from that time it was out in all the papers, long pieces about how he'd got himself mixed up with that there big national bank failure over in Tennessee, and how the United States government was thinking right smart of the idea of sending him to the Atlanta penitentiary, for instance. And everytime I'd read one of those pieces, I'd say to myself, not gloating you understand but just saying it: "Ah hah!"—just like that.

But that's getting kind of ahead of the story. All this I've been telling you about was in June and along in September I got a copy of a Nashville paper with a marked place in it telling about Miss Gracie and young Holt being engaged; and the next spring they was married, but before that I got a special printed invitation to it, asking me to come down for the wedding. Of course I couldn't do that but I sent down a wedding present of a couple of stuffed red fox-squirrels that I'd stuffed myself and mounted 'em on a board; and Miss Gracie sent me about the nicest message you ever read, thanking me for such a beautiful present. She didn't wait to write it, she telegraphed it, by gum! I've still got that telegram put away in my trunk. I wouldn't take a pretty for it.

Like I says, the wedding was in the spring, and while they were still bride and groom, them two young people wound up their honeymoon trip by coming up here for the early trout-fishing. The old Major came along, too, looking proud as Satan. So then nothing would do but what I should take 'em all three out for their first whirl at the trout. I took them along down Steamboat and when we got down as far as Pegleg's Hole all of a sudden the Major stops and he says:

"Children," he says, "the time has come for Fred here to tell you why I onc't interfered in Gracie's affairs, which also is maybe why you're both standing here now as man and wife. I want him to tell it to you in strict confidence, though, because that other boy is in tough enough trouble as it is, being under indictments and all, and no matter how much of a young scoundrel he is, he's out of our lives forevermore and we wouldn't want to do anything to cripple up his chances any more than what they are already. Go ahead, Fred," he says, "and tell these two what you told me that momentemous night last year."

So I says to her: "Miss Gracie," I says, "this is the way it was: Somehow I suspicioned that young fellow. Unbeknownst to everybody, including him, I sneaked off and followed him down here that evening. I watched him from them thickets just yonder. I seen him climb up on this here boulder here. I seen him rig his line and drop her in. I seen it all. Miss Gracie, as God is my judge, and believe it or not, just as you're a mind to, he caught Sitting Bull with a worm!"

She says, "Oh!"—just like that. "Oh, Fred," she says, and then she kisses her husband and then she kisses her uncle and then, I hope I may drop dead on the spot if she didn't turn 'round and kiss me, and me needing a shave the worst way!

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

Continued from page 105

Well, this man coming up our side might have been Drake. Even our tough old captain felt it. And the port of Devon is the port of Heaven. I am reminded . . . But to get on with the yarn . . .

"'I am Captain Thomas,' said our captain as the man came over the rail.

"The man shook our captain's hand.

"'I am Lord Dacre,' he said simply. 'Where is my daughter?'

"'I will take you to her,' said our captain, while our crew was gasping at the name. Lord Dacre. That name was known all over England. The wildest name. Duellist, fighting man. And he had lost all his estate—But he had that lugger, and a loyal crew of Devon men back of him. And the girl crying. 'The coastguard was after me' . . . and our captain taking him aft, while the lugger backed and filled to windward of us. The fog had cleared away. We could see the stars. In the cabin Lord Dacre was holding his daughter in his arms.

"'She came out, alone in that boat, to warn me,' he was saying, and his voice—the voice of a gallant man—was a sob. 'The coastguards had found my place. She wanted to tell me not to try to run a cargo this night. But a gentleman must live—and even bishops buy from me. God bless you, daughter. Now come with me, and don't worry about coastguards—or about the navy, either."

"As he finished speaking the man on our lookout hails . . .

"'Another ship to windward, sir.'

"'I see it,' shouts the mate.

"Then a yell from the lugger:

"'It's a sloop of war, my Lord.'

"His lordship actually leaped for the deck.

"'Take care of her, captain,' he shouted as he went.

"He went over the side, into his boat and aboard the lugger. From the war sloop came a command.

"'Surrender, Dacre,' shouted the commander of the sloop.

"'Go to hell!' Dacre came back. 'I'll fight it out.'

"Captain Prideau paused. He walked aft to the binnacle. Then he came back and leaned over the rail . . .

"You will never see a sea fight between two sailing ships, mister," he said. "They don't have them any more."

The second mate, stirred to the depths of his youthful soul, asked anxiously.

"Tell me about it please, sir."

The Old Man continued.

"Dacre going into action, refusing to surrender, although he knew he was out-gunned, and against a heavier ship. Men do magnificent things, mister. But it warps your heart to think of them. The Light Brigade. Give me a minute, and I will tell you about that fight."

He walked aft again. Then he came forward, and began. "More than fifty years ago. But it seems like last night. Lord Dacre began to outmanoeuver the sloop of war. The gun flashes in the dark. I can see them yet. But he was up against the English Navy, and the sloop was commanded by a fighter. Dacre could have got away—his lugger was so fast—but to run was not Dacre. He came around, and, in that silence which came, he laughed at the commander of the sloop . . . We could hear him.

"'Tommy, we went to school together. I could lick you then. I can do it now.'

"He was mistaken in the last part of it. Old school fellows, fighting to a finish. Dacre had a loyal crew of well trained men. He had the fastest ship. But the Navy had been laying for him for a long time. And they had sent out just the ship to beat him. Not a big ship, but a ship of the size he thought he could beat. And aboard her were the picked gunners of the English Navy.

"The flashes of those guns. And the voices. And that girl in the cabin. And us watching. The wind had died again. We just had steerage way. I think it was the dying wind that beat Dacre. He could not manoeuver. He had come to windward of the man of war, but the loss of wind hung him there. And the man of war blew the bowels out of him. Perhaps Tommy would have beaten him anyway—but that slacking wind ruined Dacre. The lugger lost way, and the Navy gunners just blew him to pieces.

"'From battle, murder and sudden death, may the Good Lord deliver us, mister, as the Litany says. I don't want to see the like again,' said Captain Prideau.

"His lugger went down with all hands. The Navy ship lowered boats and did its best to pick up what men might be alive, but they never found a soul. Then Tommy, as Dacre had called him, hailed us.

"'Brig ahoy. Heave to. I am coming aboard you.'

"We had filled away after Dacre left us, but brigs don't disobey the English Navy. So we backed the main yard again, and Tommy came alongside us—rowed fancy by four men in his gig.

"He came aboard, his sword at his side, and three men with him, each with a cutlass. Our Old Man met him.

"'I want to know what relations you had with Lord Dacre?' said Tommy.

"'None,' said our captain coolly. 'Never saw him before tonight. He made me heave to—just like you did—because he was out of ship's biscuit. I would have let him have it, but you came along before my steward could pack it for him. I am the brig Welcome.

"'I am going to search you,' said Tommy.

"'Go ahead,' said our Old Man, 'but if you delay me too long I'll make a complaint to the Admiralty . . . I am well known in the port of London. And, mister Navy Officer, don't you disturb my daughter—who is lying sick in the cabin . . . '

"Tommy did not search us. He was doing his duty coming aboard, of course, but our Old Man's manner convinced him—or perhaps he knew that Dacre had no confederates—or maybe after the battle he had been in he was tired. Anyway, he said,

"'I will take your word for it, captain. Into the boat, men. Goodnight, sir.'

"'Goodnight, sir,' said Captain Thomas.

The breeze freshened, and the Kenyon began to slide along at about five knots. Captain Prideau walked to windward, humming a line of an old song.

'We've been together now for forty years, and it don't seem an hour too much.'

"But the girl, sir?" asked the second mate. "What became of that wonderful girl?"

Captain Prideau chuckled.

"She nursed you through that sickness you had in Hong Kong."

"Sir?" gasped the second mate.

"Look down the cabin skylight, and you'll see her sitting under the lamp", said Captain Prideau.

THE MULLAH'S MIRACLE

Continued from page 101

The brothers hurried to the Mullah with his camel. The Mullah did not seem astonished to see them. He only smiled, stroked his beard, and asked:

"Well, my children, did you divide your herd to the satisfaction of each of you?"

"We did, " replied the brothers. "And a miracle has happened. Each of us got his rightful part of the herd, but your camel, O Ibrahim, was left over."

"Let us render praise to Allah, my children," responded Mullah Ibrahim. "And let this be a lesson to you. I gave you my last camel in order to restore peace among you. But I also told you that Allah is just and that He would give me back my camel in due time, if such was His will. And as you see, Allah is returning my camel to me without taking anything away from you. Which shows you that one should never hesitate to sacrifice one's possessions for one's neighbors."

The awe-stricken brothers returned home and related their marvelous experience to all their friends and acquaintances. And they in their turn related it to others, and thus gradually the whole world learned of the great Mullah Ibrahim and of the miracle which he had performed with the herd of seventeen camels.

And the fame of Mullah Ibrahim remained unchallenged for centuries, until a skeptical mathematician took a pencil and a piece of paper, and began some mysterious calculations. Then he sneered: "Miracle, indeed!"

But that piece of paper was subsequently lost, so that anybody doubting the power of Mullah Ibrahim to work miracles will have to do his own calculation.

THE COURT OF ANGER

Poem in questions and answers, the second in the series that covers the seven deadly sins

by AUDREY WURDEMANN

Q. You are Cain Barrett?
A. Yes sir.
Q. And your age?
A. I don't know rightly, Put it at twenty-nine.
Q. You know that you, Cain Barrett, stand accused
Of killing Henry Mayer on the night
Of May fourteenth?
A. I do. I stand accused.
Q. How long had you known Mayer before that night?
A. I'd never seen him.
Q. How long did you know
Mayer before he died?
A. For twenty minutes.
We drank, and talked about the moon.
Q. The moon?
A. It was like a red fist raising slowly
Out of the night. It was an angry fist
Clenched to come crashing through the splinter-shell
That is the city.
Q. What were you drinking?
A. Gin.
Q. How much had you drunk of it?
A. Hardly any.
Our glasses still were filled when the table went over.
I saw the big wet puddles that it made.
Q. Who else was there?
A. Jeff Salter, several others.
I don't know who they were.
Q. You came with Salter?
A. Yes, Mayer spoke to Jeff and then sat down.
He talked. He was the boss; I'd never seen him.
He was the boss; I drove his dirty truck,
And never knew what man I drove it for
Until that night.
Q. Were you well paid for driving?
A. Like all the others. I was paid enough
To make the risk worth while. I liked the risk.
Q. Why did you hate him, Cain?
A. I hated him.
I had good reason.
Q. But you got your money,
You liked the danger, weren't afraid of being
Caught and convicted?
A. I was not afraid.
I hated him. I always hated him,
And never knew it till that night.
Q. You hate
So easily, Cain?
A. It's not quite solid hate
At first, but a cold flooding through my body,
A sudden weakness; then a great will to strike
And smash my way. I know I have the strength,
And when they do and say some sudden thing
That nags my brain, my brain goes numb. I am
Cold from my throat to waist, as cold as steel,
Inside my body. It is hollow cold,
And power pours in a different blood than mine,
And then I know I hate.
Q. Whom have you hated?
A. Father, who called me Cain because I killed
The things that hurt me. It was a reminder
That's stuck for all these years. And then my brothers,
Peter and John, who teased my name and me.
I used to name a stick of wood my father,
Peter, or John, and chop it into kindling.
It was good to strike in anger; it was good
To see the white wood split and splinter off
When I had named it so.
Q. What did you kill,
That he would call you Cain?
A. There was a dog,
A little spotted black and yellow thing
That yapped around the barn. He bit my leg.
I struck him with my fist against the wall,
And when I raised my hand it was all red.
Then father called me Cain. I was a dog,
And I had killed my brother. Peter barked
At me around the corner. John complained
I carried fleas, and bayed too loud at night,
Until I beat them both, and beating them,
My face was cut. I tasted my own blood,
And it was hot. I liked the taste of blood,
Salty and sharp. It made my fist leap out
Stronger to strike the thing that weaved before me,
And beat it down.
Q. Why did you keep the name
Of Cain when you were grown, and left the farm?
A. Cain was the one who stood against the world
In anger. So I stand. When I am struck,
My fist is red again with sticky blood.
My name is Cain.
Q. But Mayer struck no blow.
You talked about the moon. Why did you kill him?
A. There are different kinds of blows, and this was his:
My clothes were cheap. There was grime upon my hands.
And I was hot and dusty, just come in
From driving night and day, four hundred miles
Forcing the truck over twisted mountain roads
Where the rock walls bulged out to push me off
The shelving edge. I fought around the turns
Against the leaning sides, the treacherous
Soft sliding shale. And then there was the loading
And the unloading of the heavy cases,
Hot, sweaty, sullen work. Mayer was clean,
White shirt, good tie, a suit that cost more money
Than I had had together in my life.
When he sat down I saw his polished shoes
Slide under the table. While we talked his pin
Glittered; his cuff-links glittered in the light
Like little stars, and still I did not hate him,
Until he spat beside my foot. The spittle
Clung to my shoe and made a shiny spot
On the brown dust. I struck. His diamond blurred
Into a spot no shinier than that,
And he went over crashing with the table.
He did as much as I; he had no right;
He'd not have spat on any polished shoe.
He must have thought he owned me. He found different.
He died too easily.
Q. And you will die.
A moment's anger, spittle on a shoe,
And you will die?
A. I killed him. I am Cain.

PORTRAIT OF A BUTLER

Continued from page 58

a kitchen-maid. Stoner became radiant; and Mrs. Stoner, who resembles a large mass of her own pastry before it is baked, remained exactly the same. The kitchen-maid grew to like her role of liaison officer and to this day the same quaint situation persists. ("Ask Mrs. S. to make me a cup of tea." "Tell Mr. S. his tea is ready.")

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Stoner had a terrific fight. It lasted only about five minutes, but for weeks afterwards Stoner wore little bits of plaster here and there. Mrs. Stoner's pasty surface was apparently quite undisturbed. He was profuse in his apologies and earnest in his promises that such a thing would never happen again. But "I broke my rule and spoke to her," was all he ever offered by way of explanation.

He talks to everybody else, however, especially including the guests. The five minutes he spends in your room in the early morning set you up for the day. Not that he inflicts his conversation on unwilling ears. If you'd rather be morose, he will look a little sad but respect your wishes. ("The guest is right, nine times out of ten," he once told me.) But as you lie, watching him happily reduce chaos to order, you see a man who is obviously bursting to talk. I myself always rally my faculties and begin by asking about the weather. This is usually either "very h'English" (bad) or "gorjuice." Thence we pass, perhaps, to the subject of cigarette lighters. For these Stoner, like all Englishmen, has a passion. He once brought up his own collection to show me—and the Metropolitan Museum ought to begin making bids now. But refractory lighters are his greatest joy. He fixed up one of mine that had never been known to light except in the shop where I bought it. He said it just needed "a little coaxing." On my next visit he enquired after it tenderly. I told him about its unbroken record.

"Never misses at all, sir?" He sounded quite disappointed, as if he realised now that he had done too good a job. "Well, I'll take her down and give her a new flint."

"I just put one in."

"Well, I'll fill her up."

"I filled it yesterday."

"Oh, did you?" He seemed to be getting quite unhappy. "Never misses at all, eh?" He twirled the little wheel hopefully. There was an immediate flame and his face fell. He tried it several times more, with unvarying success.

"Well, I'll just clean her up a little," he said.

He is wonderful also with clothes and very disappointed when they don't need pressing. Disasters like the upsetting of strawberries and cream on a dinner jacket fill him with an almost fiendish glee. The garment comes back looking better than it did before the accident. He did, however, almost shed tears over an old blue serge suit of mine. He confessed that the shine on it was his Waterloo.

"You see, sir," he said, in a tone of heartbroken apology, "the nap is gone. And when the nap on a blue serge suit goes, there's nothing goner."

He turned the suit over sadly and pondered.

"In London now," he went on, "I know a man who could take this suit and turn it right inside out. You'd get years more wear out of it. But not here! Well, there's something they do well in every country. Perhaps you know someone who's going over?"

We ended by giving it to the gardener. ("He wouldn't know whether the nap was there or not!") It apparently still holds together and every time I see Stoner he gives me news of it. One of many pleasant bonds between us.

His interest in the guests is not confined to their clothes.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I read that story of yours in the Saturday Evening Post," he said to me once. "It was a caution."

If it needed anything more than this kind of thing to entrench Stoner completely in my affections, it would be the fact that even he has been known to slip. As a matter of fact, one summer he slipped a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. Milton were in Europe and the house was in charge of their son and daughter. There were a good many parties and cocktails flowed pretty freely. Stoner entered a little too enthusiastically into the spirit of the day.

I happened to be there one week-end when he was what he always calls "under the influence" and I can testify that he was more charming than ever. But I could see that there were inconveniences. His love of correctness ran riot. So did his fondness for talking. He became garrulous—at all sorts of inconvenient times. At one hilarious dinner, when everyone was getting off their best stories to a lot of laughter and applause, he electrified us all by remarking to Ronald, the son of the house, as he was handing him the salad, "Tell 'em that one about the clergyman's daughter!" Completely misinterpreting the look the young master gave him, he added, "Don't tell me you've forgotten it!" The truth then dawned on him.

"Begging your pardon, I'm sure," he said. He straightened up with a great deal of dignity and fell flat on his face.

It was agreed after this that Stoner must be given a talking to and told to lay off liquor completely. Ronald was deputed by his sister to do this. But only after his third highball did his courage rise to the necessary pitch. He left us rather unsteadily and Stoner was told to go to him in the library. The details of what transpired at that interview were never divulged, for the simple reason that neither of the two could next morning remember anything about it. A curious noise attracted us an hour later and they were discovered crooning an old army song together.

It was during this same period of slipping that Stoner brought off his most historic feat.

A little bird that had somehow hurt itself had been discovered on the lawn and carried into the drawing-room. There was much discussion as to just what to do and someone suggested nourishment. Stoner was summoned and told to procure a worm.

"Did you say a worm, miss?" he asked, in a daze.

"Yes, Stoner. A worm. For the bird."

"A worm, for the bird. Yes, miss—at once."

He disappeared and for what seemed an eternity a death-like stillness reigned in the house. Then suddenly, from the garden, came the sound of shouting. Stoner had enlisted the aid of the gardener and the worm-hunt was on. "Your worms must be very active creatures," I remember saying, as the chase sped from one side of the house to the other.

At last, as we were about giving up hope, Stoner ran past the window, at a fast clip.

"Coming, miss—coming!" he shouted, as he tore round the corner of the house towards the back-door.

There followed another long period of silent waiting.

At last, however, the door opened and Stoner entered. He brought with him a worm which was quite a fine specimen. It was neatly served on a leaf of lettuce crossed by two strips of pimento.

Stringing the Bridge Racket

Continued from page 71

Bridge than there is in the prize ring—there is, indeed, even less, since no amount of refereeing can prevent the furtive below-the-belt punches that are all the time being planted by these Bridge blacklegs. Yet crowd psychology is so curious that the average Bridge fan is loth to believe that any spirit but one of pure sportsmanship rules in the matches of the masters. Time and again I have heard laymen exclaim, in effect: "You can't cheat at Bridge. The idea's ridiculous!" It is, is it? Well, but what about the current scandal of the upper circles of the American card world? It is barely two months at this writing, since one of our outstanding cardsmen, a player whose championship tournament triumphs have made the headlines constantly of late years, was caught out in crooked tactics at one of New York's leading membership card clubs and straightway expelled by the Board of Governors. He is now persona non grata at all clubs, and he won't be permitted to play in any more national tournaments, either.

This man resigned a high executive position in a successful corporation as soon as he came to the front as a Bridge player, hired an expensive publicity agent to tout him to the world as its peerless card-wizard, and settled down to live by his Bridge. But in order to do that, you have GOT to win, no matter how your cards break. So today he is skulking in side streets to avoid recognition and trying to get his few remaining friends to organize private games for him at a fraction of a cent a point—any stake at all that will give him a chance to pick up a few dollars.

For it would seem to be the rule that one who has once eaten of the loco weed of Bridge success is good for nothing else forever after.

As a matter of fact, the means by which partners can signal unlawful intelligence are too many to mention in the brief space at my disposal. I could pack three articles as long as this with stories of private code bidding and sharp play of all sorts that have come under my personal observation in expert Bridge circles. And the rank-and-file player who expects a better break in tournament play than at the tables frequented by the expert, the house-fly and the chiseller, is simply kidding himself. A signal instance witnessing to the way the committees of experts in charge organize such affairs for the benefit of the talent occurred at the Asbury Park Tournament of the American Bridge League in 1929. The Culbertsons, then all unknown to fame although well established in the inner circle, made such a poor showing in the qualifying round that they were eliminated by the rules from further participation in the contest. The Tournament Committee thereupon rode roughshod over the protests of dozens of indignant entrants and lowered, *after the event,* the minimum point score it had fixed as necessary to establish eligibility to continue. Thanks to this freak of bare-faced injustice, the Culbertsons scraped in under the qualifying wire by a whisker and proceeded to "win" the event. This incident is not only a matter of record in Bridge history but is of curious interest in view of the fact that it provided the actual take off for the Culbertsons' sensational skyrocket flight to Bridge prominence.

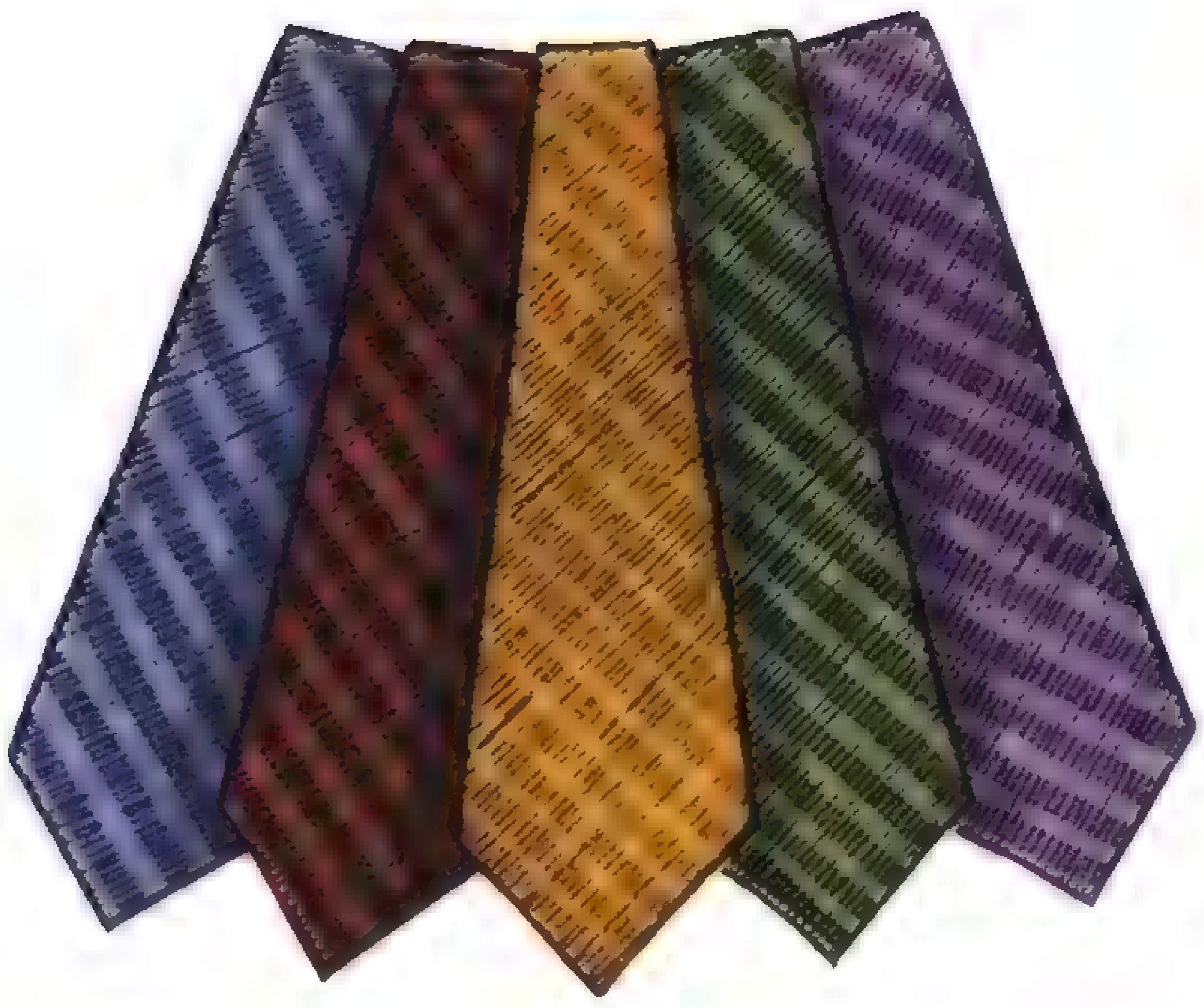
I have seen an affidavit sworn to by an entrant in another tournament in which he deposes that, at one time in its course, he accidentally surprised all four members of the team that subsequently won it sitting in a private room off the tournament hall with their heads together over boards that they had yet to play, studying the hands before going forth to meet all comers and conquer! This information, when duly laid before the Tournament Committee, was dismissed as negligible and the incident hushed up. Nothing could be more stupid than to suppose for an instant that the offending team, had it been less well-known and influential, could have escaped being thrown out ot the contest "on its ear."

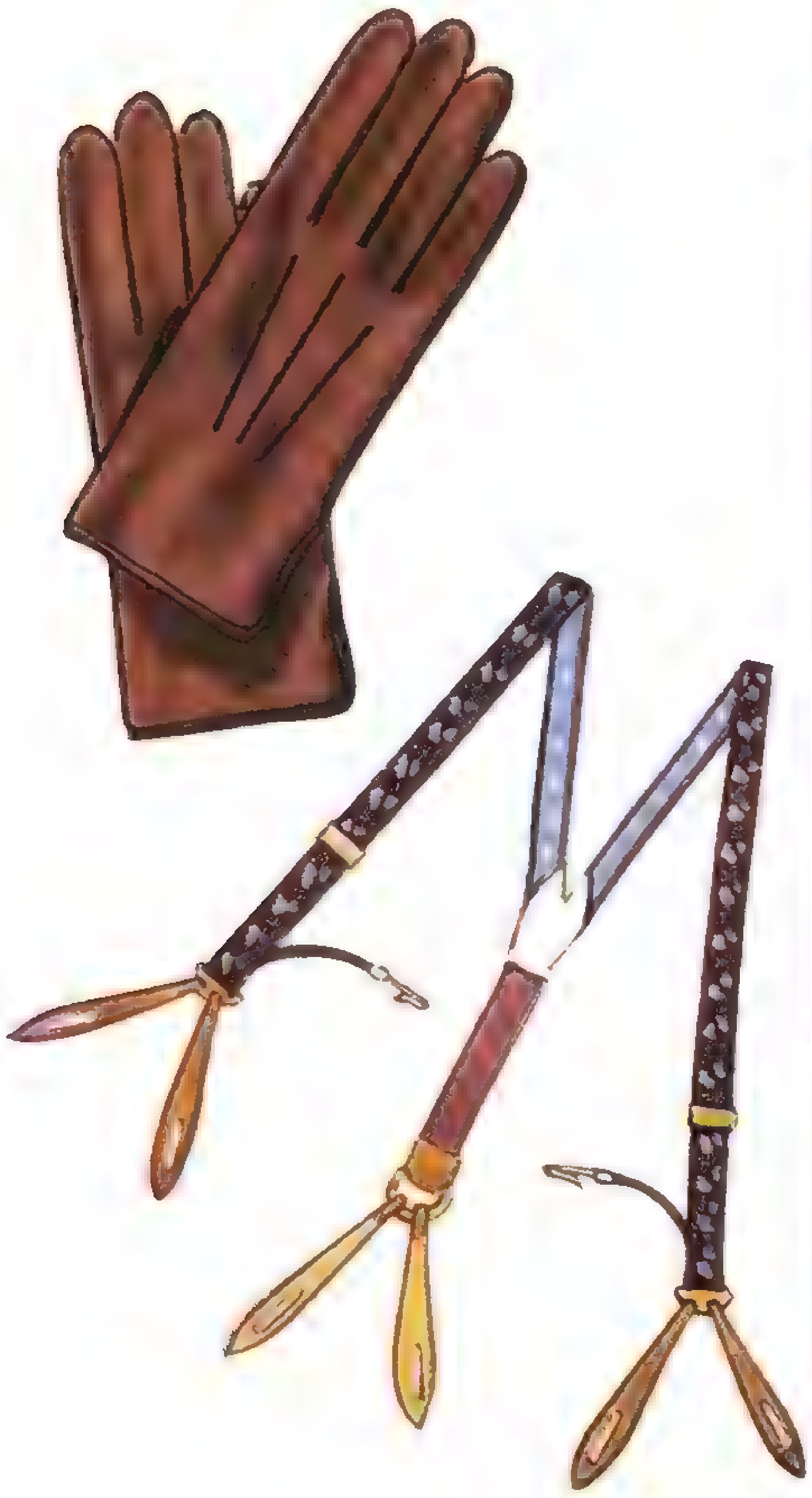
At yet another tournament a well-known woman player from Pittsburgh overheard a sotto-voce conversation between two members of the winning team of four in which it developed that they had found a way to advise their team-mates concerning boards which the conversationalists had played and the other pair had yet to. The eye-and-ear witness promptly reported the incident to the secretary of the organization that sponsored the tournament, who threw up his hands and bleated in consternation: "For gossake, don't tell anybody else. We don't want any scandal in this tournament. It wouldn't do to let the public suspect it wasn't being run on the level."

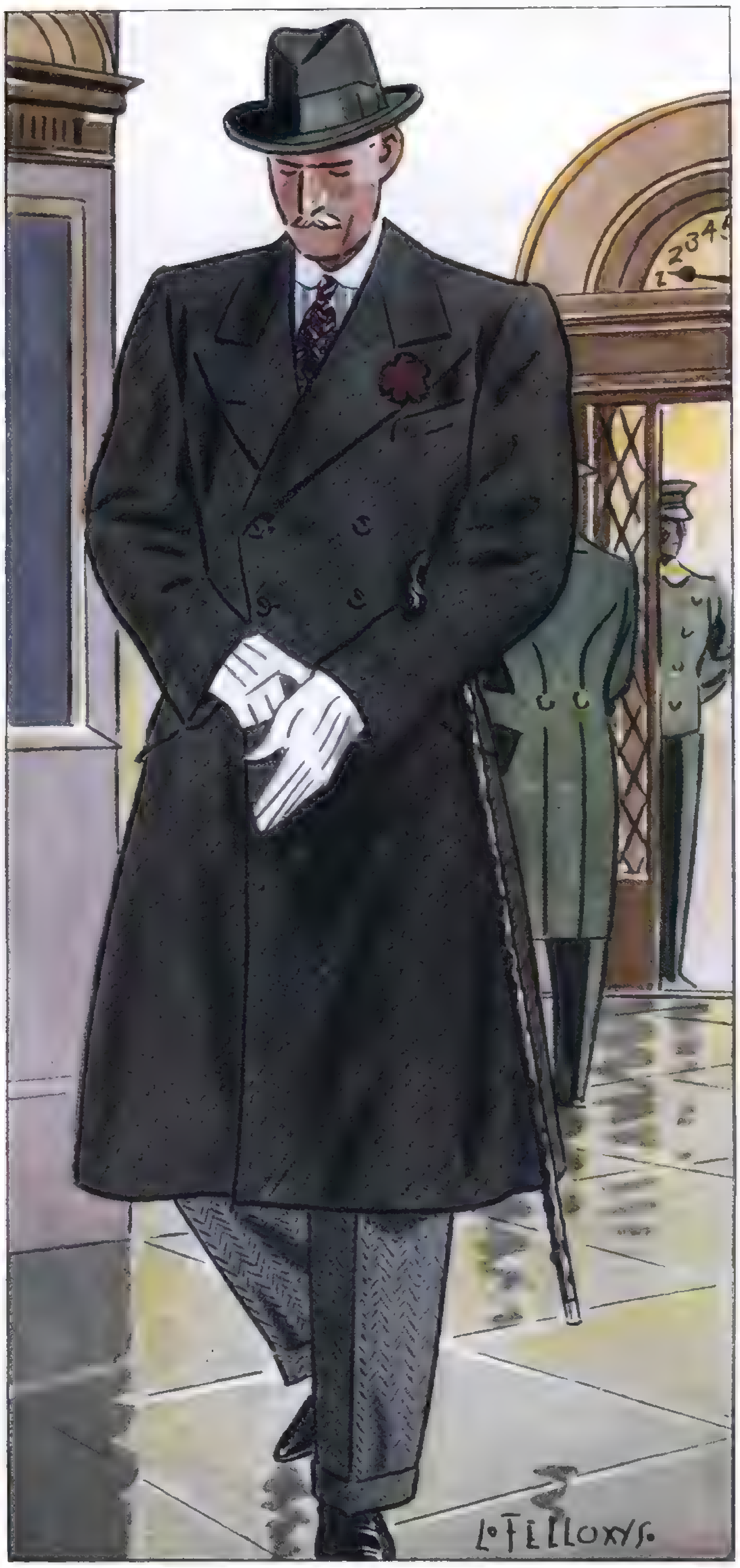
These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. Hardly a tournament is ever run off without its sponsors throwing up a smoke screen for some such sculduggery. Taken in sum, together with the constant practice of simple card cheating, they provide a strong argument in support of the contention of a noted psychologist, who said that it was his belief that in almost every instance unusual card sense ran on all fours with moral imbecility.

I am reminded of a time when Mr. George Reith, as managing trustee of the Knickerbocker Whist Club, was anxiously seeking an excuse to base a petition on for the expulsion of an offensive member. I said: "I can't just see, George, why you want more excuse than you've got on your records. You know very well that this heel has bounced rubber checks here, and not only here but in every club in town—all over the country, if it comes to that."

Mr. Reith pulled a snout of generous deprecation: "Oh well!" he allowed with the broad-mindedness of an old Bridge mule. "I don't call passing bad checks so awful."

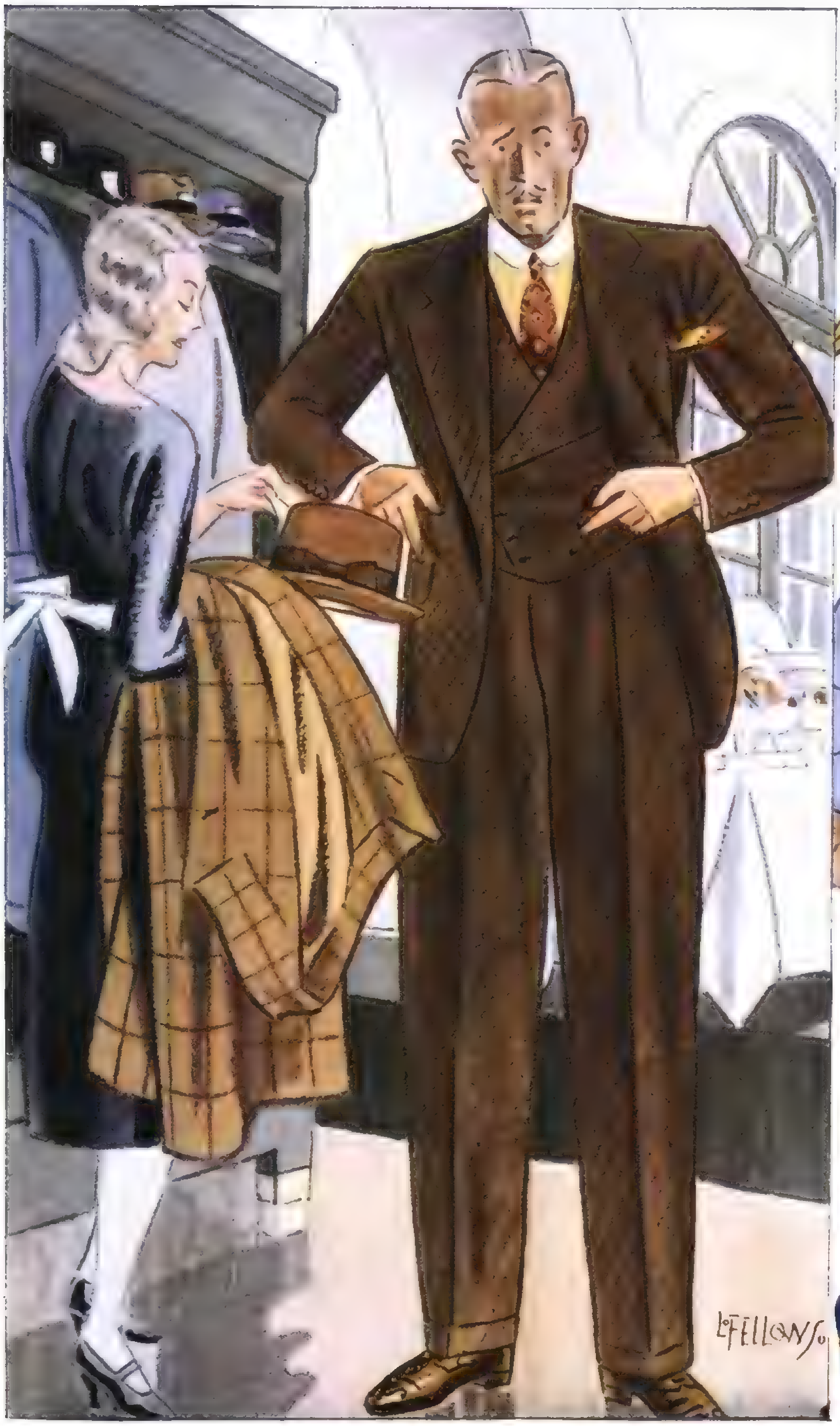


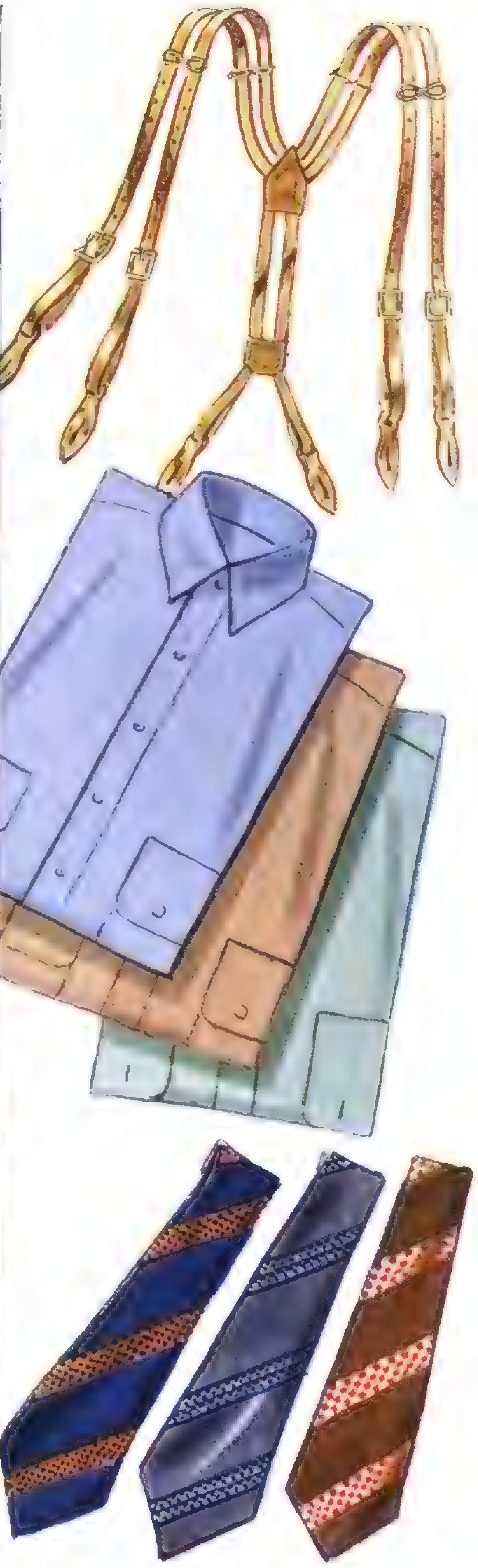




KEEPING DIGNITY WHILE ACHIEVING A NEW JAUNTINESS

From the standpoint of model, this coat achieves distinction on several counts. First, its six buttons are set comparatively close together, each row of three being on a very slight angle giving a tendency toward the effect of an inverted pyramid. Second, the slanting pockets, with flaps, combine with the shape of the front and the flare of the skirts, to give an air that achieves jauntiness without sacrificing dignity. Completing this effect, the coat has a well defined waist line, and the back carries a center vent. This model, with lines that are reminiscent of those of the traditional costumes of gentlemen afield either in sports or in the army, is particularly well suited to the soft handling and rough textured fabrics that are now so popular. The suit, again a rough textured fabric, is of herringbone tweed. Rough fabrics no longer call for informal handling of accessories, as was the case before they worked their way over from country clothes into town wardrobes, and the essence of this outfit's smartness is the combination, with the soft rough garments, of fittings that are somewhat formal, as witness the use of the Homburg model for the hat, the starched collar with the striped colored shirt, and the off white gloves. Only the stick is directly related to the open air character of the clothing fabrics. It is a handsome and sturdy Irish blackthorn. The boutonniere of Harvard red is a tremendous trifle that makes a big difference to the effect of the outfit as a whole. Note, in the alternative neckwear choice, the subdued stripings that are really just a step removed from the solid colored tie. With stripes coming back, these self-toned shadow stripes meet the new trend at the halfway point.





AT LEAST LOOK AS IF YOU HAD A LITTLE MONEY

The lack of ready cash may be betrayed, upon occasion, by your features, but shouldn't, under any circumstances, be indicated by your dress. This is not spoken by way of preamble to a revival of that trite and tiresome and obviously untrue maxim that clothes make the man, but merely by way of gentle reminder that they have been known to hinder, in the attainment of business objectives. In business suits there are two types of construction, one the so-called lounge model which features ease of line and rougher fabrics, the other the sack jacket which is built along body tracing lines and is best adapted to the smoother cloths. With the present vogue for rough suitings, the lounge model is in the ascendant. With it, it has brought back the double breasted waistcoat which has been in total eclipse, at least for business wear, for several years. (At the risk of stressing the obvious, it might be mentioned that the double breasted waistcoat is worn only with single breasted suits.) The details of this waistcoat's cut are worthy of note, with particular attention to its collar and to the slant of the buttons. The jacket repeats the ticket-pocket-with-flap note that has been so important this year. While the more easy going shirt models are sketched, the effect of the starched collar, as pictured on the figure, offers eloquent argument that it has a definite place with business clothes. Overcoats that go well with this dark cheviot lounge suit are the various types of fleecy fabrics, such as the one sketched, which happened to be a town ulster. Overcoatings with an overplaid are especially suitable with rough textured suitings. Striped neckwear is very definitely on the way back up.

ARE YOU READY, GENTLEMEN?

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your excuse. Come on!" The teamster came on, and the Lieutenant was wounded. In Virginia, on the other hand, a negro freedman once challenged a white man, and was immediately put under peace bonds. No stretching of "gentleman" could cover a black man then.

Shots were exchanged on a referee's signal. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" was his formal commencement. If both the combatants assented; "Fire-one-two-three-stop," pronounced slowly and evenly. The interval between "Fire" and "Stop" was the firing period. From the Code again, "If a man fire before, or after the time, his life is forfeit to the other's second. If he wounds his opponent he must submit to a similar wound. If no result the shot counts as regular, and he must receive his opponent's fire."

There were many other approved methods. They might fire simultaneously on the word; or after "Fire!" either opponent might take careful aim and bring his quarry down at leisure—provided the quarry didn't beat him to it. They might advance on the signal, firing at will. These matters were always arranged by the seconds before each meeting. If the first exchange of shots was without effect either side might demand a second chance, or a third. Bynum and Jennifer exchanged six shots at Bladensberg in 1836. Beyond three misses the affair became ridiculous.

When a challenge was issued, each disputant put the entire affair into the hands of a second. This was asking a good deal of friendship, for the seconds had heavy responsibilities. They must arrange time and place, see that their principals were not overreached in choice of weapons and prepare the weapons chosen, must insist on every advantage for their side that the Code afforded, and under certain circumstances *must take the place of their principals and receive their opponent's fire!* An important duty was to effect peace with honor, if possible, before the duel went to serious lengths. Only bravos and professional duellists held that there could be no overtures until after the first fire. So seriously were their functions considered, that seconds were apt to be held guilty equally with their principals, if a duel resulted fatally.

"A gentleman may horsewhip once a man who has refused a challenge without just cause." Such a worm could be "posted" on his own front gate, in some public place, or in the newspapers.

> "I hold Francis H. Welman a Liar, Coward, and Poltroon.
> (signed) Gaston Backler"

> "Having received a note from Mr. Henry Putnam by his friend, and having sent an answer thereto by my friend, I do declare said Putnam to be a coward, and not worthy the notice of any gentleman
> (signed) John Wood"

> "I do proclaim Richard Henry Leake, attorney-at-law, to be an Infamous Liar and Vile Defamer. Fathers of families, if you value the reputation of your daughters, suffer him not to enter your doors.
> (signed) John Miller"

The old county-seat newspapers are sprinkled with such quaint notices. And what a wealth of drama and of human comedy lay behind them; hidden of course, for unless the outcome landed its principals in the courts, the newspapers were most cautious. Editors had troubles aplenty without publishing details that were sure to offend the side that came off second best; and besides, why waste good space on what everybody knew already!

Duels were open secrets after all, for custom and convenience united to create traditional duelling grounds that every officer of the law knew about. A level spot under the Palisades near Weehawken was the favorite of New York gentlemen who preferred pistols. A glade near Bladensberg, just outside Washington, became famous as the duelling ground of politicians, statesmen, and men in the Service. Savannah and New Orleans both possessed favorite duelling places. There were many others less celebrated, but much used.

Love affairs, business, politics, trifling differences of opinion, all led to the duelling field under the inexorable Code of Honor. In a Norfolk tavern Midshipman Frances Key had his own ideas about the relative speed of two steamboats. Midshipman Sherburne said he was wrong. Insult! "But I don't want to kill you over a steamboat," protested Sherburne. "I want to kill you, though," insisted Key; so they went to Bladensberg glade where Sherburne shot the son of the author of "Star Spangled Banner" through the heart. Honor was satisfied, though poor, remorse-tortured Sherburne must have wondered sometimes just which steamboat really *was* the faster.

At a Frankfort, Kentucky, festival, Frank Holman accidentally kicked Jim Waring's dog. Honor, either Waring's or the dog's, was vindicated with pistols at ten paces. Holman was crippled for life and Waring's dog went permanently without a master. This murderously brief space between combatants was not unusual. The Jones-Henry duel in Tennessee about this time was fought with heavy pistols at *four feet.* Their weapons must have almost touched, for while Jones was instantly killed, his bullet went directly into his opponent's pistol; so Henry escaped.

For tragic silliness and sheer waste of life, the Code outdid itself in a New Orleans affair of honor toward the middle of the Century. At a party in that hospitable town a polite young French visitor fell headlong in love with the daughter of the hostess. During the evening the young people took to passing around "Motto candies." The Frenchman couldn't read English and he supposed he was making a gallant gesture when he passed his candy, motto and all, to the daughter of the house.

"Your face is round, and red, and fat.
Like pulpit-cushions, or redder than that."

The trouble was that the description happened to fit the girl exactly. She had shed bitter, secret tears over her pulpit-cushion cheeks. This, she decided furiously, was what one got for noticing a miserable, priggish, deceitful foreigner! Shrieks and mid-Victorian hysterics! Smelling salts and cries for vengeance against the bewildered Frenchman! Her brother read the crumpled motto, after which no course was open but a challenge to his sister's defamer. And nobody knew that a compliment was intended except the defamer, and he didn't know what he had done. But he knew the Code; he chose a second from the excited guests and learned from him for the first time that he had mortally offended his Love! His second flew to the outraged brother's second, and the two agreed that the duel must be averted.

But the brother refused to listen."The challengee has no option, when negotiations have ceased, but to accept the challenge," says the relentless Code. So at dawn under the famous Duelling Oak a broken-hearted lover faced his Adored One's brother, pistol in hand. "Are you ready, gentlemen? Fire-one-two—" Two shots rang out. Missed! To everyone's unspeakable relief. The challenger declared the family honor satisfied, shook hands, and the party turned joyously cityward, the seconds exchanging quiet smiles on the way. They hadn't worried much about the outcome. Agreed that the cause was a foolish and unworthy one, they had secretly withdrawn the bullets from the muzzle-loading pistols. Thus the Code almost lost a victim; almost, for one of the seconds was foolish enough to brag of the trick in a cafe. The brother heard of it; in a fury he called out his own second and shot him dead.

Our grandfathers spent much time out of doors and became familiar with firearms as a matter of course, especially in the west and southwest. A sword, however, was about as useful in everyday life as a suit of armor; hence sword duels were rare. Hunting knives and caseknives figured in many earlier duels in the southwest, but these messy and indecisive implements were never popular. The problem of the Man of Honor who couldn't shoot was finally solved by the renowned Colonel James Bowie about 1827. Colonel Bowie achieved fame in one night when he was caught weaponless in a general fight at Natchez-under-the-Hill. Eight men were killed and nearly a score wounded in this evening's entertainment. The Colonel helped boost the death rate with an eighteen-inch blacksmith's file hastily pointed and given a slightly curved edge. He afterwards sent this first aid to homicide to a Philadelphia cutlery firm, where it was given a dagger-like handle and finished into a knife equally good for hunting, cooking, mayhem, and manslaughter. Henceforward the bowie knife became standard equipment among the desperados of the southwest, and for duelling purposes spread clear to the East Coast.

Colonel Bowie himself was the hero of a hundred romantic legends of the southwest. He is reputed once to have fought a duel on the hurricane deck of a moving steamboat, killing his opponent and tumbling him into the river. He finally led a picked band of soldiers of fortune to Texas, and was trapped with Davy Crockett in the fatal Alamo. So much, at least, is history.

The Code's most menacing aspect is seen in the great political duels which overshadowed public life for half a century. Great leaders, whose lives were too valuable to risk in avenging petty affronts, were more than once obliged to fight because of this malignant influence in American social life. The pity of it was that these challenged statesmen were almost always victims. Alexander Hamilton maintained to the last that he was within his strict rights as a public official in criticising Aaron Burr's fitness for certain high offices, and history has justified his stand. But Burr challenged him nevertheless, so leaving behind him a farewell letter declaring his undying opposition to duelling in any form, Hamilton met him at the customary daybreak hour under the cliffs at Weehawken. The weapons were enormous pistols, with barrels fifteen inches long, discharging fifty-six calibre bullets. Every schoolboy knows the result.

Stephen Decatur, Commissioner of the Navy, hero of the Barbary wars and of the War of 1812, was the next great victim. He fell before the pistol of Commodore Thomas Barron at Bladensberg in 1820, under circumstances pathetically cruel and unjust. Barron had been court-martialed after the seizure of his ship, the Chesapeake, by the British sloop-of-war Leopard shortly before the War of 1812. He was dismissed from the service and was not reinstated until several years after the war. Then he challenged Decatur, who had presided over the court-martial.

Decatur exhausted every honorable means to avert the meeting. His bravery was beyond question and he had a high sense of his public duties, he loved his family, was opposed to duelling on principle and he feared the disciplinary effect of a duel over a court-martial's decision. But Barron persisted in his challenge and the greatest naval officer of his day was accordingly sacrificed to the Code.

Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson fought a duel in 1826 that nearly lost Old Hickory the presidency, when his enemies spread the facts nationwide. It was rather an ignoble affair, involving a disputed bet at a horse race, much quarreling in taverns and in newspapers, a public caning and a supposed insult to Jackson's wife—which last offence was always tantamount to seeking death at Jackson's hands. Dickinson, a Tennessee lawyer and political leader, accepted Jackson's challenge readily enough, although he denied insulting Rachael Jackson.

By the terms of the duel the two men were to face each other with pistols lowered, standing at pegs twenty feet apart. At the word, they were each to have one shot at discretion. If either left his peg before his opponent fired, the opponent's second was to shoot the offender down.

They met one summer morning beside a little brook in a poplar grove near Nashville. The distances were marked. The duellists went to their pegs, pistols cocked and lowered. The seconds drew their pistols and stood a little aside.

"Are you ready, gentlemen? . . . . . FIRE!"

Dickinson fired. The ball pierced Jackson's shoulder but he stood immovable.

"Great God! Have I missed him?" stammered Dickinson, involuntarily stepping from his peg

"Back to your peg, sir," thundred Judge Overton, Jackson's second, raising his pistol. Dickinson obeyed, and stood with his face averted while Jackson with great coolness pulled the trigger. The pistol stopped at half-cock. Jackson recocked it, took deliberate aim, and fired. Dickinson dropped to the ground, shot beneath the ribs. He expired that night in fearful agony.

Jackson never fully recovered from his wound; the senseless whispers about Rachael Jackson redoubled with the telling of this encounter; Dickinson left a wife and three children helpless; and all over the nation went indignant charges that Jackson had murdered a man in cold blood. Thus did our fathers vindicate their honor!

Old John Randolph of Roanoke and the fiery Henry Clay of Kentucky fought a duel in 1829, to the horror of official Washington. Unique in all things, Randolph comes down in history as the only man to fight a duel in a dressing gown. Clay felt he had been insulted by Randolph on the floor of the House, and he demanded satisfaction. It can never be said that the fire-eating old Virginian was

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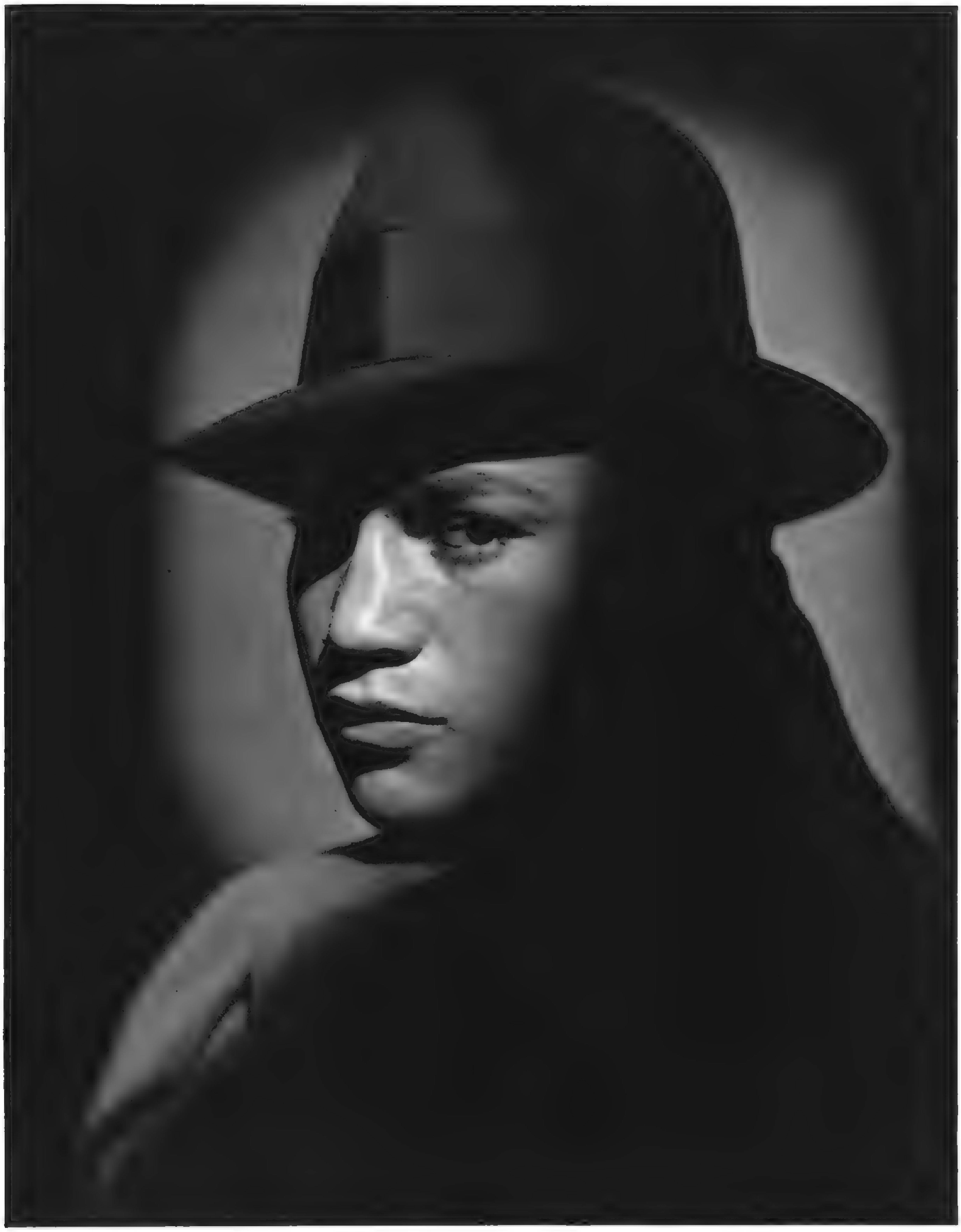

PHOTOGRAPH FOR ESQUIRE BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

THE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Two years ago he wanted to quit the ring and get a job because he wasn't getting anywhere and was ashamed to live off his managers . . . A year ago he had yet to meet a single top-notch opponent . . . Today, after forty-seven fights, he has come through all opposition to wear the lightweight crown . . . Three years from now he hopes to be in business with Marty and Duffy, his especial pals. Gentlemen, we give you Barney Ross, a tough little boy from Chicago's back yard, who grew up to be a gentleman outside the ring.

FORTY-SEVEN FIGHTS UP

Scenes from the Chicago boyhood of Barney Ross, leading up to the world's lightweight championship

by WAKEFIELD SPEARE

A boy needs guts to get by in almost any neighborhood. But there are neighborhoods in Chicago where a boy, to get by, must be a man. One of these is the embattled terrain surrounding the corner of Bunker and Clinton Streets. It's back of the tracks, back of the yards, the Valley—well, it's one of the toughest in a city that is famous for its toughness. Kids graduate from the cradle, in this neighborhood, to inherit juvenile feuds that are as long lived as those of the Kentucky mountains. There is an eternal alliance between the Italians and Poles, augmented by a sprinkling of other Aryan nationalities under the general heading of Bohunks, which confronts the Jews in a never ending series of backyard battles. Boys graduate from these wars, upon attaining manhood. Some, having distinguished themselves as especially tough eggs, obtain the opportunity to do post-graduate work, through membership in the Valley Gang—one of the front door entrances to Chicago gangsterdom. Some of the huskier ones become laborers. The smarter ones rise as high as bookkeeping jobs and petty clerkship, but seldom much higher. It's what the social service workers call an under-privileged neighborhood.

On the corner of Bunker and Clinton, in 1915, the Rasofskys had a grocery store. Mama and Papa Rasofsky spent all their waking hours in the front part of the store. In the back part lived four little Rasofskys, Ben, Morrie, Barnet and Ida. Next door lived a Mr. Nails Morton, a man who was at that time very busily engaged in establishing himself as the dean of the rackets. He never lived to hear of Al Capone.

The Rasofskys met their children twice a week, Friday night and Saturday. The only real meals the family had together were on those two days. The rest of the time the kids ran wild, left to their own devices. Business completely engrossed the attention of their elders.

Barnet Rasofsky, at the age of nine, enjoyed especial prestige among the kids of the neighborhood, being the only one whose father had a store. He used to swipe fruits and sweets to feed all his pals, with the natural result that he was generalissimo of the Jewish Army by unanimous acclaim. Peddlers' wagons and carts were stored in the back yards, and made splendid barricades, behind which to wage war. Rocks and broken bottles were the favorite weapons. These gang fights began almost every day right after school, and the duration of hostilities was indeterminate, depending entirely upon how long it took to get some housewife sufficiently excited to send for the police.

A few years later, the Rasofskys had a chance to change locations, getting a bigger store several blocks away. Here, store and home were finally separated, but not by very far, because the house was on one side of the street, and the store on the other, directly opposite. With the move, Barnet Rasofsky left the Jewish Training School to attend the Foster School, a public school where, for convenience sake, his name was altered to Barnet Rasof. But there the kids began calling him Barney.

There were glass doors in every room but one, at the Foster School. That one room, awesomely known to all the good little boys and girls as the Bad House, had a door of solid oak. Miss Barnes, a heroically proportioned woman of Amazonian disposition, armed with a special ruler that was a good quarter of an inch thick, ruled the Bad House, and her rule was a reign of terror. In one of the toughest schools in Chicago, where bad deportment was less the exception than the rule, you had to be powerful bad to get yourself sent to the Bad House. Yet there was no way for an eleven year old gang leader to avoid it, that is, with honor. If you were such a sissy as to make it unnecessary to sequester you in the Bad House, you were obviously much too nice to command any respect after school. Yet if you did find yourself in the Bad House, the odds were high that you would have no fight left in you whatsoever, by the end of the school day. For in that room there was none of your soft stuff, like standing in the corner or staying after school and writing sentences five hundred times on the blackboard. That was not the method of the formidable Barnes. Crack wise to her and you would find yourself scrubbing the floor in two senses. And if you got extra special tough about scrubbing the floor, why then, as soon as you were able, you washed the windows, too. After a few weeks of this, the Bad House would be bad only by virtue of its fearful reputation, for the kids in it, being of that type who had long since established themselves among their fellows as bad eggs, would get wise enough to realize that there was no percentage in being bad for each other's benefit, and Miss Barnes would suddenly discover, after about the fourth week of the term, that her hand picked rogue's gallery of incorrigibles had suffered a sea-change into models of seemliness and propriety.

But after school was something else again. The Bohunks outnumbered the Jew-boys five to one, and life, for one of the latter who fancied himself as a tough guy, seemed very long and none too merry.

These fights were never solo affairs, seldom involving fewer than fifteen combatants, and fists were used only in default of more efficacious weapons. As a training in the manly art of self-defense, that whole period was a blank, but as a limbering-up of the old instincts of self-preservation, it may have had a certain value.

During his last years in grammar school, young Barney Rasof pleased and surprised his parents by his willingness to work in the store. The idea, of course, was to wait on enough customers to take in two or three dollars and then go South with the receipts. After such ventures into the realm of the easy money, he and the pals who shared the sudden wealth would sleep out for a few nights. Rows of old clothing boxes in the center of the street, used by day as stands on which to display sundries for sale (in the Maxwell Street manner), could be used as improvised flop houses by night.

His big Brother Ben usually sought him out with a flashlight, and his father, a husky six-footer, would then play Home Sweet Home on the seat of the prodigal's pants.

The Fall of '23. Times had been getting steadily better, and the neighborhood steadily tougher. A certain spotty and inconsistent evidence of unwonted affluence was beginning to be manifest. In these mean streets into which no automobiles, save delivery trucks, ever ventured, you would now see big black Cadillacs, the same except for the occupants as the police squad cars. And on the erstwhile quiet corners you would now see, all too often, sudden gatherings of excitedly jabbering people around a prone figure on the sidewalk.

Barney Rasof, on his way to and from Medill High School, picked up a lot of lore about shootings. He learned to tell at a glance whether a guy was merely winged or really plugged. He learned that the serious cases, almost invariably, revealed their gravity by a little trickle of blood out of the corner of the hapless victim's mouth.

The Rasofskys didn't like the looks of things. Business had never been as good, but the neighborhood had never before seemed sinister in its toughness, and now it was beginning to. Stick-ups, for one thing, had been almost unheard of, in this locality, on the obvious assumption that no one had enough money to be worth sticking up. Stick-up men aplenty had grown up around there, but they had practiced their profession miles away. Barney used to read about those who were caught. Old pals of his, companions or adversaries in his gang fights, now venturing out, in their first long pants, playing the crime game "for keeps."

In October, a man came in and made an offer for the store. The Rasofskys were dis-

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TRIAL BY NERVE

Continued from page 66

they struck hands, and soon after the party broke up.

"Nary one of us tried to stop the mad plan. We were sure enough that neither man would be anywhere near that bench when the fuse burned within ten feet of it! We knew our high explosive. Not the formula; that was a secret of Johnson's. It could be detonated either by a fuse, or a heavy blow. Which made it tricky stuff to handle, and especially dangerous to transport.

"Next morn we were up bright and early, two or three of us with hangovers. Not a child was missing; and every native on the island was there too. The house boy had spread the news. A big sloping plateau ran down to the cliff edge, forming a perfect amphitheater. At a distance old man Tavish and I considered safe, we drove down a stake and everybody kept well back of it. Johnson had placed the stick of explosive under the bench at the cliff edge some two hundred feet below which the sea gnawed against a rocky beach. Just as the sun leered up over the horizon, the two rivals sauntered over to their bench side by side, and sat down. They might have been two pals, come to watch the sunrise!

"The slow-burning fuse led back many yards, and I touched it off myself and then went back to join the others. Miss Janet was dead white, but composed. All the women were nervous, and one was praying. None of us men worried. We expected to see both the rivals quit and come scampering up the slope to safety. The one sure detail was that there wouldn't be any bench left! And of course we were curious to see which man would quit first.

"I know about what was said by the two duelists, if you can call them that, for they both told me afterward. Gailford offered his cigarette case, and both lighted up. It would be a long time before the fuse burned anywhere near to the stick, and the two just chatted idly; remarked on the wide golden highway the sun was laying across the ultramarine sea; spoke of the possibilities of the new quartz ledge we were working; of the growing heat as the season advanced, and the need of new mosquito bars next time the schooner called. 'We're getting a little low on gin, too,' Gailford said. 'And our Scotch is down to the last bottle. We'll match for it—if we survive!' And Johnson allowed he didn't care for Scotch anyhow, and as far as that went wouldn't mind if there was no gin on the island, though he liked his iced drinks laced with it, now and then.

"Meanwhile the fuse was burning steadily if slowly on. We could mark its progress by the little puffs that rose up every yard or so, and the two on the bench could follow it perfectly. And it was when only some ten feet separated its glowing end from them, that Johnson began an interminable yarn about something that had happened in his youth.

" 'It was the Fourth of July. Five of us kids at home, and no end of cousins and neighbors. Those were the days for kids! No legal restriction on the length of crackers; and they had torpedoes big as oranges, that threw gravel for thirty feet. And cannon crackers: *boy!* what a noise they did make! Big round as your arm, and a foot long. Guess my interest in high explosive must date from that time. Well, I touched off one of these giant crackers and set her under an old tin pan, and we all scattered. But nothing happened. We waited and waited, and finally decided the fuse must have gone out; and I ventured up to relight it. I was just about a yard from it when the biggest noise I ever had heard stunned me, and up into the air shot that old pail! I was black as a coon, and lost all my eyebrows, and about three years' growth. Maybe that's why I never did get to real man-size!' He laughed, and absent-mindedly felt for his cigarette case.

"Now by this time their fuse was sputtering away a bare three feet from them; and Gailford was afraid that Johnson, all wrapped up in that rambling story, had forgotten all about their situation; and to remind him, he remarked a little thickly: 'Well, there's no doubt about this fuse being alive!' And Johnson, his mind still sentimentally wandering in the distant past glanced down languidly, nodded his head, and went on to light his cigarette. Every minute, every second, Gailford expected to see him snap out of it, and bolt; nor did he propose to delay his own departure one split second after he had proved that he had the better staying powers. Even now, he wondered whether they could make the safety zone in time. But the little man seemed perfectly unconcerned. He leaned back, hands clasped behind his head, and eyes surveying a flock of gulls wheeling overhead. Even his animosity seemed to have evaporated. And the fuse was by now actually out of sight under their bench, so that Gailford had to lean forward to see it. It was exactly two inches from the waiting stick of high explosive!

"It was then that the big man rose as if someone had prodded him with a red hot needle, and bawling with terror he raced up the plateau towards us. Even then, Johnson did not follow him. He looked after him, and we heard him call: '*Why the big hurry? Where's the fire?*' Not until he had finished his cigarette and tossed the stub over the cliff edge did he wet his fingers, lean down and pinch out the fuse just as its glowing end seemed to touch the stick. He held it up, examined it carefully, and waved to us. 'All out! Come on down and see the finish!'

"So down we all swarmed, all but Gailford, who lay on his back like a foundered horse; and when we arrived Johnson told us to line up along the cliff edge, but not too near. 'We'll all have fish for breakfast!' he promised; and then he hurled his stick of hell down onto the rocky shore far below. It seemed as if that beach just heaved up at us, rocks, sand, water and all. *And the noise!* Well, you were in the War. A little later the shoreline was padded with fish, big and little, that had been stunned and thrown ashore. The natives and our own kids raced down the cliff with whoops and cheers, and we sure did have a fish fry for breakfast! I ate some kinds I never saw before nor since.

"We broke camp soon after this affair. There wasn't much profit in it for Gailford anyhow; and besides, life became unendurable. He was always getting what you Yanks call the razzberry. Even the kids heckled him. They'd steal up behind him and clap their little hands smartly, to see him jump. One day one of the bigger lads exploded a paper bag behind him, and Gailford lost his head and knocked his tormentor flat. The boy's old man, a brawny Cornishman, gave his boss the pasting of a lifetime for it. As for Janet, she never even seemed to see him after that day on the cliff. No, there was nothing to detain him on Sarga, and he settled in full with everybody and sailed away on the trading schooner, leaving me in charge to dismantle the camp."

"Well, your little friend Johnson certainly had plenty of nerve," I told McFee when he began to refill his pipe, his story evidently done.

"Oh, that! That didn't call for nerve. Not Johnson's, I mean. I've told you his sticks could be detonated either by fuse or by concussion. Of course he was in charge of them, and he fixed him up one with the last three inches just clay, or cement. The fuse would have died out against it. But when he dropped it onto the rocks below, the live part went off, of course!"

"What a rotten trick!" I expostulated.

"Yeah—and against a rotten man! I told you all rules are off in such cases. Johnson told me all about it, but I kept my trap closed. Whether he ever told Janet Tavish or not, I've often wondered. They got married soon as we reached the mainland. And the World War broke soon after. She knew long before that was over that Johnson had plenty of nerve."

THE OLD PIRATE

Continued from page 91

kindly, gives him a small box of the precious drug: "Go and smoke, my friend!"

"Oh! You who are my father and my mother," the man says, "wait until I sign a note."

"A note?" Luong says, peering down his bird-like beak: "A note? Why? I have a good memory. Go."

Many, in fact, bring him his money and interests, without note.

"You shouldn't have hurried so," Luong says with a laugh: "However, I congratulate you not to forget the rites of courtesy."

While he thus fulfilled his duties as lord and his business as a trading-proprietor, I talked with the interpreter.

"He must have a handsome fortune?"

"Handsome indeed! Many, many piasters."

"What does he do with it?"

"Buries it."

"How's that?"

"Yes, buries it. Here, it is the custom. If you have money, you hide it. But he has such big heaps of piasters that he cannot dig the holes alone. Then he takes along one of his women, at night to carry the bags and dig. Then—"

"Then?"

"He kills her. Just like that, quietly. No one can know."

Luong-Tam-Ky turned to me calmly, and asked me to have dinner with him politely. I would not offend him by refusing, I was in no position to do this. But I looked more and more often, to reassure myself, at the French Post which a wise Government has erected on a hill very near his residence. I tried to find that blockhouse imposing, protective. Luong-Tam-Ky smiled:

"Bad blockhouse," he said to my interpreter: "No can hold against my six hundred rifllemen. No food. And then, as the well is outside the enclosure, just by holding the well—"

He ate heartily. I not so much, and I believe he noticed it. He smiled again.

"What did you say to this foreign notable?" he asked the interpreter. I did not understand the words, but his voice was sharp, and the interpreter changed color.

"Stories about me," he went on, "and the foreign notable is frightened! Tell him this: When I was sheltered in the caverns, I promised the Goddess of the Mountains to erect a pagoda for her if she made my peace with the French. I have made peace, and the pagoda is built.

"I swore to the French that I would live like a peasant on these lands, were they given me. I live like a peasant. I swore that no men of mine would take up the fight again. Those who did are dead. I ate their livers and their hearts, for they were the livers and the hearts of brave men."

This was absolutely true. He had ordered the viscera roasted on coals and had eaten them. Such was the custom.

"I swore to enforce security upon the roads. Well, when my son attacked a party of traders, two years ago—you recall, interpreter?—did I not send to the representative of France the head of my son, in a basket?"

"Is that true?" I asked the interpreter.

"Yes," he nodded.

"The foreign notable may go to sleep," the old pirate concluded: "He is safe."

All Abroad In London Town

Continued from page 107

years ago, can you conceive how the floor would have been littered with bones and blood and furniture?

The day after I wanted some tea; a very special sort of tea that smells of jasmine and lilac and poppies. And only Liang Ki sells it. So Osborne and I took a tram to China. That is to say, we got on at Aldgate and got off at the West India Dock Road and walked down to Limehouse Causeway (the place they wrote the Blues about). But all the doors in Chinatown were locked, and all the windows shuttered.

"Has there been a police raid?" Osborne asked, pleasantly excited.

"No," I said. "I should have remembered. Today is a festival. They're celebrating the flowering of the chrysanthemums."

The narrow, furtive, winding streets did not seem very floral or festive; it was a pretty irony to see the gold blaze of Asian chrysanthemums celebrated in the dingiest street in Europe.

But to us the doors were not locked nor windows shuttered. For I slipped our cards through a chink in the door, with a Chinese greeting on both; and Liang Ki opened it and welcomed us ceremoniously.

I can't tell you how formal it all was, how carefully we respected the laws of precedence. The Chinese of Limehouse are far more punctilious than the Chinese of Hankow. Like the Tsarist Russians, they, too, are the last survivors of an old order—the order that existed before the revolution of 1912.

At Liang Ki's we dined—on seaweed, birds' nests, ducks' feet, sharks' fins. Yet within a radius of a few miles a few million Londoners were sitting down to sausages and potatoes and beer! A few miles away? Impossible! Somewhere at the opposite end of the solar system.

Then the things were cleared away and the guests began to put in an appearance. A few casual sea-

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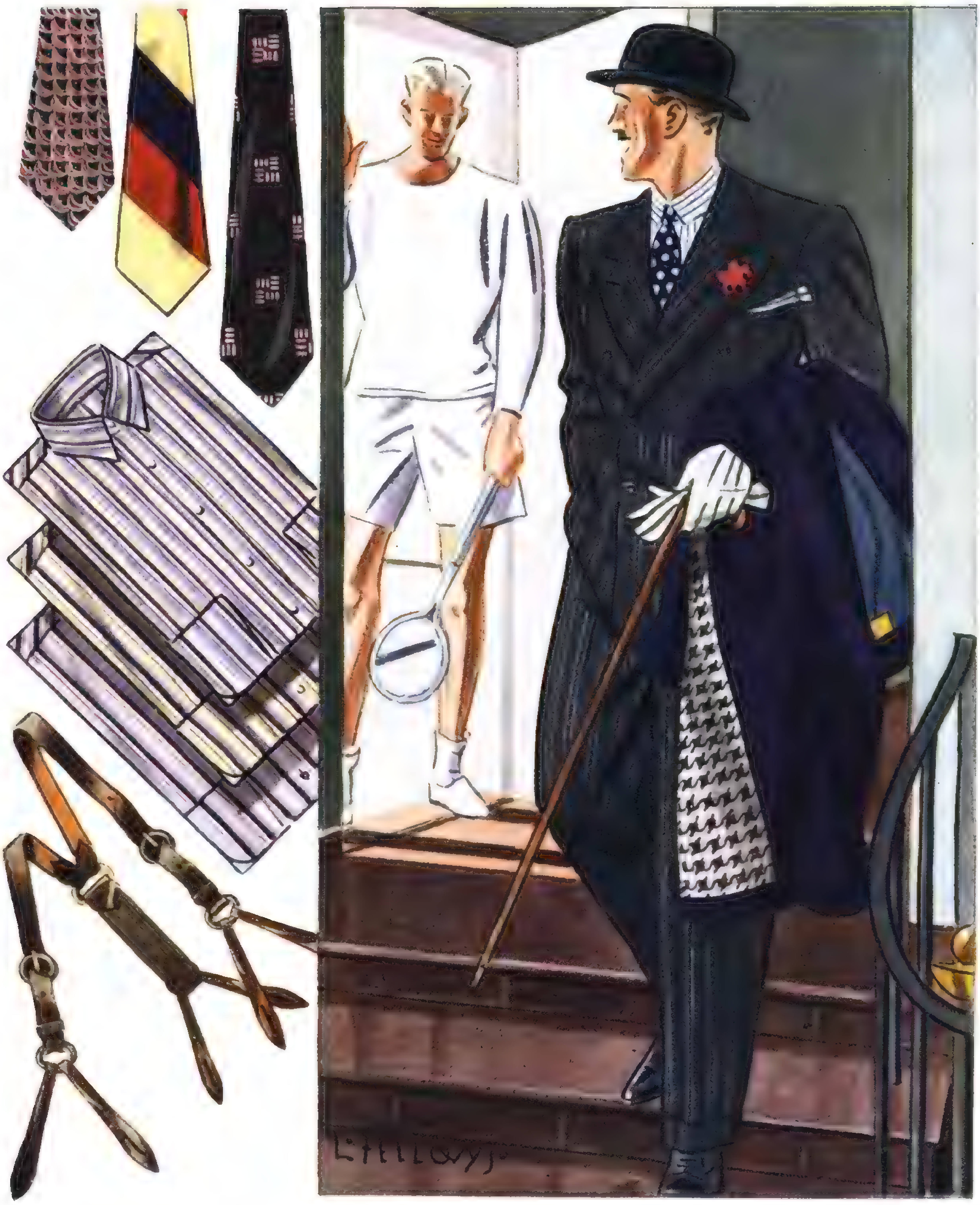
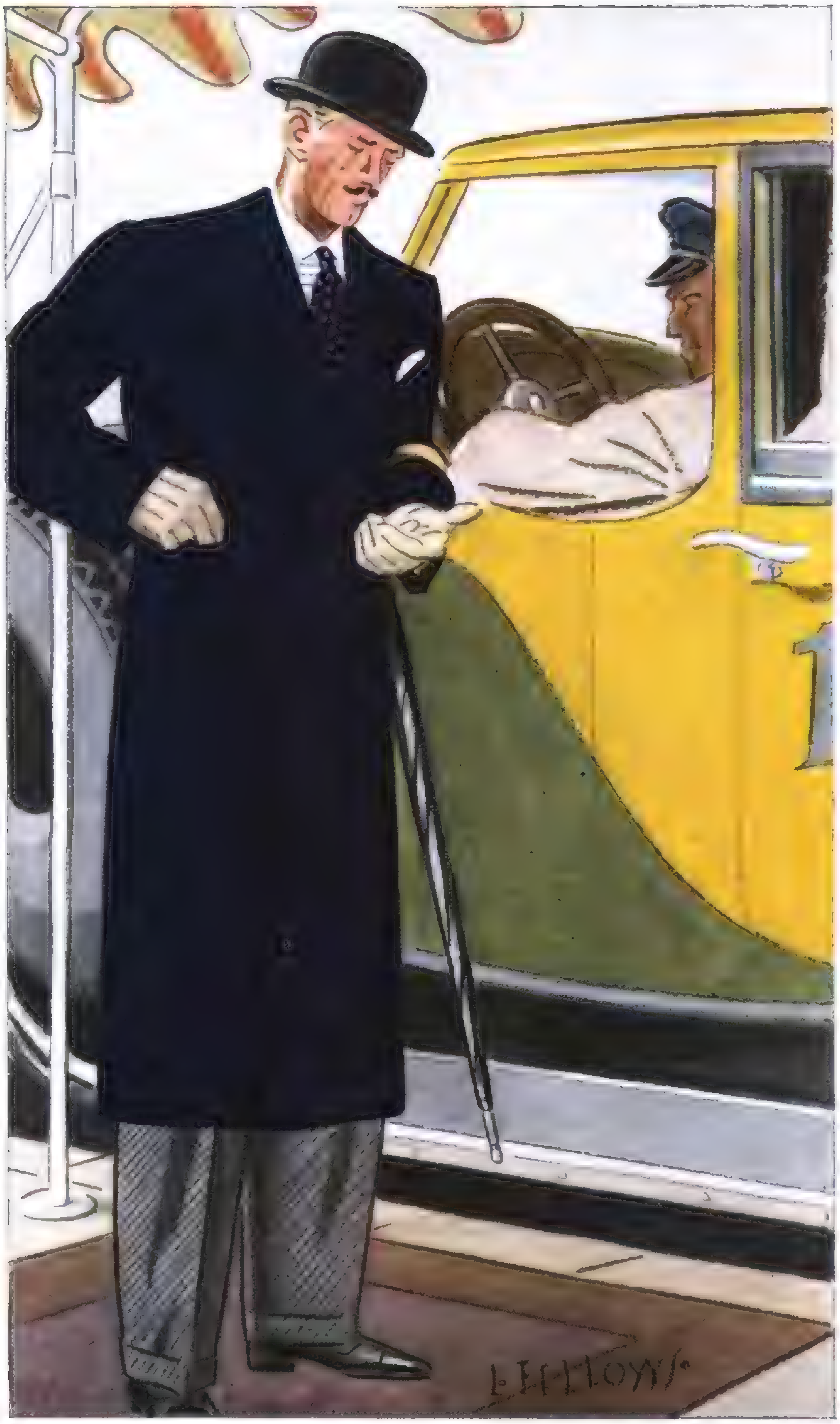
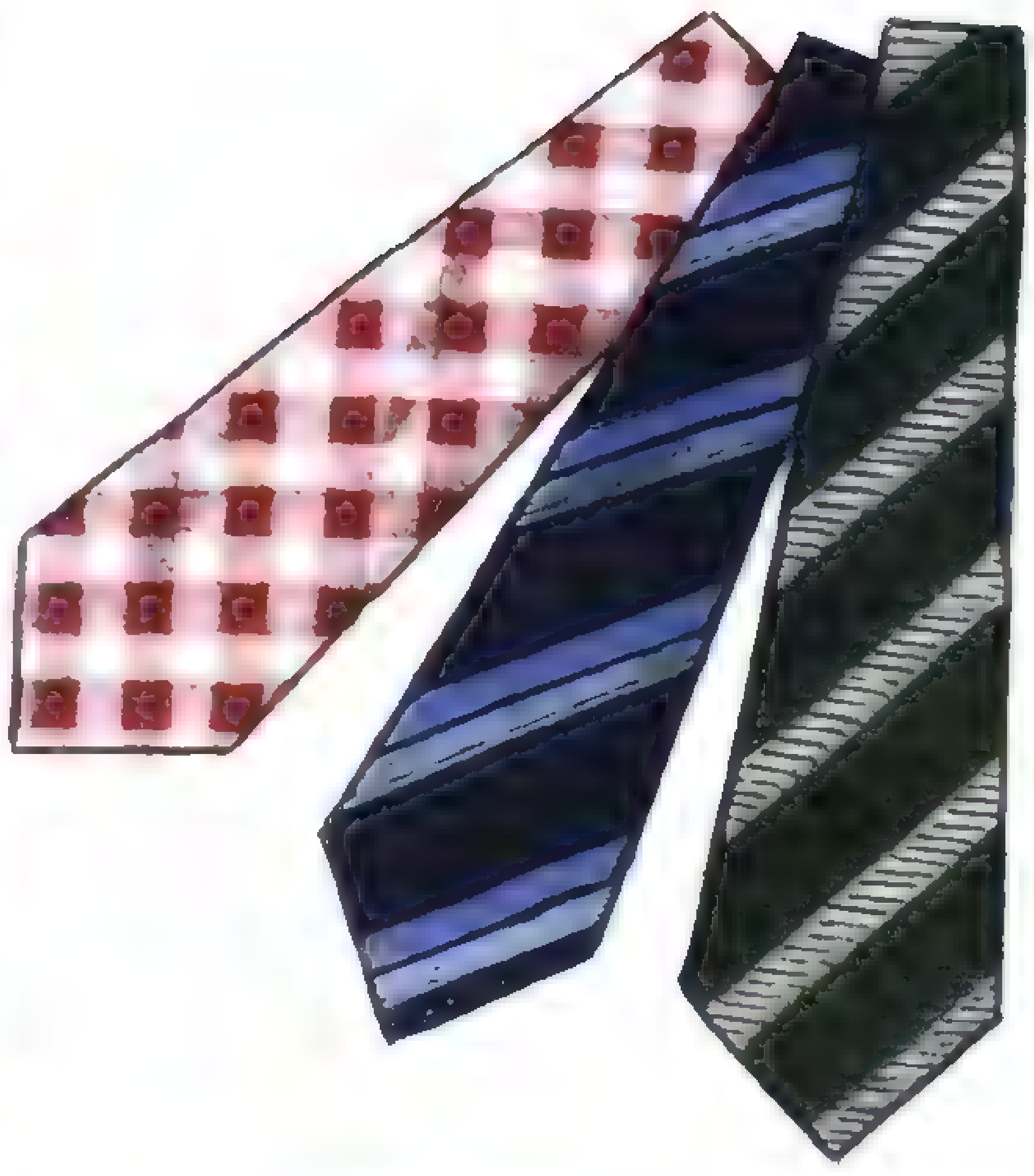
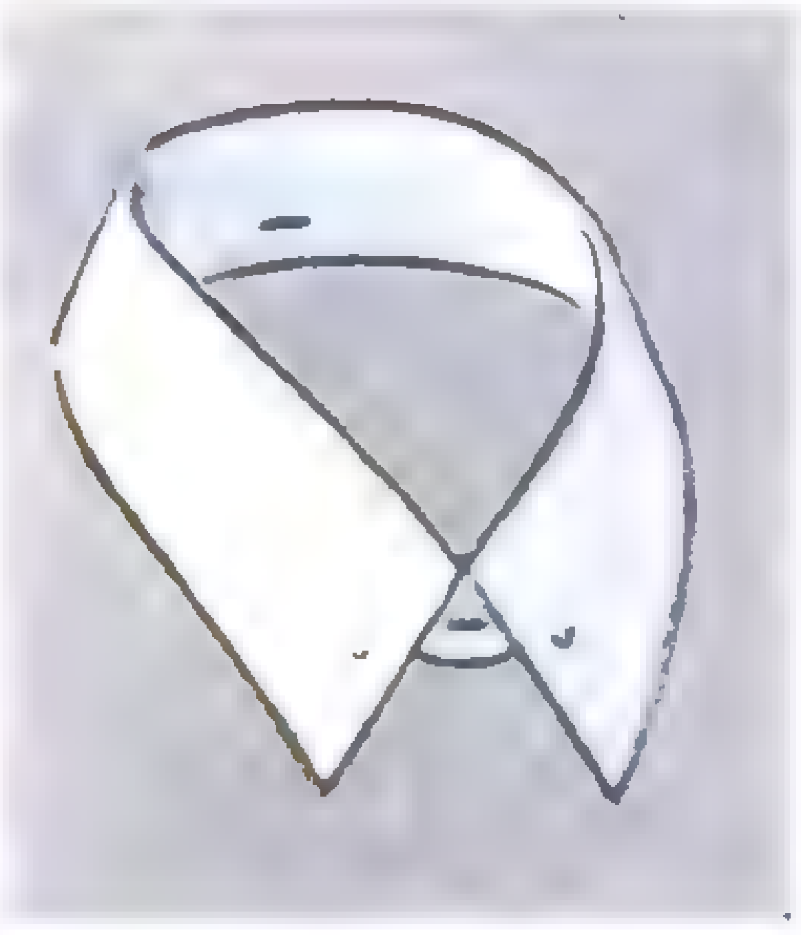


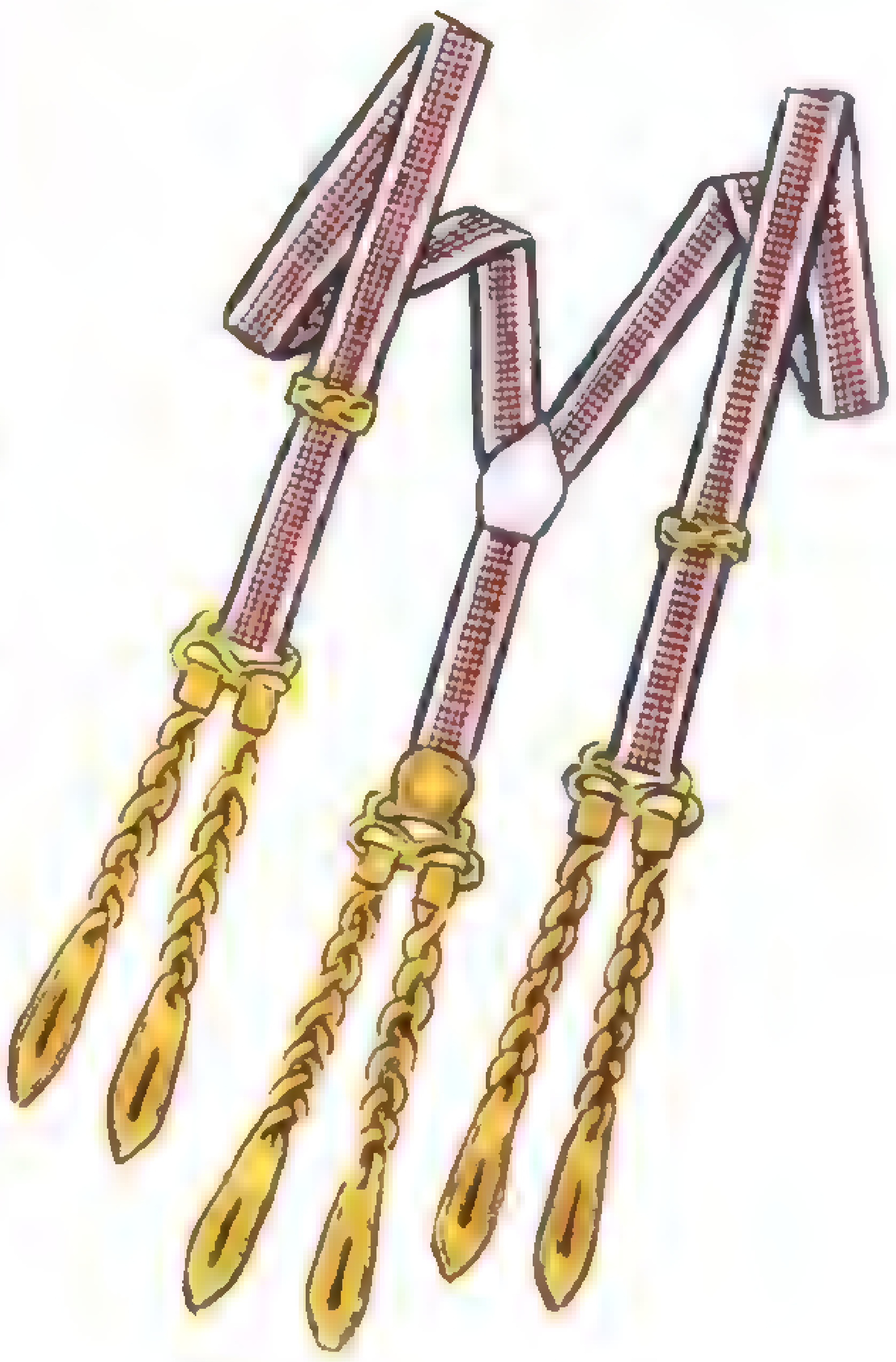
AN ALL-ENGLISH TEAM OF SMART FASHION ITEMS

You might call this page the All-English selection of fashion notes, since all the items depicted here are of London origin, although established in American acceptance, at least within that numerically small but fashionably important group of business and financial leaders who set the seal on this country's fashions. The suiting is black. It may look gray in the picture, but it's black as midnight, or even blacker, in the cloth. It carries a well defined double stripe of white. You may not like it, at first, because it represents such a marked departure from all the suitings to which you have been accustomed in recent seasons. But you may select it with complete confidence that it will mark you as one who knows, at least in the eyes of all those who know. It's one of those things. A new fashion and an exclusive one—and one that will take a while on its downward trip to mass popularity. You may think that derbies, like Chinamen, all look alike, but the new ones have a somewhat flatter brim that has only a slight curl, and a crown that has just a trace of a tendency to bell. With the trend to softer, lighter weight cloths extending to overcoats, the habit of lining them, for added warmth, is being extensively indulged. For town coats in blue or black, the black and white checked lining, in a somewhat emboldened version of the hound's tooth check, lends a smart air. In the alternative neckwear choices, note the return of bold stripes, and of the use of black backgrounds for spaced figures. The tie with black ground is getting an especially heavy play from the discerning. The dark striped shirts and the dark reddish brown leather braces are also especially favored.









THE GUARDS COAT BELONGS IN EVERY MAN'S WARDROBE

THE double breasted guards overcoat is the hardy perennial of men's fashions. For the man who is limited, by reasons of finance, to but one overcoat at a time, this is the one overcoat to have, since it is in excellent taste for daytime wear and can do double duty, in a pinch, by appearing after six o'clock over evening clothes. While it is frequently made up in the darker grays, a deep navy blue, like that of the coat sketched here, is the color best suited to this model. Proper cutting calls for three buttons on each side, with two to button, a long inverted pleat in the back, and a half belt so fitted as to give a slight effect of waistiness. The derby is the best hat with this coat, but a Homburg can also be worn with it. A snapped brim hat, however, is not in keeping with the lines of this model. Pigskin gloves go well with this outfit, in almost any shade of brown, but the lighter the better—those sketched are of buff pigskin. Even though the general effect of this outfit is one of near-formality, emphasized by the starched collar and the demi-bosom shirt with horizontal stripes, the suiting may, nevertheless, follow the trend toward rough fabrics. The suit indicated here is a diagonal weave cheviot. Starched collars are on the way back, there's no denying it, but the makers are offering a nice gesture of meeting the diehards half way, by incorporating the eyelet holes for the collar pin, which are so popular in soft collars. This relieves the formality of the starched collar and has a practical advantage, too, in that it keeps the knot of the tie from slipping down. Even silk ties, by the way, are going rough along with suitings—some of the smartest new ties being of hand woven rough silks.

HAIR RAISING ADVENTURES

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waiting for the iron to get hot enough to use. Then he would screw up his face into horrible grimaces, apply the iron, and sit back, pale and exhausted, with his mustache a new and strangely groomed thing, smooth and tight, with the tips curled.

Some of the stable's customers, who noted the changes in Hank were openly shocked. One puzzled customer made a remark that should have warned Hank he was standing on the very brink of the abyss. He said:

"I didn't know you, Hank, with socks on!"

The warning failed to register. Hank twisted his mustache and went out and bought some garters.

Hank left what we considered the best job in the world a few weeks after that episode. A customer, noting the deplorable condition of the man, pushed him further on the downward trail by offering him a job on the road selling horse collars. His indulgences of the toy iron had so shattered his will that he accepted the Easiest Way, and set forth on the Primrose Path.

Here was a self-respecting man, holding the highest place the community had to offer; a happy, contented man. Came the tempter, and in a weak moment Hank yielded and fell. He abandoned the overalls and had taken to wearing plaids, and, when he went out with his samples of horse collars, he wore a shepherd checked suit with a plain necktie.

There were times in his descent when he reached up pathetically, and tried to regain his lost poise. At such times he visited the stable when he was in town; but he was not the Hank of old. We had slipped into the habit of thinking of him as Henry. Then, one dreary day he showed up at the stable wearing spats and carrying a cane, and we knew the last vestige of shame had departed from the man. After that, of course, he could not be called Henry. We felt we had to call him Mr. Whiffenrod, which was the unfortunate man's name.

Some weeks later the breach was widened beyond hope of repair. His checked suit was replaced with one of plain cinnamon brown. He announced he was no longer interested in selling horse collars, as he was going into the automobile business, adding that horses were soon to be back numbers. This heresy put us as far apart as the stars. It is significant that at this stage of his descent his mustache had become greatly reduced in size, and was a thing of carefully preserved curves. It had a brittle appearance. He visited the stable no more.

The years passed, and one day this critic felt the Urge. The results were not entirely satisfactory, but it is characteristic of artistic endeavor that any young man who puts his heart into his work will achieve results. Some sort of results, anyhow. But he needs encouragement, and he is not likely to find a sympathetic attitude among those whom he has known for years when he undertakes to raise a mustache. An uncommonly courageous man may remain where he is and face the thing out. This commentator postponed his second serious attempt to raise a mustache until he left home to work on a newspaper in another city.

Even here conditions were not perfect. At the first evidence of my intention, my daring emprise was greeted with painfully jovial applause. Victory, it may be seen, is not won easily, for, not only is the world arrayed against the young dreamer, but he, himself, is never quite satisfied that his work represents him adequately. Weaklings fall by the wayside; only the bold dare to undertake the raising of a real mustache—dare and dread the future, but press on.

By a real mustache, the brief toothbrush affair which reflected the economy program of the Coolidge administration is not indicated. Neither do we refer to the sparse spray of hair little darker than a smudge that was developed during the recent financial situation, but rather, the mustache that bows to no administration nor to any period of the progress of mankind. It was this critic's hope to produce a striking example after the Handle Bar fashion, with a tip-to-tip spread of at least seven inches.

During this period of study and application, this critic made a survey of mustaches throughout the West and the South. On a side trip to Chicago, several interesting types were observed and tabulated. It is here that the Stock Yards Twirl may be found at its best. Also, another purely local effect, known as The Loop attains a certain dignity in broad, sweeping lines.

The Stock Yards Twirl, displayed both in Chicago and Kansas City, is a rather modified version of the Mule's Shoe, which may be found at its best in many parts of the cow country. While admirers of the Mule's Shoe are satisfied to express themselves in bold, quick strokes, the Stock Yards Twirl achieves its effect through infinite attention to detail, which is both graceful and balanced, when rightly done. Personally, it seems too restrained, too unnatural.

Extremists, on the other hand, lauding meticulous detail, decry the Mule's Shoe, forgetting that this effect cannot be achieved without studied handling. Some even go so far as to assert the Mule's Shoe is not a distinct type, but a combination of Early Western and Western Renaissance. Still others maintain it is a combination of those two and yet another—the Forty-Niner.

The student is not misled by these theories. There is nothing to show where the Forty-Niner's mustache left off and the whiskers began. The Mule's Shoe is not, and never can be, a combination of the Early Western and the Western Renaissance. Each of them is a separate method of treatment, each representative of a distinct school. Each is a true mustache, not a continuation of whiskers.

Courage is expressed in the rugged Early Western treatment, and there is a certain charm in its uneven lines, suggestive of the man's disregard for personal comfort in the attainment of his goal. The Western Renaissance, exemplifying the awakened interest in the West came in with the dude ranch period, and, while perhaps more attention is given to detail, the bold lines are drawn most effectively.

The Mule's Shoe presents two glorious arcs whose tips almost meet under a clean-shaven chin. Rightly done, it is a symphony in flowing line.

Here and there, the student is confronted with the Futuristic treatment, and, if a serious thinker, he is forced to shudder at what certain critics profess to view as a striving for individualistic expression. This analyst has little patience with the Futuristic movement in mustaches, regarding them as mere dabblings which can never be more than bizarre novelties. This type cannot endure because it is founded in wrong thinking. Some critics say it is a "brave fight against accepted convention." The fallacy of the Futuristic school of mustaches is that it is exploded by this very fact—while escaping accepted conventions, the revolters establish conventions of their own, equally rigid. Let them swerve but a hair's breadth and they become outcasts from the little band with which they identify themselves.

The Futuristic mustache takes on many fantastic shapes. It is not necessarily longer than it is wide, and it is not always parked in the accepted zone directly under the nose. It is often hung at a distressing angle.

While it is true that some of the ablest mustache critics of the day do not wear them, it is also true that they could produce them if they chose. As the years passed this observer grew many mustaches, some sombre, others rather whimsical, all of them striking examples of sundry types, we have been told. Newspaper work beckoned to many cities and in one of them we were assigned to interview an industrial leader. The name the editor had scribbled for me seemed elusively familiar. And well it might!

The "J. Henry Whiffenrod" scrawled on my assignment slip indicated the depths to which our old friend's mustache had dragged him. Could this be old Hank of the livery stable, this rather portly gentleman we faced across a glass-top desk? We thought back to the old days in the harness room when Hank used to hold forth on the System, tugging at his magnificent mustache for inspiration and help over the tough places in his argument. We recalled that glorious mustache, how its contour had changed with each step of Hank's fall. As we looked at him across the desk, we knew there would be no more changes in it. It had become no larger than a thumbprint. It was gray, almost cubical, a coldly formal badge of authority. It must be admitted, in all fairness to the man, that it was an excellent example of the Business Baron's Gesture. It was executed with as much feeling as that repressed, conservative mustache permits. Something of his repentance was apparent, and, never the prude, this critic shook his hand warmly, knowing the man was not altogether lost. He had the grace to sigh just once for the greatness of his past, when he was occupying his high post at the City Livery Stable, and had a mustache that was a mustache. Now that he owned banks, factories and a string of garages, the best his hands could fashion was a study in gray, of the school of the Business Baron's Gesture.

"I went to France last year," he said reminiscently. "Spent the summer in a little hick town. I tell you, that's a country where the horse is appreciated. But something was missing, somehow."

Of course something was missing. That gorgeous mustache of his younger years, its fire and dash and daring was missing. And an audience who believed implicitly in every syllable that issued from beneath that mustache was missing. He dared attribute his "fortune" to some such drivel as hard work, perseverence. Too well this critic knows what gave J. Henry Whiffenrod his start on the downward path. It was a toy curling iron, that's what it was.

Mr. Whiffenrod is an example of what a mustache will do for a man. His record bears out this observer's theory that the mustache is man's vehicle for the expression of his outlook on life, his aspirations, his effort to reach a higher and finer plane. The mustache is man's lunge toward the stars.

ARE YOU READY, GENTLEMEN?

Continued from page 117

opposed to duelling—he challenged Daniel Webster once—but this time he protested the challenge, saying that Clay had no right to make a personal matter of a House debate, besides which Randolph was confined to his home with a cold. Retract or fight, was Clay's ultimatum; whereat, clad in the dressing gown of the sick room and still protesting, the Gentleman from Roanoke withstood two shots from Clay, fired twice in the air, shook hands with his opponent, and placidly returned to bed. He continued to speak his whole mind in Congress.

Finally a particularly senseless and murderous duel between two Congressmen in the midst of a session aroused public opinion to giving the Code its death blow. In the course of a discussion in the House one day Congressman Cilley of Maine alleged the improper use of money in public affairs by a New York editor named Webb. At Webb's request, Congressman Graves of Kentucky demanded a retraction. Cilley declined, claiming freedom of debate on public matters—just as Hamilton and Randolph had done, whereat, to his amazement, Graves challenged him. In vain Cilley protested that he was only protecting Congressional freedom of debate; once more the sheltered glade outside Bladenberg saw the stealthy arrival of furtive, excited men, measuring off distances and loading weapons with punctilious formality. Three shots were exchanged with rifles at thirty feet. Between each exchange, both seconds strove to pacify Graves, and Cilley repeated his protests. Grave's third bullet pierced Cilley's heart and he expired where he stood. Honor bright once more, but whose? Grave's? Cilley's? Webb's? The Congress'?

All over an indignant nation this question was asked. At last public opinion and the Code of Honor parted company. Duelling fell into swift disrepute. The stupidity of trying to settle anything by killing a man was too apparent. The Civil War came on, affording outlet for all the blind recklessness our country could muster, and the duel was outlawed, except on our brawling frontiers. The last notorious meeting in the east, in the gay seventies, gave the custom its final farcical finish. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the New York Herald challenged Charles Mays of Virginia, after Mays had horsewhipped him in the New York streets; but when they came to fight, Bennett, according to witnesses, was so nervous that he fired before he could get his pistol raised; and Mays fired in the air.

So the Code of Honor is outworn today. A practical people, our honor is satisfied only if the wrong is righted. The man who defrauds us can neither quiet our claims with a bullet, nor will our belongings go to his heirs. He must make good. Nor can he atone for kicking our dog by crippling its master. He must pay the veterinary bills.

And if he tricks us out of wife or sweetheart, we have a revenge that makes the bullet of the old time duellist seem like a caress. Keep your pistol in your pocket, use your philosophy and your craft, and leave the rest to time. Kipling gives us the formula exactly:

"Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er.
Its 'ell for them both."

PARTLY CLOUDY TO CLOUDY

Continued from page 89

was becoming very cold, the wind shifting from east to northeast and making little whitecaps on the lake. Tom watched the waves hitting the breakwater in front of the house. Tom began to think about his father, a traveling salesman for a large drug company, who drank himself to death. He had died the previous autumn, a victim of heart disease. Ever since Tom could remember, his father's heart had been bad, and he recalled the best he could, one-by-one, the numerous times his father had been stricken. He recalled the night of his seventeenth birthday, how his father came home drunk that night, too, and brought with him a set of boxing gloves from Chicago, neatly done up in a gift-package, and sparred around with him in the parlor until he was seized with a heart attack and fell unconscious to the floor. And then two weeks later his father was dead and the doctor told his mother that drinking so much had shortened his life by many years.

Tom stood up and looked out across the lake. The tall grass came up even with Guy's chin. Tom looked at Guy out of the corner of one eye. Guy was a tough looking fellow with his flat nose and cauliflower ears, the result of an attempt to be a professional fighter. Fearing that Guy might become punch-drunk, his father induced him to quit boxing and take up farming, buying the ten acres adjacent to their home and deeding it to Guy. Much to his father's surprise, Guy became extremely fond of his farm and forgot all about his pugilistic ambitions.

"Here they come, Tom," Guy said, half-shouting and squatting down in the boat with his gun ready. Tom sat down and looked in the direction Guy was pointing. A flock of ducks was coming from the northeast, at least fifty or more in the flock, beginning to circle about the lake.

Guy put his hand to his nose and called the ducks. It was a perfect imitation and the ducks flew lower and came closer to the blind. They were mallards, beautiful birds, very large. They landed, lighting on the water in front of the blind.

"Mallards! Big bastards! Give 'em hell!" Guy said, standing up and firing both barrels at the ducks. Tom fired almost simultaneously with Guy, both barrels, the recoil jarring him and making his blood run warmly throughout his cold body.

"Open that gate! Quick!" Guy said, wild-eyed, putting down his gun. Three ducks had been hit and the rest had risen and flown away before either of the brothers could reload.

Tom turned in his seat and opened the gate while Guy grabbed an oar and began to push the boat out of the blind. There was a wild look on Guy's face, the way he always looked when he had hit something and was going after it. Two of the mallards were dead when the brothers reached them. The other was thrashing the water, a thin red stream of blood coming out of its mouth and mixing with the water. Alongside the ducks, Guy stopped rowing and reached out and pulled in the two dead ones. Tom sat shivering, watching Guy grab the ducks. Tom's feet were frozen, giving him great pain, and his teeth chattered with the cold and excitement. Guy reached out again, for the third time, and hauled in the duck that wasn't dead. The duck struggled in Guy's hands, trying to free itself. Guy slammed its head against the side of the boat two or three times as hard as he could and threw the duck in with the other two in the bottom of the boat.

Tom looked at the ducks lying in the boat and took Guy's gun as it was handed to him, barrel first. Somewhat subdued, Guy began rowing back to the blind, an expression of great satisfaction on his weathered face.

"That third one sure died hard," Guy remarked matter-of-factly.

"Yes, he sure did," Tom said, looking away, sick to his stomach. He felt like vomiting at the sight of the bloody ducks beneath his feet. Bill Brewer was walking down the slope to the lakeshore, his gun in one hand, swinging as he walked. Tom watched Bill get into his blind and take aim at some ducks that were swimming among his decoys. As the sound of Bill's shooting reached his ears, Tom flinched, closing his eyes, nauseated. When Tom opened his eyes, Bill was rowing out to pick up the ducks he had shot. As Bill hauled in the ducks, Tom counted them—one, two, and three. Bill waved at the two brothers. Tom waved in reply, feebly. Guy hadn't seen Bill.

As the boat coasted back into the blind, Tom turned and pulled the gate shut after them and then handed Guy his gun, stock first. Guy re-lit his cigar and reloaded his gun. He stood up, facing the northeast once more.

Tom began to feel terribly ill, shivering, numb with the cold, sick to his stomach. The wind had become unbearable and Tom wondered how cold it actually was.

"Guy, let's go in now? I'm freezing to death out here," he said.

"Hell, we ain't begun to do any shooting yet. Forget about it."

"I can't forget about it, Guy. I tell you I'm freezing to death," Tom shouted painfully.

"You damn sissie!" Guy said, shaking his head from side to side negatively, with disgust. "You're a fine one to go hunting with. What you need is a steam-heated houseboat to go hunting with, and a nursemaid with blankets and a cute little hot-water bottle. Boy, it sure is great to have a kid brother like you, you little sissie!"

Tom said no more, the fact that he was going to vomit inevitable, the way he felt sick to his stomach and numb with cold.

Suddenly one of the ducks began to flop around in the bottom of the boat. Guy had started to push the boat out of the blind.

"Kill that damn duck!" He shouted. "Grab its legs and slam its head against the side of the boat!"

Too frightened and ill to make a move, Tom looked away and tried to think of something pleasant. He tried to pray when he found he couldn't think of anything pleasant. He discovered he had forgotten how to pray and shut his eyes, unable to think at all. Dark clouds covered the sun and it began to rain lightly. Guy rowed with long, even strokes. From partly cloudy to cloudy the early morning had become almost as dark as night. The cold became more intense with the rain.

"You damn little sissie!" Guy shouted at Tom as he rested the oars. "Afraid to kill a duck!"

"I can't help it, Guy. I'm frozen. Please hurry and take me in," Tom pleaded. Guy stood up in the boat, a scowl on his face, his eyes half-closed.

"Well, by God, I'll kill it!" Guy said, grabbing the duck by its legs and raising it over his head. The blood dripped down from the dying duck and ran across Guy's cap onto his leather jacket. Guy pressed his thin lips tighter together until it looked as if there wasn't any blood in his lips.

A cloudburst hit the lake and Tom knew he must be contracting pneumonia. Suddenly Guy began slamming the duck's head against the side of the boat. Blood splashed on Tom's face as he watched the slaughter. Guy was killing the duck to make a fool of him. Guy didn't seem to mind the rain. Both of the brothers were soaked to the skin. Guy's face was dripping wet. Tom expected the rainwater to turn to ice any minute.

When Guy gave the duck up for dead, he threw it at Tom's face. It landed across Tom's eyes and fell limp across his thighs. Guy sat down and started to row. The boat had been blown and tossed back to the blind and had shipped considerable water in transit. Guy rowed with quick jerky strokes, the dead cigar slanting from his mouth.

THE GOLD FISH

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over their backs, several visitors, who made for the rear without looking back.

"Quick!" cried the hero heading them: "Everybody at his post—hurry!"

Twenty paces behind trotted a stout, breathless man, whose temples oozed sweat. The corporal stopped him.

"What's going on, captain?"

"The Boches got into the mine by blowing up a sap. They came out at our support trenches! You'll have to attack to drive them out of the woods."

Lousteau uttered a cry of rage.

"Ah! The slobs! Didn't I tell you they'd come?"

* * *

It progressed like all attacks, a bloody struggle at random.

To start with, at noon, a company tried a raid, the general thinking to succeed by surprise. Leaving more than two hundred strong, it came back numbering fifty. Then, we waited until twilight, and went in, two battalions in mass formation, after a short preparation of artillery. It was a horrible quarter of an hour. I recall running with my teeth clenched, I recognized comrades pitched headlong into the grass, and I compared it, despite myself, to a terrible picnic from which none would return.

Once we reached the wood, we had to take the branch trench inch by inch, tearing ourselves on the wires scattered in the thickets, mowed down by the criss-crossing fire of machine guns retreating from redan to redan, and we thus fought until night fell. After that, we piled into a communication trench and waited for orders.

"I'm satisfied with you," Captain Tarasse repeated, he who was not usually prodigal with compliments.

But if our captain was satisfied, the general was not.

Bewildered by this disastrous surprise for which he was responsible, he had hoped that the enemy would not be able to hold the conquered ground, and had watched our onrush from his observatory. The liaison men said that he moaned like a sick man, and that his old hands trembled so that he could not hold his glasses steady.

"Fine, fine, nice—" he would approve in a bleating voice when the companies swarmed to the edge of the woods under an infernal fire. When we vanished under the trees, he was unable to control the combat, and his nervousness became painful to behold: "Come! What are they doing? I have the right to know?" he stormed, stamping his feet restlessly.

Although he dispatched officer after officer for news, plagued the telephone-men, no information reached him. The signal rockets could not be seen through the leafage, the wires had been cut, and the runners hesitated to pass through the barrage: therefore, the rear could not know anything of the battle save through the renewed outbursts of rifle fire and the raging of the cannon.

At last, a note informed him, at ten o'clock, that half of the wood had been retaken.

"Only half!" the general shouted, swept by rage: "But they should have taken the whole! It must be done at once—"

Thus the third battalion, held in reserve, went to the front in its turn, and renewed the attack.

Savagely, with sudden hand to hand encounters, they fought all night long, going forward in the dark, groping. The Germans had unrolled wires hastily, which had to be cut under fire, and there was butchery before each stronghold. At last, at dawn, having retaken the entrance to the mine, the decimated regiment halted.

The enemy, solidly entrenched, preserved only our old first line; but that was still too much according to the general.

"It's too bad," he repeated to our colonel in a sad voice, as he strolled back to his motor car: "I'm sure that with a little spirit, they could have retaken the rest."

Before the trench which we were strengthening under the bombardment, some of our comrades had dropped, and until we were relieved, we could hear Landry call out piteously, his head resting on the German parapet. He had loosened the buttons of his great coat, to feel for his wound, and one might have thought that, dying, the poor lad continued scratching.

* * *

To reward us—and while awaiting reinforcements—we had been sent to rest in a populated town, where the band gave a concert every day, on the open place before the church. The Staff was stationed there, the Supply Corps also, with a section of anti-aircraft artillery.

On the morning of our arrival, one of those lucky artillerymen said to us, stretching in a comfortable yawn: "How bored we are! At least, they keep you guys busy."

We were kept busy, he was right. Busy drilling or marching twenty-five kilometers with full kit, and the balance of the time, we were lined up for inspections: Quarters, dress, weapons.

Yet no one complained, for we had the park of the castle, a quiet old park in which the wild grass obliterated the paths. At the shortest period of freedom from duty, we would slip into it through a gap in the surrounding wall, and merely to breathe in the odor of the flowers, to stretch upon the sod, to bathe in the brook, the most taciturn man forgot his troubles.

We took naps there, afternoons, under the linden-trees, lulled by that complete silence which men appreciate so little in normal times; at night, there were informal concerts in an abandoned rose garden, and it seemed to us, because we loved it, that that park had become ours.

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MUSIC IS MILADY'S AID

Reflections on the phenomenon that in America, unlike Europe, Music is a feminine monopoly

by PITTS SANBORN

For reasons which I hope to develop later, music in America has been and still is a woman's game. This condition intelligent foreigners view with raised eyebrows as just one of those strange things in America, something like the now exploded "noble experiment" of national prohibition. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the condition is there.

Dr. Johnson spoke of the faculty of writing (though even in his day such a statement was vulnerable) as being chiefly a masculine endowment. If instead the learned doctor had said the faculty of composing music, no one would have questioned him. Nor would he be questioned now. In spite of a number of women composers who in the course of the last half century have won respect, the fact remains that as a creator of music woman is not yet of age. However, a mere detail of that sort has never imposed a veto on female enterprise. The covetous sex set out to grab off music, and if she couldn't do it through composing, she found she could do it through control. Experience in other arts, in business, in politics, yes, even in the discredited home, had polished her strategy and sharpened her attack. It was a rich terrain for her to exploit, this field of musical control. By hook or by crook she had got to possess it. In Europe, where music had flourished long and the masculine tradition still prevailed, the male was pretty securely intrenched. Germany, Italy, France, their kingdom of tone was not to be had for a siren song. But the United States presented a different picture. Here woman had held her place in the sun long before music spread the country over. America was woman's big chance; hawklike she scanned it and then pounced.

Yet, for all her wisdom, pluck, and cunning, the conquest might never have come off if there had been effective resistance on the part of the male. But there was none. Tradition and custom were arrayed on the side of the female. American men in general had been too busy with money to bother about music. If Nature had happened to present a fellow with a singing voice, he had forgiven and forgotten her *faux pas* after leaving the college Glee Club, unless, of course, a church choir took him to its bosom. To play the piano was unmanly (this was before Cardinal O'Connell and William Allen White had battled for the keyboard pennant of the North Atlantic); to play the violin was unthinkable (Speaker Longworth had not yet threatened the laurels of Fiddler Kreisler); to compose—well, some poor fish *had* done that, for, after all, written music existed; but Mr. Secretary Woodin and Hell n' Maria Dawes were still to turn their counting proclivities from bank notes to notes of key and measure. There was a persisting hangover from the time when no gentleman's son could become a musician, even an amateur musician, without creating a scandal. A gentleman jockey would pass at a pinch, but never a maker of music!

To our men music was essentially useless—useless, as, to cite the profound observation of Dr. Santayana, life is. I stress this because our men, though they may never have suspected the latter circumstance, were thoroughly convinced of the former. To woman, however, nothing is useless. When the moment arrived, she was on hand with her own special weapons to use music in her own peculiar way. I will not consider here the women who earn a livelihood through the performance of music—singers, pianists, etc. They, in common with the men who do likewise, are users only in the laborer sense. The women who have marched into an undefended field and occupied it are not of those. They regard music as no mere matter of meat and drink, and possibly the gratification of a longing for what is loosely termed "artistic expression." Their case is nothing so primary and simple. To them music is a servant of higher and subtler functions. It is a courtier, a flatterer, a dazzle to trap the wariest bird. It is the intangible, seductive, pervasive means of procuring for milady what she wants.

One of those wants is the social want, which age cannot wither or custom stale. Undoubtedly in this country the social importance of music is at least as old as our first season of Italian opera. Whether opera be a sport for kings or for the people, the opera house has always been a parade ground for ladies in gala attire. This truth was formally recognized in New York when fifty years ago its new Metropolitan Opera House was built around a "Golden Horseshoe" of parterre boxes. During three decades when sumptuous dress and resplendent jewels were the rule, most of the women who attended our premier lyric theatre did so to see and to be seen. In those days a nod of recognition from Mrs. Astor as she swept through the corridor toward her box stamped the social aspirant with the hall-mark of all-highest approval. So little did the music as music count that no box-holder in good standing was suspected of ever having heard the first act of any opera. As far as the Golden Horseshoers were concerned an entirely new repertory could have been had through the simple device of presenting Act II first and Act 1 second.

With the World War there was a change. Luxury in dress became progressively bad form, and seriousness suddenly burst into a fashion. The élite actually began to take their opera seriously. Now, seriousness is in its essence destructive. Few things can endure the strain of being taken seriously. Opera in this predicament faced a fight for its very existence. Though not one woman figured in the management or on the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, it was a woman who was chiefly credited with the salvage of that proud and haughty institution when its demise seemed imminent. Señorita Lucrezia Bori, the charming and accomplished soprano from Spain, did the deed last winter, and the men let her do it—cheerfully and gladly, one gathers! The whole topsy-turvy business was as profoundly American as it was patently un-Spanish. And it proved to be an entering wedge. The Metropolitan, which for fifty years had got along without direct female control, at last elected a woman to its directorial board, the gracious Mrs. August Belmont, who in the salvaging campaign had shown herself one of Señorita Bori's most efficient lieutenants. Unlike Tithonus, Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza presumably has not been cursed with immortality, so when the wedge has received a few more well-directed wallops, perhaps the Grand Old Met, which men had so long conducted for their women, will one day know the iron-cum-velvet rule of another Cosima Wagner!

In the course of the recent depressed years an ominous word has crept into the operatic vocabulary, that is "democratization." Nobody has yet told us just what the "democratization of opera" means. But clearly it does not mean dress parade or social serviceability. The women, with the unerring instinct of a rat on shipboard, have sniffed danger and behaved accordingly. Before the men could more than conjecture what was afoot, the canny ladies had ensconced themselves in the mighty fortress of the symphony orchestra, there to assess at their leisure the value to them of the musician singly or *en masse*. However, while this was a game that needed developing, it was not wholly new.

About a quarter of a century ago the old co-operative Philharmonic Society of New York came to the end of its tether. For some years it had been struggling desperately to survive. It had endeavored to interest the public through a series of guest conductors. It had installed the Russian Safonoff for a three-year period for the important reason that as guest he had scored a hit with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony! And still prosperity had persisted in lingering around the corner. The real trouble was that conditions all along the line had changed. There was no longer a demand for the cumbersome co-operative body with its eight pairs of stately concerts per annum. To survive it would have to branch out—go on a salary

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Preparing for Competitive Golf

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can stifle to a certain extent the efforts of your conscious mind to steer your ball, you will play the shots as you have always done and play them well. Whatever new ideas you may have gained in the past few weeks will be forgotten anyway, so you have only taken a chance of ruining your game. Just play enough to keep your hand in, and don't worry, would be my earnest advice.

Of course, it is a very difficult matter to alter one's habitual mental attitude toward the game. But I do believe that a great deal can be accomplished by perseverance in the determination to swing with only one object—to hit the ball straight for the pin. Forget the bunkers. You must go into some of them anyway.

My only excuse, of course, for writing this article lies in setting down something that will be of interest to those who read it. I realize that only a very, very few of my readers have championship ambitions, or desire in any way to acquire great reputations as competitive players. But I can't help thinking that even to those casual golfers who play once a week or less, with never a thought of even a club competition, it must be interesting to see how the other fellows feel about things, and to see what difficulties they must encounter which the average player is never called upon to meet.

Innis Brown, I think, said that there was no strain in sport as great as the pressure of the last nine holes of an open championship when the pace was hot and the field close. I could not be prepared to go that length for I have never engaged seriously in any other sport, but I can say that there is nothing else like it in golf.

In no length of play in vogue today is physical condition, that is, endurance and stamina, of more than passing importance. General good health, without intensive training or conditioning is sufficient. Golf is not exacting upon the physical powers of a man, but it is trying upon his nerves, and the nervous strain usually reacts in some way upon the physical body.

That Last Hole and Victory

I remember standing beside my ball in the eighteenth fairway at Columbus, gazing toward the green, and wishing devoutly that my knees would stop knocking together long enough for me to hit the ball. Up until that shot I had been nervous, of course, but the tension had been all of the kind that fires the muscles with energy and fills the heart with determination. But when I reached the point when I had only to play an iron shot to a wide-open green and go down in two putts to win the championship, I suppose I got the "buck-ague." I began to think how miserable would be a failure at that point. My attitude became entirely defensive where before it had been aggressive, and right now, I think it was only the merest accident that I got that shot onto the green.

I suppose everyone has experienced the feeling that I have tried to describe, but I have encountered another difficulty to which I think I may claim sole rights, and which I am unable to overcome. It has its inception, I suppose, in some mistake of diet, but it is nevertheless directly traceable to nervous disturbance.

How Competition Affected Jones

During the five or six years preceding my retirement from tournament play throughout the early morning of every day of competition, I found myself continually on the verge of active nausea. It could not be that my breakfast caused it for I was rarely able to eat anything at that meal, and it could not be, as Ty Cobb has found in his case, that the cream in coffee was to blame, for I gave up everything even remotely connected with milk or cream when engaged in competition.

Whatever was the cause it was most unpleasant and it usually rendered me unable to button my shirt collar or to put on a neck-tie at least until late into the morning. When I played Evans at Minikahda I went tieless and with my collar open all morning because of it.

Al Espinosa must have had a very complete attack of nerves at Dallas once in his match against Hagen. As I read the account, Al was one up with one to play and up to that time had showed no evidence of having the least fear of the great Walter. To the eighteenth both men played splendid second shots which left Hagen away. Walter rolled up dead for his four, and Al, with a great victory all but won, took three putts from a scant twenty-feet. He did the same at the extra hole and lost.

The Advantage Held By Renowned Players

And there is a fine example of the advantage held by a man of reputation over a lesser known player who may be as good or better on that particular day. No one had beaten Hagen for four years and here Espinosa had the chance to gain immortal fame. As long as his mind was occupied with the match, as long as he was keyed up to give back as good as he took, he had been more than a match for the famous Hagen. But as he waited for Hagen to putt and as he saw the long try go wide, he must have allowed himself to think of what a great victory he was about to win. Then his approach putt left him farther away than he had expected, and the next one was trebly hard. If he had been one down instead of one up, and had needed a four to keep the match going, he almost surely would have gotten it.

Things like that happen every day in golf. The psychology of a close finish is always in favor of the man of reputation, and not because of his superior finishing qualities, but because the prospect of victory is too much for his opponent. Always when an unknown upsets a favorite he does it far out in the open spaces long before he approaches the finishing wire. At the start the fellow who goes out with the all-to-gain-and-nothing-to-lose-idea, has all the advantage, and if he piles up a lead, he will win of course. But it the big fellow keeps on his shirt tail the chances are he will crack in the stretch.

Concentration On Game Essential

In playing competitive golf there is nothing so important as concentration upon the game. And, unfortunately, it isn't simply a matter of concentrating upon the shot while you are standing over the ball. Just as soon as one shot is played the player's mind becomes busy with the next and the only rest comes after the last putt is holed.

It would be a fine thing for any competitor if his well-wishing and well-meaning friends could appreciate the intensity of the strain of competition. Time after time you will see them, in their anxiety to lend moral support, do the thing that is the very worst they could do if they want their man to win—that is, speak to him while he is playing. A great many men have unjustly gained a reputation for gruffness and incivility when accosted on the course in the midst of play. Sometimes they fail to hear remarks addressed to them, and other times the tension under which they are playing may lead them to answer rather shortly.

Well Meaning Friends Often Disconcerting

I remember when I was playing Cruickshank in the play-off at Inwood, as we left the ninth green, someone grabbed my arm and began talking about some sort of an exhibition he wanted me to play the next day at some course or other. Now, the last thing I was thinking about or wanted to think about was what I was going to do the next day, and I was extremely grateful when Francis Ouimet, who was walking around with me, pounced upon the man and led him away. Of course, he meant the best in the world and had no idea but that he was doing the right thing.

At Merion in the finals of the tournament of 1924, I was so well protected that it was hard to escape the feeling that I was in the custody of the whole New York police force. Cyril Tolley and Bob Bristowe, both of the British Walker Cup team, most graciously volunteered to see me through the crowds that day, and throughout the entire match I walked along quite free and untrammelled, between Bristowe and Tolley, the former, by the way, of even more ample dimensions than Cyril. They were an immense help, too.

At St. Andrews one year, Sherwood Hurt of Atlanta, accompanied me around the course on every round. The first day, I had signed so many autograph albums that Sherwood became fearful that I should get writer's cramp and lose my touch with "Calamity Jane"—which, in fact, had been my only salvation in the first round, except a lot of good luck. That night, as we were playing bridge in our rooms at the hotel, he suggested that I then and there do all my autographing for the rest of the tournament. So I wrote my name all over three or four sheets of foolscap, whereupon Sherwood cut them out and carefully stowed them away in his pocket. "Now," he said triumphantly, "I'll do your autographing for you." That was a great relief, too.

Jock Hutchison Not Serious Enough

When I attended my first open championship, I was struck particularly with Jock Hutchison. Jock had played magnificent golf in the qualifying rounds at Toledo, and was looked upon by everyone as the most likely candidate for the championship. Throughout three and a half rounds Jock looked to be the winner. Vardon, playing ahead, had been blown off his feet by a gale of wind and everything looked rosy for the St. Andrews boy.

I first saw Jock in that round as he approached the twelfth green. The twelfth at Toledo is a long three-shotter and Jock was on nicely in three. He ran his approach putt up about three feet past the hole, and as he walked forward to hole out, he caught sight of my head. craning over some conveniently low shoulder. "They won't drop today, Bobby," said he, and continued with some Scotch sallies which started the gallery twittering.

At that time Jock looked a certain winner but he slipped a few strokes in the closing holes and finished one stroke behind Ted Ray, who won. I thought then and have since that Jock Hutchison, if his Scotch blood had given him the proverbial Scotch dourness instead of a gay wit, would have been champion many times.

To a man with the temperament of Hutchison, or of Evans, distraction may be a relief. But to the other ninety-eight of the hundred, golf is an exacting game which requires every bit of attention we can give to it.

A Factor in Europe's Future

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even. A foreign policy that reverses itself over night according to whether the Tardieu or the Briand group is in power. Faced with such uncertainties the bureaucrat has fallen back on his own security. To retain his position he adopts a neutral attitude, to avoid making blunders he avoids making decisions. In every crisis his defensive attitude is to wait and see. Above all no zeal. To hold his position he must penetrate into the mind of his superior and tell him what he wants to hear. To evade decisions which may compromise him with a new ministry, he adopts an attitude or criticism to all new proposals. French politicians with few exceptions come from the bottom. The bargaining instinct of little shopkeepers is the motivating principle of French diplomacy today. Never accept the first offer; you may have missed a better one. Delay—wait and see.

Shifting between internal conflicting groups, unable to decide whether to treat Germany as an enemy or a friend, France has been turning endlessly on the tail of its dilemma. This policy of delay expressed in obstructionist tactics has ended by irritating and estranging public opinion abroad. It has made French diplomacy appear one of continual negation at a moment when the plight of Europe demanded bold constructive measures. Though Daladier specifically denied it, it has offered nothing but a policy of fear and distrust, that has brought the morale of Europe into a worse state than even before the war.

No wonder that the French nation had reached such a state of nerves in the early months of this year that the possibilities of an impending war were openly discussed. The best educated of all nations it is the least informed on political questions at home and abroad. General information is lacking. The radio broadcast which permits a candidate in the United States to address directly the great masses of his country is almost negligible. When the radio does come into general use it will revolutionize political methods. At present every Frenchman is dependent on his partisan paper which will not print verbatim the speeches of its opponents. What accounts reach the reader are abbreviated, deleted and colored by a running commentary that seeks to destroy any effect which might be produced by a plain rehearsal of the facts. Fortunately for the French leaders and extremely unfortunately for the prestige of the United States

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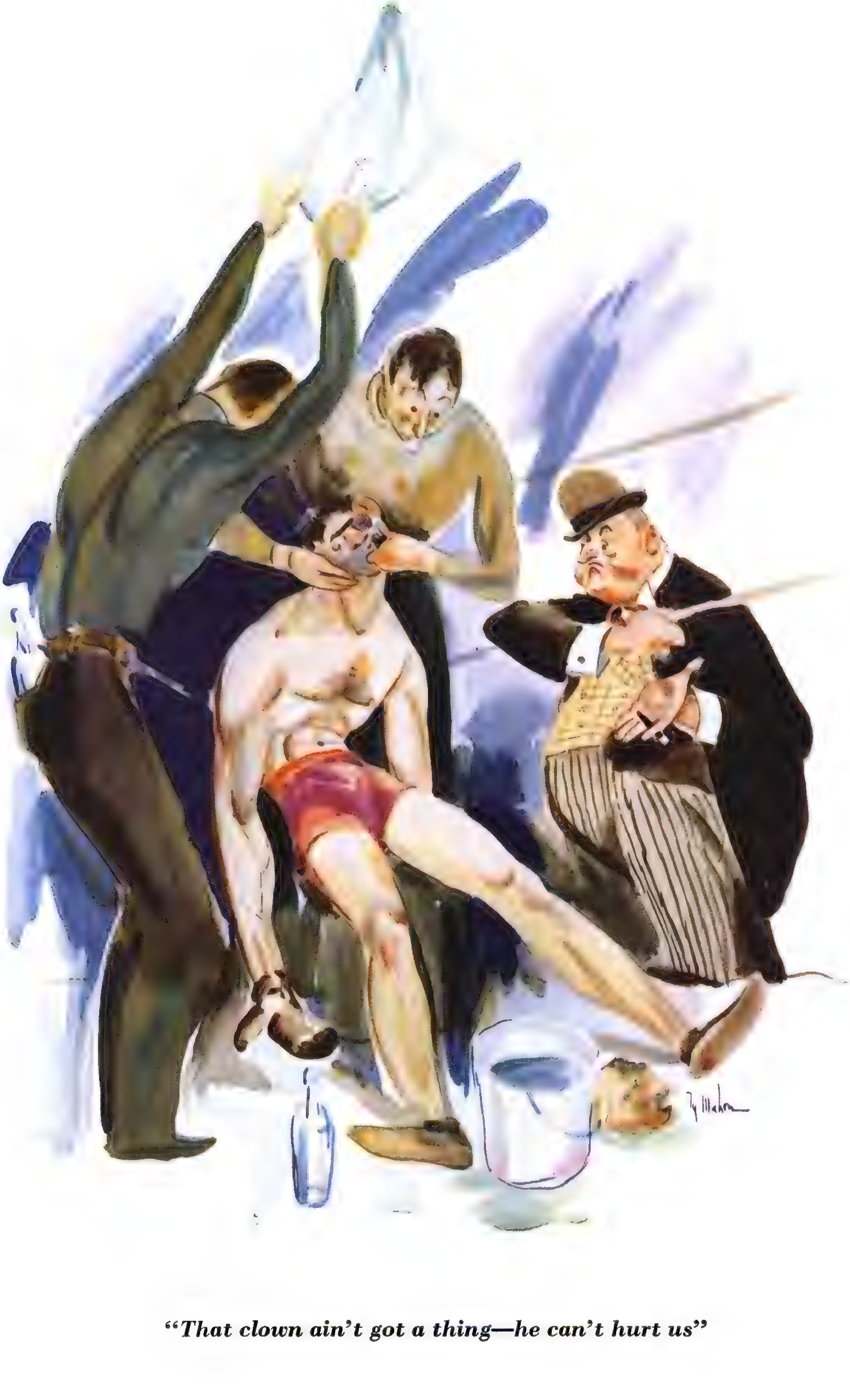
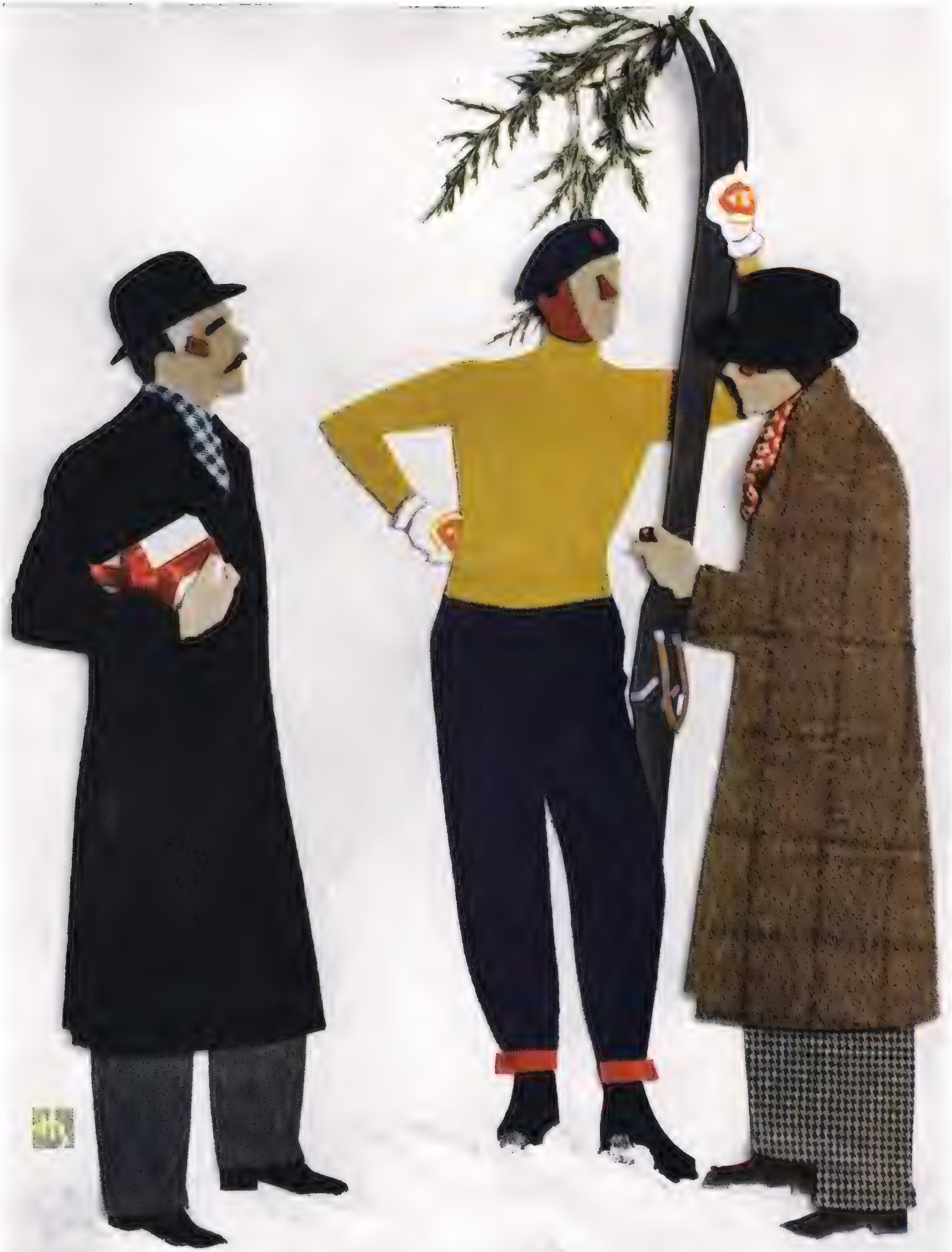


"That clown ain't got a thing—he can't hurt us"



DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE WINTER FABRIC PICTURE *by* HOWARD BUTLER

TOYS FOR POOR RICHARD

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speak to him, he insisted they speak in low tones. Now, there he was, in—of all places!—the toy department of a big store at holiday time. It rang with ear-splitting noises; music boxes whose sharp needles scraped out familiar operatic "bits"; phonographs squeaked; dolls of all sizes and nationalities whined, in deafening tones, "ma-ma," "pa-pa"; donkeys brayed; woolly lambs bleated.

"We have some novelties this year, Mr. Dawson, especially in the dolls. Here is Mademoiselle Clarice. Isn't she charming in gray and blue? Designed by one of the most famous Paris dressmakers. . . . Notice her long, full skirt, her pearl necklace, and her vanity bag for powder and lipstick. . . . Nothing for a little girl? Very well. . . . In that case, for the little boys. I would suggest this automobile; see, it drives in any direction, forward, back, and is fully equipped for any accident desired. . . . No, not that either?"

Dawson shrugged his shoulders; no new-fangled notions for him. He knew just what he wanted—some of the good, old-fashioned toys he had known all his life. He stood there a long time, musing. Then he decided on a rocking-horse with a crimson velvet saddle trimmed with glittering gold braid; a little writing desk; a toy piano; a stable with rows of stalls, in each a smart little horse tied; a barnyard with some red cows, fat hens, and a yellow rooster; a house whose gay little windows were lighted up with tiny electric bulbs winking behind pink curtains. The astounded Jules made several trips to the hansom cab. When they finally got under way he and Dawson were very much crowded and cramped but the trip was made without disaster.

While Dawson was paying the cabman, he heard some one near him say, "How do you do, Uncle?"

He turned and saw a young man with a smart hat, yellow kid gloves and a Malacca cane.

"Excuse me if I have come back too soon, but I wanted so much to wish you a Merry Christmas. I'm going home to Pittsburgh tonight. . . . It's the first vacation I've had since I became manager. . . . But when a man's responsible for eight hundred men. . . ."

"Be careful there, Jules, don't break any of those things," Dawson warned the butler.

The young man didn't mind the interruption; he went right on.

"My name's Ransom, Neil Ransom, Henry's oldest son. My mother and your wife were sisters, Uncle."

"That so?" answered Dawson, indifferently. "Do you want to come upstairs?"

"Yes, Uncle, if I may."

"Come on up then. You've got an idea you want to wish me a Merry Christmas. I suspect you never let go an idea once you get it into your head. I remember your father, Henry Ransom; he was like that too—stubborn as a mule. . . . Go on up; I'll follow you."

Neil didn't want to have his uncle think he had come to borrow money. So, once inside the door, he said, "Just because we have had a little success in life, we shouldn't lose all our love for our family. If it hadn't been for my work at the steel mill, I'd have been here to see you long ago."

"Much obliged," answered Dawson, dryly. . . . "Don't take off your overcoat; I'm not usually sensitive to the cold but this room isn't very warm."

There was an awkward silence.

"Go ahead and talk; you probably want to. Just like your father. He never knew when to stop. While you're talking, I'll unwrap my toys."

"You're going to make some children happy, aren't you, Uncle?"

"Some? No . . . only one."

That startled young Neil. One child happy? Perhaps he was about to learn of the existence of an adopted child who would get the whole Dawson fortune? So he asked again in a somewhat troubled tone, "What did you say, Uncle?"

Dawson turned around and looked long and slowly at his nephew. All of a sudden he felt shoot through him the sharp need of sharing his secret with another human being.

"Your family has always been rich, you've been rich, haven't you?"

"Yes, Uncle."

"Then you wouldn't understand."

"Yes I would. I understand kindness very well. I, myself . . . . "

"Yes, but you couldn't understand this . . . "

They were silent. Then in a voice unsteady with emotion, he spoke.

"Once a year, on the twenty-fourth of December, I leave my Park Avenue behind me . . . and I buy some toys . . . there are lots of them here already; the closets are full. From time to time I take them out and play with them . . . and while I play, I dream. . . . Not that I am a half-wit either, as you might well be thinking, Ransom. No . . . but I must tell you, young man, that when I was a little boy, we were terribly poor. . . . A poet for a father who carried on his business as he made a sonnet—with his head in the moon. . . . Those bitter days just before Christmas! Mamma used to scrape enough money together to give something to the janitor, and the letter-carrier. There was never enough left to buy a present for me . . . and I longed for so many things. . . . The toy houses fascinated me, little houses in which, I used to imagine, lived gallant gentlemen no bigger than my thumb paying court to ladies three inches high. . . . A rocking-horse! Once I wanted one so much I became very ill, fell into a fever. . . . Odds and ends, old boxes, a penny whistle—could these satisfy a little boy? My parents used to say to me, 'Never mind, Richard; don't cry, wait a little . . . some day.' And I tried as hard as I could to hope. It was because I was a sensitive child. . . . You don't know how terrible it is to be a sensitive child . . . and how much he can suffer."

"Oh yes, I do, Uncle."

"No you don't."

"Well, but these toys?"

"Yes, these toys. . . . They are like the flowers we put on a grave. . . . Now that I am rich, I give them. . . . Can you understand, Ransom? Once a year I buy some presents to give to the unhappy little boy that I was . . . "

THE GOLD FISH

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It was only an illusion. One Sunday, the owner surprised us. Not the real owner, who was in Paris, on the Riviera, perhaps even at the front, but our general who had established himself in the castle.

He came unexpectedly—like a breeze, a moonbeam or a butterfly—at the moment when Lousteau, who could never remain quiet, had manufactured a fishing line with a willow twig, some thread and a bent pin for a hook, to fish the gold fish in the pool. He could not have chosen a worst moment.

The tools wielded by Lousteau were not very good, but he showed such a deft twist of the wrist that three fish already quivered in his bag, and that others were about to join them.

"I'm telling you we'll have a swell mess of fried fish!" he was saying with pride, slipping a worm onto his hook.

Then, as he was about to cast again, a voice paralyzed him.

"What are you doing there, my lad?"

Lousteau whirled, the rest of us turned. It was the general.

An electric shock could not have perturbed us more. Leaping to our feet, we stood at attention, head back, chin up, heels together, but despite this military posture, each of us felt his legs sag. Lousteau especially.

"You know perfectly well it is forbidden to enter my park," the self-appointed owner continued severely: "You deserve to be punished."

Arms hanging limply, glance fifteen paces ahead as prescribed by regulations, we remained steady under his scolding, but there was in our eyes less respect than curiosity. We had never been so near our chief, and we were surprised to discover him to be so old, with flabby cheeks and dark pouches beneath his eyes. Mounted, from a distance, he looked like a general, but so close, he made one think of a park guard. A fussy old guard who watched his grass plots with care.

"There are sentries at the gates," he went on. "So you must have scaled the walls. I'm going to report you."

Then he stopped, his eyes staring, his mouth agape. He had just perceived a tiny red tail fluttering in the grass.

"Oh!" he moaned: "My little fish, my poor little fish."

He bent stiffly, one hand bracing his loins, and took out of the bag the three gold fish, two of which no longer stirred. Lousteau grimaced, feeling that he was in for trouble.

"Oh! The poor little things!" the general mourned in a tearful voice: "Why have you harmed them? I don't want them harmed, my little gold fish. Throw them back in the water quickly."

A lieutenant who escorted him obeyed immediately.

"It's no use," Lousteau observed, clumsily: "Two of them are dead already."

"Doesn't matter—" the general snapped: "They'll be better off in the water, the poor little beasts!"

The last, which still moved, slid out of the officer's fingers. In the grass, it scarcely quivered, and, without knowing why, I thought of Landry.

The lieutenant rescued him.

"There, you see, it's swimming away, the poor little fellow—" said the general, bending above the greenish water.

When the gold fish had vanished among the weeds, the man who loved beasts, the general, turned to us with such an angry expression that we gave up ourselves for lost.

"Lieutenant, take their names," he ordered.

But, just in time, he noticed the number on our collars. That appeared to remind him of something.

"Ah! Yes," he murmured, "it was you who attacked. Your regiment lost heavily, I know. But the Germans lost, too, and that must console you. It was hard, very hard. I firmly believed that you would retake the entire wood, but you probably did the best you could—"

Standing before the pool, he took a last look at the two fish floating belly upward, then decided, with a sigh: "All right, this time I shall not punish you. Come, Lieutenant."

* * *

Having clicked our heels, saluted him, we ran off without waiting for more. The grateful Lousteau said to me, as we climbed over the wall:

"At heart, eh, he's not a bad old guy—"

A Factor in Europe's Future

Continued from page 126

the successive steps which modified the impossible German indemnities bore the names of the "Young Plan," the "Dawes Plan," the "Hoover Moratorium" instead of the names of responsible French statesmen. If the United States had divorced itself from European affairs the same modifications would have had to have been made but the responsibility would have been clear. But the French public understood nothing of this. All it understood was that after four and a half years of staggering sacrifices to achieve a lasting security each time a new American interference arrived it was Germany that profited and France that reaped the disillusionment.

Someone must have blundered but who? Mystified and bewildered it was easy for it to believe that all its ills came from a foreign intrusion. How was it possible that a nation which had emerged victorious and was indisputably the master of Europe should be constantly repeating that it must find security from a prostrate enemy before it could cooperate in world efforts for peace? To do the French nation justice no one desires peace more ardently. Nowhere is there less glorification of war, rattling of the sabre or the pomp of parading. A nation which after centuries of struggle has achieved the greatest happiness for the greatest number is wedded to the idea of peace. It asks only to be left alone, to enjoy a frugal existence in the delightful solidarity of a well regulated family life, in a country where neatness, beauty and industry prevail. The tragedy is that beneath this smiling exterior there is a profound disunion and the bitterest of irrepressible conflicts.

Up to now France has resisted the great wave of popular distrust in prevailing governments, but the issue cannot be long avoided. There are three great warring economic groups; the 900,000 functionaries or government employees; the great army of little shopkeepers who represent 90% of French industry and the agrarian masses, 50% of the population, who are the backbone of French stability. The same questions agitate them which have shaken the rest of the world and toppled over old institutions. The government has become top-heavy, unfitted to a modern crisis and above all it costs too much. Some one has to be sacrificed. The shop-keeper, though convinced that the farmer escapes taxation by con-

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CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

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were reported in great detail in the entire New York press. Telegram dispatches appeared in daily extras giving the last reported positions of yachts in important races, and betting was generally heavy."

Among the better known of these high-class yacht clubs are: Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Conn.; the Yacht Club of New York; the Knickerbocker Yacht Club of New York; the Thousand Island Yacht Club of Alexander Bay, N. Y.; the Westport Yacht Club of Westport, Conn.; the Monmouth Boat Club of Red Bank, N. J.; the American Yacht Club of Rye, N. Y.; the Detroit Boat Club of Detroit; the Stamford Yacht Club of Stamford, Conn.; and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club of Long Island.

This latter, incidentally, is one of the oldest clubs of its type in America. It was organized in September, 1871, and its first official regatta was held on Oyster Bay July 4, 1872.

A curious fact it is that the yachting clubs on northern waters, around the Great Lakes and the upper Atlantic seaboard, use their vessels primarily for regattas and cruises; while on the Pacific, Gulf and lower Atlantic coasts, few regattas are held and fishing seems to be the main objective.

As regards this, salt water fishing plainly appeals more than does fresh water. Among the clubs espousing the former sport is the Cocolobo Cay Club, located on a small cay, or island, 37 miles south of Miami Beach. It was founded 14 years ago, is open only from December 15 until April 15, and is reputed to entertain more world notables than any other club extant.

As an index into the physical characteristics of such a club, it is appended the properties of this special one constitute a large and handsome club house that contains a lounging room, five dining rooms, and a complete culinary department. Adjacent are two furnished cottages. There are in juxtaposition electric and refrigerating plants, casino, dance and card rooms, swimming pool, fruit grove, broadcasting station, wharves, pistol and rifle range, golf driving course, and archery court.

The names of the members of this discriminative club, and their yachts are: C. P. Bentley ("Shiawassee"), Irving A. Collins ("Tango"), Victor H. Ehrhart ("Victor E" and "Shadow H"), Harvey S. Firestone ("Miss Elizabeth"), Carl G. Fisher ("Shadow M" and "Shadow K"), P. M. Gelatt ("Furlough"), Col. E. H. R. Green ("Colonel". Colonel Green also has a faithful reproduction of an old-time river showboat, and the "period" parties he throws aboard this makes the clock turn back 50 years in envy), Walter S. Hammons ("Mirbar"), Mark C. Honeywell ("Olivette"), Webb Jay ("Adieu"), Byron D. Miller ("Byronic"). De Witt Page ("Maemere"), R. S. Rhoads ("Aranel II"), and Gar Wood ("Gar Jr." and "Gar Sr. II").

A distinguished neighbor to this organization is the Sailfish Club at Palm Beach. Practically every disciple of Isaac Walton in America's Who's Who has at one time or another enjoyed the hospitality of this outstanding club.

What is without denial declared to be the most exclusive fishing club in this nation is the "Schuylkill Fishing Company," whose properties and club house are located on the Delaware River near Eddington, Pa. Twenty-five of the "best families" of Philadelphia organized it in 1732. Washington and Lafayette were once its guests in the "castle," as was then termed the club house. Many rare and priceless relics antedating the Revolutionary War ornament its walls and grace its floors.

Since formation it has been a quaint custom of the "Schuylkill Fishing Company" to allot each member a certain day to take over the duties of the chef—to broil, bake or fry the piscatorial catch of his fellows; and it goes without saying that many a governor and banker has proved to be more efficient in handling various kinds of bills than in handling any kind of skillet.

Golf, for the affluent on holiday, seems to be the runner-up, as may be expected, of fishing and boating. Golf, it is affirmed, tones up the system, enlarges the vocabulary, and provides amusements to the caddies.

Be that as it may, which it probably is, there are too many high-class golf clubs to mention. To round out a necessary paragraph, the following can be set down as typical of the ne plus ultra in the niblick line: The Links Club, the Creek Club, and the National Golf Links—all three on Long Island; Mount Kisco Country Club of Mount Kisco, N. Y.; Apawamis Golf Club of Rye, N. Y.; Scioto Country Club of Columbus, Ohio; the Knoll Club of New Jersey; Rumson Country Club of Rumson, N. J.; Philadelphia Country Club of Philadelphia; the Old Elm Club of Chicago; the Coronado Country Club of Coronado Beach, Cal.; and, in Florida, the Seminole Club near Miami, the Gulf Stream Club at Delray, the Mountain Lakes Club at Lake Wales, and the Everglades Club at Palm Beach.

Another popular rendezvous for the athletically inclined elite is the Greenbrier Golf and Tennis Club at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where tennis and golf tournaments are enjoyed in season.

There are also those of the millionaire class who go in for polo in a big way. At chukkers can be seen such adept wielders of the mallet as Eric Pedley, Raymond Guest, Michael Phipps, J. H. Whitney, Stewart Iglehart, Billy Post, Stephen Sanford, Harold E. Talbott, Jr., C. T. Roark, Cecil Smith, Lindsey Howard and Tommy Hitchcock, Jr.

Among those clubs enthusiastically addicted to polo are Meadow Brook Club of Long Island; Rockaway Hunting Club of Cedarhurst, Long Island; Westchester Country Club of Rye, N. Y.; Miami Valley Club of Ohio; San Mateo Polo Club of San Mateo, Cal.; Midwick Polo Club of Pasadena, Cal.; and Riviera Polo Club of Los Angeles, Cal.

Then, to continue, there are those opulent persons whose ideas of recreation with the horse take in heath and meadow and hurdle—also a bugle, gun and, last but not least, a fox. These persons are responsible for the following renowned fox-hunting clubs: Chagrin Valley Hunt of Gates Mills, Ohio; Huntingdon Valley Hunt of Jenkintown, Pa.; Shelburne Fox Hounds of Shelburne, Vermont; Aiken Drag Hunt of Aiken, N. C.; Albemarle County Hunt of Greenwood, Va.; Myopia Hunt Club of Hamilton, Mass.; Watertown Riding and Country Club of Watertown, Conn.; Maryland Hunt Club of Baltimore; Oxridge Hunt Club of Darien, Conn.; and the Piedmont Fox Hounds of Upperville, Va.

This last named, it is apropos to append, is one of the oldest in the country, having been established in 1840. On its first hunt, at the full of the moon, led by Colonel Richard Dulany as Master, the members caught tantalizing glimpse of a red fox with two brushes—two brushes, mind you; and at Sir Reynard they shot excitedly, and ineffectually. They shot just asexcitedly and ineffectually the next time the red fox was seen running, and it was seen running many times again, always at the full of the moon.

The present-day members of the Piedmont club are still seeing, so staunchly they aver, the red fox with the two brushes and shooting at it out of pure habit and with poor aim—although, true enough, one recent Master committed lese majesty by remarking the fox might have died several years or so ago—probably got tired of teasing, said he stubbornly, so many hunters over a period of a century.

An odd story, indubitably, but it no doubt accounts for the crossed brushes under the mask in the design of the Piedmont button.

Horses! Horses! It's hard to get away from horses. A brisk canter along the bridlepath is all that the more sedate of the plutocrats desire—an ambition that has led to the formation of a dozen or so select riding clubs throughout the country. Probably the most notable of these, and beyond gainsay the oldest, is the Cross-Country Riding Club of Augusta, Ga. Its members number 50, and are representative of fashionable northern families wintering in Augusta, bolstered with local individuals belonging to the aristocracy of the Old South. They have, these members, at their disposal more than 200 miles of enchanting bridlepaths.

The Palm Beach Harness and Saddle Club is another tony organization that causes Dobbin to prance and pace, and leer at the forgotten automobile.

Continuing down the line of exclusive clubs, we find the bears of Wall Street and its cousins going after real bears. Genuine bruiny bruins. Also quail, deer, turkey, or what have you? Red-blooded Midases, these; and they wade through glade and jungle, up rocky hill and down brambly dale, for pure joy of the hunt.

They even indigest sour-dough biscuits the camp guide has cooked; and it is said they sometimes wait till the end of the second week to shave, while as for putting on a pair of different pants before bathing to go home to a horrified valet, that is absurd, totally absurd—in fact, 101 per cent absurd.

Here are five of the hunting clubs where multi and just ordinary millionares shave and bathe when they darned please: The Laurentian Club, Lac Peche, Quebec—moose, deer, trout and bass; the Flanders Club, Hampton Bays, Long Island—waterfowl; the Clove Valley Rod and Gun Club, Clove Valley, New York—pheasants; the Wapanoca Club, Turrel, Arkansas—waterfowl; the Quiver Island Club, St. Louis, Mo.—anything but clay pigeons.

Every dog has his day, and the Pekinese and Pom and Chow often come into their own by means of swanky bench shows throughout the country. To list a few of the clubs that annually sponsor such entertaining exhibits: Stockton Kennel Club of Stockton, Cal.; Middlesex County Kennel Club of Newton, Mass.; Boston Terrier Club of Cincinnati; San Antonio Kennel Club of San Antonio; Buckeye Beagle Club of New Philadelphia, Ohio; Bryn Mawr Kennel Club of Bala, Pa.; Sewickley Kennel Club of Sewickley, Pa.; and the Dixie Kennel Club of Houston, Texas.

Literally dropping in for a cup of tea are members of the Aviation Country Coub of Hicksville, Long Island—the best known of the fast-growing number of aviation country clubs in the States. Some of the members of these clubs who pilot their own ships are Gar Wood, John D. Hertz, W. R. Hearst, Jr., Bernard Gimbel, Alicia Patterson, Amelia Earhart Putnam, and Ruth Nichols.

Of the 500 exclusive clubs in this nation, the one whose members can rake up the biggest jackpot is the Jekyll Island Club. This ace of financial clubs is located off the Atlantic coast near Brunswick, Ga., and is composed of a group of America's richest men, among them members of the Gould, Rockefeller, Morgan and Baker families. Its roster numbers 100, and rumor has it this 100 controls a seventh of the wealth of the entire world.

The members have their magnificent homes and a palatial club house where they spend the months of January, February and March, seeking relief from the inclement winters of the north. No one is permitted on the island while they are there; the sands are sacrosanct to their sandals.

Another stellar club is the Metropolitan of New York City—usually referred to as "The Millionaires Club." It drips luxury at every turn, oozes pomp at every corner, and sheds the same things in between; but not to wax ironic, just to keep the income tax records straight, it is only fair to say the turns, corners and in-betweens haven't been crowded since 1929.

The club with the fewest members—members that rank high in the nation's social and financial registry—is the Court House Club of New York City. Its roll of seven is made up of Bernon S. Prentice, Richard F. Hoyt, Marshall Field III, Harold Vanderbilt, Hunter Marston, James Perkins and Harold A. Talbott, Jr. The club is housed is a building that looks commonplace on the outside but is not a bit commonplace on the inside. The mutual love of tennis is what drew these seven men together, and they have what is said to be one of the finest indoor courts in the world.

Clubs are trumps! Play is a sound investment, and the rich realize it. One good hobby can avert a million sick moments. Shakespeare, in truth, builded wiser than he wot.

Two Opposing Views of France

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And as protestations, quite legitimate it seems, arise from the side of those from whom they intend to wrest a guarantee, of which a recent event has only too well demonstrated the necessity, they denounce quite seriously France as an obstacle forever in Germany's way. They accuse France of wishing to gag the German Government and to impose upon it her own French supremacy.

French supremacy! That's the rich mouthful for those who plead Germany's cause. And yet what is there behind that sweet-sounding but empty expression? What facts can one summon which give a semblance of seriousness to that accusation? We are waiting for someone to produce one.

France asks nothing but the preservation of her existence. Just there is her unpardonable crime in the eyes of Germany.

For it is just here that we put our finger on the

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STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY, ESQ.

Saving the boos for next time, here are the theatrical "musts," especially for out-of-towners

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

THIS autumn has set the White Way ablaze. The populace has swigged deeply of NRA-juice, gorged itself on the new national Bluebird, and apparently found the diet just what the doctor ordered. Incandescent Alley is loud with the gayest joyride since 1928. Night-clubs are booming, speakies are crammed, and the cathedrals of the cinema are packed with worshippers. As for the theatre—it has come bounding from that Catskill glen, shaved off its whiskers, b'ar-greased its hair, and stepped out with a sprightliness almost unequalled in the memory of an old-timer who can even recall the days when Ina Claire was considered way down-stage!

The whole season of 1932 didn't produce a dozen hits, and most of those were somewhat dubious—there wasn't a laugh in a car-load. Already this season has produced 15 shows making profits—puh-lenty! Seats for at least half of these are available only through foresight, prayer, bribery and corruption. The Forties are once more frenzied with glee and glamor, while the dog-towns bark joyously of fresh feats to come. If you're a native show-goer, you're in for one tremendous year.

It may be impossible to do justice to the entire banquet in the allotted space. Therefore, I propose to suggest a menu of theatrical "musts" for males, pretending that you live away from Broadway, and can make, at present, only a three-day sojourn here. If there's any room left, I'll cover what I can.

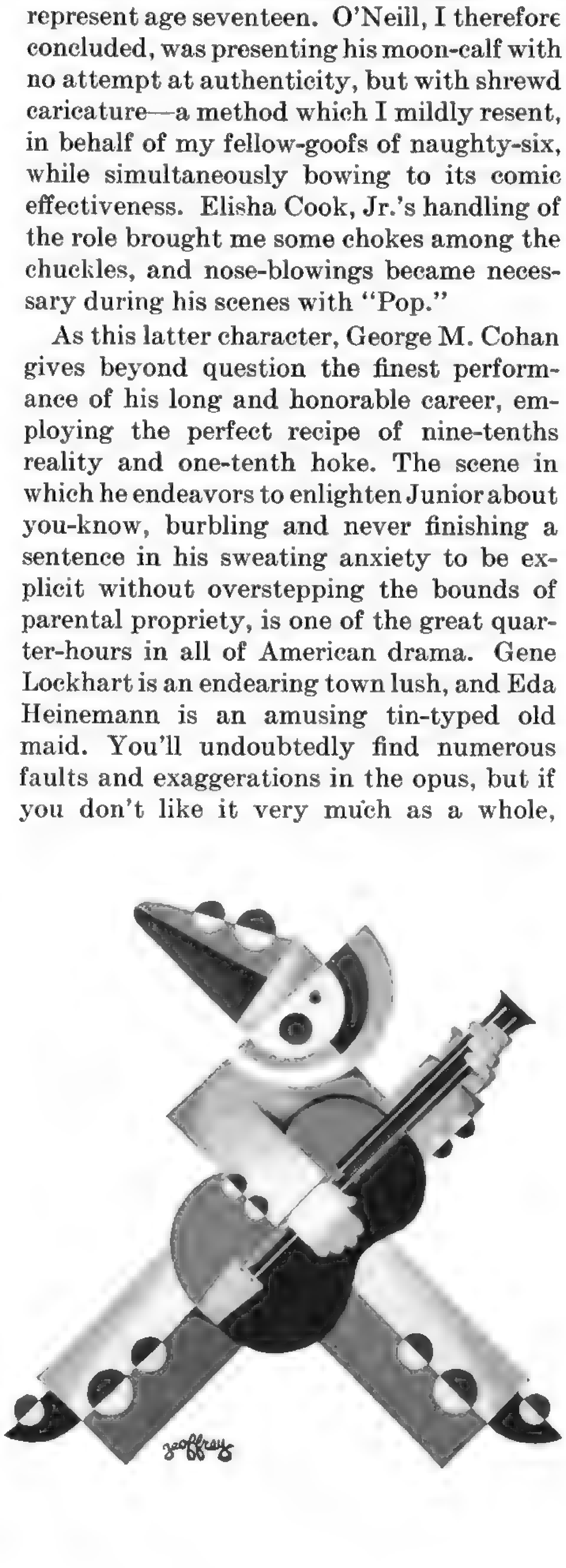
You first prepare for your invasion some two weeks or more in advance, by writing or wiring your favorite ticket-brokers, putting up a fervent plea and quite a lot of money. Then, of a Thursday, you totter out of Twenty-one at two-thirty, and get yourself hauled to the Music Box.

There, you attend a super-smash, "As Thousands Cheer." This is an insolent, swift revue, in which Moss Hart plays all around the razzberry bush with the British Royal Family, the Rockefellers, Gandhi, Aimee MacPherson and other Front Page figures of fun. Hassard Short decorates entrancingly, and Irving Berlin furnishes an adequate score, marked by a couple of show-stoppers hotcha'd by Ethel Waters. Marilyn Miller is shiningly beautiful, dances excellent if familiar routines, and actually acts. Clifton Webb is funnier and nimbler than ever—which might be called painting the lily. Helen Broderick evokes haw-haws by her brittle audacities. On second thought, I guess you'd better start your box-office assault six weeks before you arrive, or you won't get in.

That evening, you stagger from Moriarity's to the Guild Theatre, where Eugene O'Neill's comedy—yes, comedy—is standing them up on each other's feet. "Ah Wilderness" is a trenchant cartoon of the early nineteen-hundreds, dealing with puppy-love and the relationship between father and son. The horse-collars, peg-top pants, autoing-dusters and post-Gibson-girl dresses do for the eye what the homely wheezes do for the ear, and all is eminently satisfactory.

As one who, in 1906, was penciling adolescent lyrics about "God! How I love her!", I did a lot of tenderly sympathetic writhing over the amorous tortures of young Richard Miller. But I couldn't help remembering that in 1906 I was thirteen, and still not, I hope, quite so wet-eared a yearning sap as Richard who, I gathered, was supposed to represent age seventeen. O'Neill, I therefore concluded, was presenting his moon-calf with no attempt at authenticity, but with shrewd caricature—a method which I mildly resent, in behalf of my fellow-goofs of naughty-six, while simultaneously bowing to its comic effectiveness. Elisha Cook, Jr.'s handling of the role brought me some chokes among the chuckles, and nose-blowings became necessary during his scenes with "Pop."

As this latter character, George M. Cohan gives beyond question the finest performance of his long and honorable career, employing the perfect recipe of nine-tenths reality and one-tenth hoke. The scene in which he endeavors to enlighten Junior about you-know, burbling and never finishing a sentence in his sweating anxiety to be explicit without overstepping the bounds of parental propriety, is one of the great quarter-hours in all of American drama. Gene Lockhart is an endearing town lush, and Eda Heinemann is an amusing tin-typed old maid. You'll undoubtedly find numerous faults and exaggerations in the opus, but if you don't like it very much as a whole, I don't know what you can do but sue me.



You'd best stay fairly sober Friday night, because you're going to perhaps the most stirring, poignant drama of the last decade. "Men in White," at the Broadhurst, is the vivid, thrilling exposition of an interne's career at a great Metropolitan hospital.

Here I'm going to tell you about a coincidence. In 1915, while Dr. Baker, up at Harvard, was trying to pound a few elements of play-writing through my skull, I sat next to that same Eugene O'Neill who, during the course, wrote a play called "Abortion." It concerned a young doctor who took his Hippocratic oath with deadly seriousness, who craved children, and who loved a nice girl, also obsessed by desire for offspring. As nearly as I can recall, the doctor, in a moment of world-weariness, allowed himself to anticipate the ceremony. Catastrophe—threatened disgrace, ruin, etc., unless . . . Well, Hippocrates won; the doctor refused to break his oath, drove the girl to a quack, whose botched butchery removed all possibility of children; and the play ended with the two, married, staring into a sterile future. We all were awed at the excellence and daring of the work, suspecting that it would never appear upon the boards. I don't believe it ever has.

Now, "Men in White" reveals a young interne, of high promise and deep idealism, mortally weary from his never-ending duties, suddenly infuriated and disgusted by his shallow, frivolous fiancée. A poor little nurse, hungry for romance, catches him at this moment, and he slips. The nurse pays penalty with a quack operation which sterilizes her. The interne almost smashes up his own life by insisting upon marrying her. She dies, however, and he forswears the compromises of the other alliance for lonely, stark devotion to service.

Don't let me put you off "Men in White," in any way, by these citations. The exposure of its skeleton, and the reference to the O'Neill piece, are woefully unfair to a masterpiece. I'm certain that Sidney Kingsley never heard of "Abortion." It's just a coincidence. Besides, much as I admire O'Neill I must insist that Kingsley here has captured a humanity, a poetry, a sympathy and a richness of dialogue, which lift his play far beyond the heart-breaking morbidity of "Abortion," to inspiring, glowing heights.

What a job that gang of kids known as "The Group Theater," cooperating with Sidney Harmon and James Ullmann, has done! The settings are picturesque, the direction remarkable, the cast flawless. Alexander Kirkland, Phoebe Brand and Morris Carnovsky stand out. But it is a rotund, slightly absurd-looking gentleman, J. Ed-

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SUNK WITHOUT TRACE

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was that the pass was not for herself but for a gentleman friend who did not wish to go through the usual formalities and to my utter amazement, she took K.'s photograph from her handbag.

I had to think fast as to what to say. I asked her why he could not go to the Mission and why he wanted to enter the Zone. She told me that the reason Herr Baum, as she called him, would not go to the Mission was that the German authorities had a representative there to look over the applications and that he was wanted by the Sailors and Workers Council for the part he had taken in the abortive revolution of the early days of May. His reason for desiring to enter the Occupied Zone was to escape punishment by the party in power. He had committed no crime, his offense was purely political. I asked further how well she knew him and whether she thought his story true. She replied that she barely knew him and that she had come to me through her brother who was Herr M. of the M. Leather Works and friendly with Baum. I reflected for a moment and then told her that a thousand francs was not enough as there was considerable danger for me if I was caught giving a pass in an irregular way. I wanted twenty-five hundred. She could go back to her brother and if the price was satisfactory, she should return to the hotel at four o'clock with the photograph and I would explain further what was to be done by Baum. She left and I returned to my interrupted luncheon. I took less time over it than I had planned as I had bigger fish to fry.

I went upstairs to the Mission and asked Captain De L. who commanded for an immediate private interview. The result was that instructions were given over the telephone that a fast plane be fueled for a trip to Paris from the hangar at Gonsenheim, just outside of Mayence, to carry an important document to the Ministry. Further instructions were that an officer be ready to code a message to the Under Secretary for Military Intelligence at 5 o'clock when I returned to Headquarters.

Shortly before four o'clock my young lady was in the lobby. We went to a secluded table in the dining room and there she handed me over K's photograph and the money. The latter I refused and told her that I would take it only if I succeeded in getting Herr Baum through the lines successfully. These were my instructions to her. He should come at 10 o'clock to the sentry box ten meters left of the Frankfort-Höchst road three nights later. I would take care of the sentry who would think that I was engaged in smuggling of some kind. I would have the pass ready and would deliver it upon receipt of the bank-notes and would tell the sentry that I was taking the gentleman in my car which he could see parked on the road. It was up to Herr Baum to take care of the German sentry to let him go through into the neutral area but a tip would easily arrange that. If Baum liked I would carry him a short distance in our zone but not as far as another town where someone might see him with me. She thanked me and left.

My chauffeur made a fast trip to Mayence and at Headquarters the complete story, including my plans for K's capture, was coded for me. The message and K's photo were put under seal and I continued to Gonsenheim where I turned the packet over to the officer who was to carry it to Paris and return with instructions as to what we were to do with K. if we caught him. I returned to Mayence to the office of the Sureté and had them wire the Chief that a message of extreme urgence for him would be at the Under Secretary's Office the following morning.

The following night I was awakened by an orderly who told me that I was wanted at the office of the 2nd Bureau (Military Intelligence). When I got there I found the Chief closeted with several of the high officers of that service. He had flown from Paris with an aviator who had taken K. on several trips. He would not be satisfied with his own identification, he said. He believed however that it was surely K. whom we were about to bag.

The next two days I spent in routine work with a considerable impatience. The old lust for the man-hunt had gotten me again after having been quiet for a long time. There is a peculiar psychology affecting the Secret Service man who has been engaged in actual warfare. I have spoken to several concerning it and we are all in agreement. When we were in combat we all looked on the espionage as rather dirty work but a necessary evil, and when we were engaged in the undercover work we looked on war as rather stupid and messy and our work as of supreme importance. It is my firm belief that if all governments were to publish what their Secret Services know of the plans and stratagems of the others that they would all see how futile it is to wage war. Lacking this publicity each government thinks that it has the edge over the other, with the result that at a given moment war becomes inevitable.

A few minutes before ten my car was on the road at the appointed place. I alighted and went over to the sentry. I was challenged, gave the countersign and then asked the sentry if he had his instructions. He told me that he had been specially assigned to this job that evening and that all I had to do was to manoeuvre the Boche in front of him. While we were speaking we saw a man come rapidly down the road and cross the field the few steps toward the sentry-box. He was challenged, ordered to advance and I heard him tell the sentry that he had an appointment with me. The sentry brought him to the box and said, "Here he is." He bowed and asked in German whether I was Lieutenant H. I replied in French in the affirmative and asked him whether he had the money. His response was in German that he was sorry he could not speak French but that he understood me and here was the money and might he have his pass. I told him to come to the box with me as I wanted him to see that the pass was satisfactory. With that he handed me a packet of 100 franc notes. I stripped off five of them and handed them to the sentry with the remark that I was taking the gentleman back to Mayence with me. I then took the pass from my pocket, handed it to K. and as he stooped to examine it, in the shaft from my flashlight, the sentry hit him back of the ear with the butt of his automatic.

He sank to the ground and almost as he fell, the sentry was on top of him and had a gag in his mouth. Next he trussed him up with telephone wire which he took from the sentry-box. When K. was all secure, the sentry walked off a few steps and from nowhere brought two other men. One was the regular sentry to whom he handed back his rifle. With the other man he picked up K. like a sack of meal and carried him over to my car where they laid him down on the floor and covered him up with the blanket that was there. The three of us got in then and the chauffeur burned up the road back to the military prison at Mayence.

When we arrived they picked him up and carried him to the court-room and there tied him upright to a chair, removed the gag and tied a handkerchief around his face just below the eyes. They searched him and took all his belongings and laid them out on a table. Among them was an automatic and also one of our special weapons and several large packets of 1000 franc notes, in all nearly 300,000 francs. K. was still in a stupor from the crack on the head he had received when a dozen officers in full dress walked in from the next room and took their places about the table. I noticed that the officers were all attached to the 2nd Bureau with the exception of the Assistant Chief of Staff.

Then the Chief walked in and addressed the officers assembled. He also was in full uniform, that of a Colonel. He said, "Gentlemen, you are assembled here to sit in a court-martial, of which no record will be made. It will be unique in that the defendant will have no counsel, that no definite charge will be made except that the prisoner treacherously sent to their deaths hundreds of your loyal compatriots and that the death penalty will be demanded. You have not seen the prisoner's face nor will you see it. If there are any of you who have any scruples about condemning to execution a man under such circumstances kindly withdraw but in any event keep your knowledge of this affair to yourselves. Lieutenant H. will serve as prosecutor and I shall sit as President of the Court."

Not an officer moved to leave the room. The formalities were gone through and the Court was assembled. K's chair was turned around to face the court and the Chief handed me a paper from which I read the charge aloud. It was a vague affair merely stating that K. had been a soldier in the army, twice decorated but had on several occasions been guilty of treason. The Chief then stated that the two men who had brought him in with me had both identified him and that he, his superior officer, recognized him as well and could vouch for the truth of the charges. A verdict of guilty and the death penalty were voted without further ado and it was decreed that the money found on K. was to be sent to the Red Cross. The fake sentry passed over his 500 francs and I my 2000.

The court was then dismissed. The Chief thanked the officers with a further injunction to complete secrecy and they filed out. The Chief went into the next room and conferred with the Chief of Staff whom he had asked to remain. He then came back to me and asked me to rout out one of the photographers attached to my section and to bring him to the prison in a hurry with a camera and a few dozen films. All I had to do was to telephone to tell one of them to come over at once and to bring flashlight apparatus with him. He arrived in a few minutes and we had him mug the prisoner from every angle.

K's captors, after again adjusting the handkerchief, carried him downstairs and outside the prison wall where he was tied to a post. A firing squad was lined up. The Chief gave the order to fire and then K. was cut from the post. His body was dropped into a grave already dug and quicklime was poured in and the grave covered.

We could hear the bells of the town tolling midnight as we left the grave. The Chief stood watching as wisps of smoke from the quicklime seeped up out of the fresh-packed earth. Then he shook his head sadly and said to me, "He was a good man for a while. I'll always wonder which side he was really on."

All Abroad In London Town

Continued from page 120

men were with their half-caste women. At our table sat the worthies of Limehouse—Li Tan the herbalist, Chong Ki who runs the laundry, the great Ta Hong-fu who as a young man had won the highest degree in the Chinese State examinations. But they had found him guilty of treason against the Governor of a province, so they banished him. Now by day he is a commercial correspondent in the city, in a black coat and a starched collar like any Bronx clerk; but at night he comes back to his own people and gets into his Chinese clothes and shuffles from doorway to doorway—a Limehouse shadow.

And Chong Ki did not always run a laundry. He used to be the captain of a boat that sailed the waters of the river near Canton. The cargo was a bevy of almond-eyed girls who danced and sang and made love. For ages it was decreed that no lady of pleasure should set foot on the celestial soil of China; that is why they go up and down the great river in boats, and burn lanterns all night long and play music and leave behind them when they go the sleepy tang of opium.

And it happened one night that a rich merchant on the bank of the river sent a message to Chong Ki to bring over a fair maiden to him. He nearly did. But the river police intercepted him. The girl was drowned and two river policemen were shot. It seemed wiser to Chong Ki to shake the dust of China from his feet forever. So now he irons sheets and shirts in a dark steamy laundry in Limehouse; but still, like an educated gentleman, he reads poetry aloud to himself when the day's work is done.

So the hours went by in pleasant speech and the playing of dice and chess and fantan. Then we rose. We wound our way through a rabbit-warren of inextricable passages and came at length to a room lined with couches, the sleepy darkness lit by a smoking oil-lamp and the dull glow of smouldering pipe-bowls. A pipe was handed to each of us. And it wasn't just tobacco that Liang Ki rammed into the bowl of it . . .

Centuries afterwards we made a sign to Liang Ki, and we crept away, through the maze of passages, into clear air. Then we took a tram. And ten thousand miles further on we disembarked, in London.

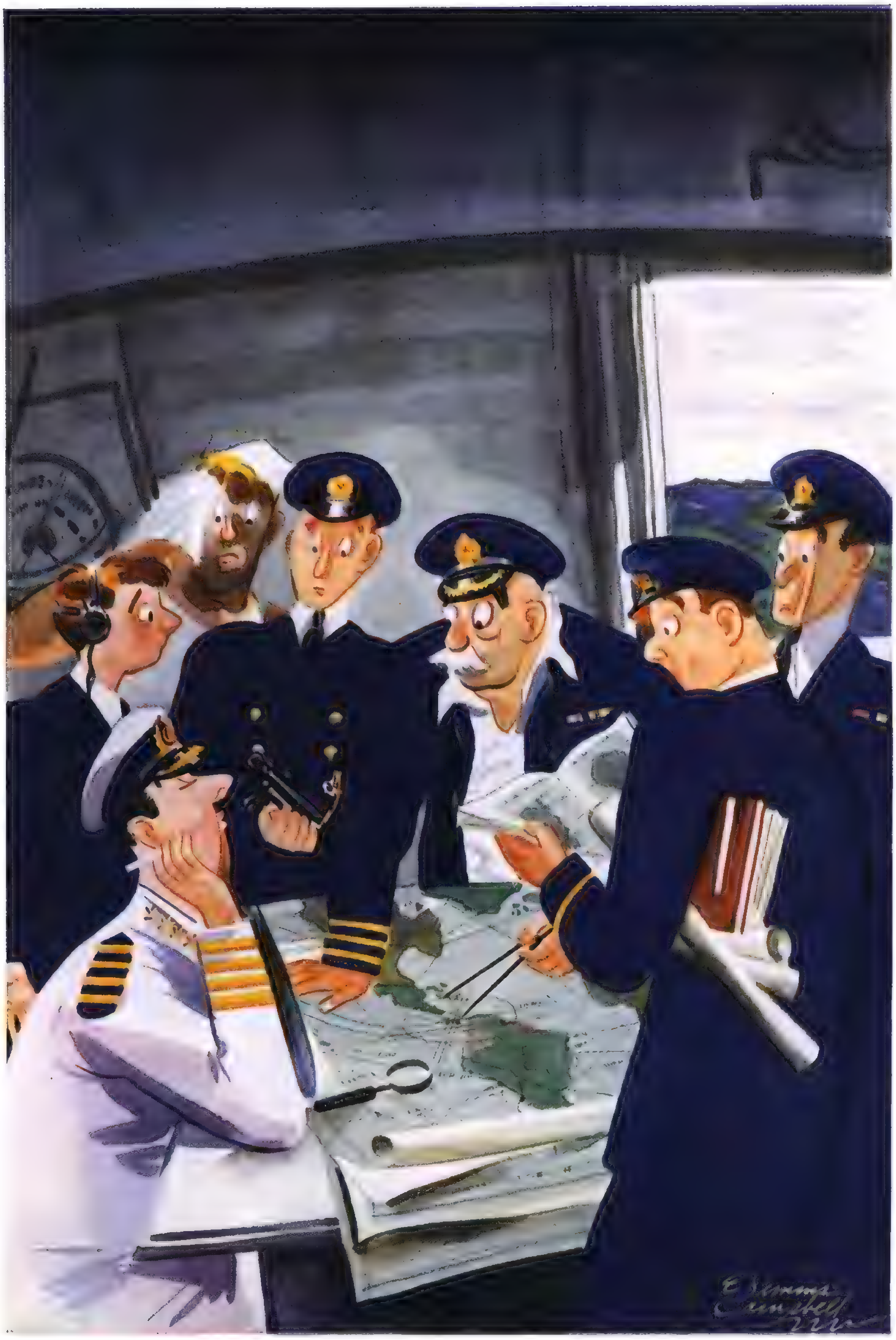
"Hullo, Louis Golding," a friend greeted me next day. "Been abroad lately?"

"Yes," said I. "Been to China."

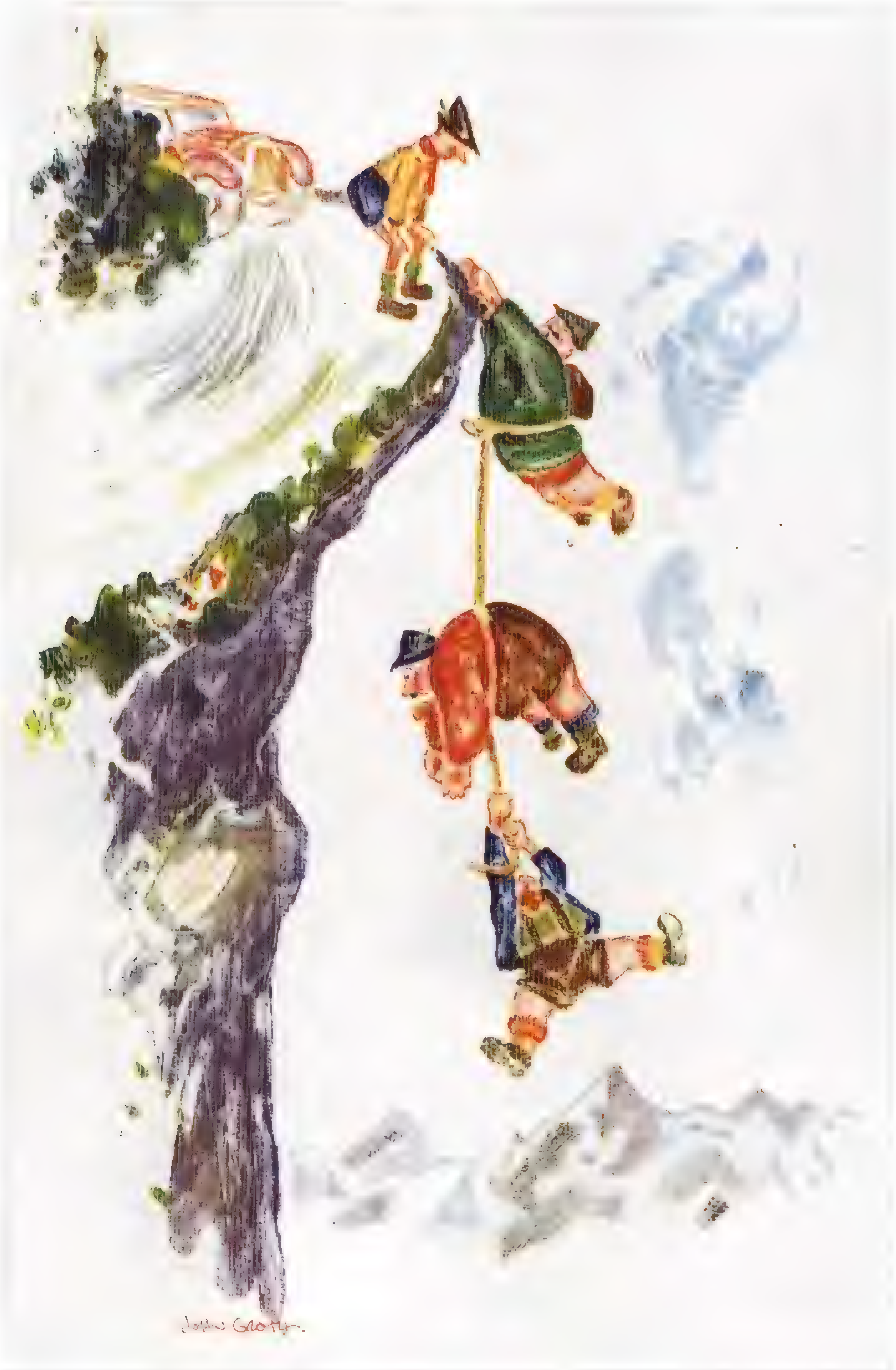
"No!" he said incredulously. "When did you get back?"

"I went yesterday with one Osborne from Kansas City, U. S. A. And we got back last night."

"Here, have another 'highball,' old man," he implored me. "*Please* have another. That'll put you right!"



"I still don't know where we are"



"Didn't you gentlemen know there's a nice paved road to the top?"

WHY I BOUGHT LAND

Continued from page 47

market. Her suggestion was that I pay her four per cent for the money and we would divide the profits.

"But," I asked her, "what about losses? Suppose I lose?"

"Oh," she said, "all I want is my original capital and four per cent. If you don't make anything, I shan't hold that against you."

"No," I told her, "I don't like your plan. If I take a sum of money from you and guarantee to pay it back in a year, then you'll have to do something for me. You'll have to pay me six per cent interest."

"Why!" she gasped, "you couldn't expect me to do *that*. There are plenty of people who would gladly pay *me* interest."

"Well," I asked her, "what did you do with any spare money you had last year?"

"I lost about $9,000 in the stock market," she confessed.

You see, she would have been better off to have given that $9,000 to somebody and *paid him* interest for keeping it in a safe place.

Most people in the market could well afford to pay six per cent, just to make sure they wouldn't lose any more than that.

To get ahead in the market, it is essential that one must not think and act as a normal person does, but must be almost a freak. But it is difficult for a person to be a freak, no matter how willing, for all our education and social pressure is toward standardization of ideas and behavior. We all find it wise to deport ourselves as most other people do.

We feel encouraged when our neighbors are all optimistic, and approach a state of despair when everybody we meet talks nothing but pessimism.

To try to figure things all out and be logical about the market, is dangerous. The trouble about logic is that it is unlikely to be deep enough or complete enough. We carefully weigh one or two market factors, but there may be a million more influences we wot not of. As John Dewey says: "We can predict the path of a comet, because its course is all set and there is nothing we can do to change it." But when there are elements subject to change according to the state of human emotions and human opinions, then look out!

I might mention an example or two to indicate how unsound a logical thing often is. Years ago, when typewriters were first placed on the market, it was freely predicted that these machines would probably ruin handwriting, for nobody would need to practice good penmanship. Logical enough! But what happened was that penmanship immediately improved, because those who did not own typewriters were in competition with those who did, and they were obliged to be especially careful to make their handwriting thoroughly legible. During the World War those pseudo-scientists who had long believed in bringing about rainfall in time of drought by setting off explosives, found much statistical data to support their beliefs. Weather reports indicated unmistakably that rainfall usually followed a big battle. Here then, to a logical mind, was proof that gunfire causes rain. Yet this wasn't true. The facts were that preparations for a big battle, hauling up of supplies and troops, were usually made during a dry spell. By the time a long-planned battle took place, rain followed simply because it was already overdue. Logic is all right, but it must not be mere surface logic. There is usually a reason why stocks go up on bad news or down on good news.

One reason why every stock market forecaster, without a single exception, now appears to be discredited is that all such prophets attempt to be logical without any possible way of knowing *all* facts necessary to make sound deductions.

It would be difficult enough to prognosticate future movements in stocks even if all seeming information available were accurate and dependable. But we are all especially likely to be wrong in the stock market because the whole game is rigged with diabolical ingenuity to lead the crowd astray. The stock market is not and never was intended to be a device by which the average person can make money. It should be remembered that stocks do not often go up of their own accord, but are put up by organizations known as "pools." These are not philanthropic institutions. Their sole purpose is the selfish intention of taking money from the many for the benefit of a chosen few. They cannot operate successfully except by outwitting the public. Hence they must create propaganda to induce the public to *buy* certain stocks at the time they, the pool, think prices are high enough and wish to *sell*. Consequently nearly everything one hears about stocks in which pools are operating is misinformation designed to betray and mislead us.

All this being true, it is a grave question whether it is not wiser to avoid purchase of stocks on what one mistakes for logical reasons, that is, on supposed information. It is possible that the most prudent way to select stocks for purchase in a rising market is by some form of pure chance, such as by drawing numbers out of a hat. This sounds incredible and yet a considerable amount of proof was offered at the last annual meeting of the American Statistical Association, in Cincinnati, in December, 1932, by Alfred Cowles III, of the Cowles Commission for Economic Research, Colorado Springs, Colo. Cowles took results of investment selections by high-grade forecasting agencies and compared them with what would have happened if selection had been left to chance. His comparison showed that even when forecasting agencies picked stocks that made gains, the greatest of these gains was within limits equalled by the best of the imaginary stock transactions representing random choice at random intervals. But the *more extreme losses* from following the expert forecasters were *worse* than the worst losses that would have resulted from drawing numbers blindfolded.

Another example of this tendency of people to make their worst mistakes when following seemingly logical reasoning came to light in one of the big New York banks. One of the bank's officers, head of a little gang of men who devote their entire time to painstaking selection of stocks and bonds for customers, chanced to spill some ink from his fountain pen on the floor by his desk. He looked to see if the little ink spots had spoiled the carpet. Luckily, the carpet was protected by a newspaper lying on the floor. By further chance this newspaper was open at the stock page. Fine particles of ink had made spots touching forty or fifty different stocks.

The man who had spilled the ink, in spite of being a banker, is a philosopher with a sense of humor.

"Wouldn't it be funny," he remarked to his associates, "if these ink spots give us a better way of picking stocks than our carefully-compiled tables of figures!"

"Let's just pretend," he went on, "that we picked these ink-spot stocks, not today but back in 1924, at the beginning of the great Coolidge bull market and kept them until now. Let's pretend also that we picked stocks by that same method in, say, 1926, and in other years more recently. Then let's compare results with those lists we actually did select."

His statisticians went to work, made allowances for extra dividends, of splitting up certain stocks into smaller units, and other necessary adjustments. When they finally made their comparisons believe it or not, they discovered that the ink-spot stocks would have been a more profitable list than *any* other list they had bought and kept.

Now, of course, there must be a reason why random lists of stocks appear to be more profitable than those lists compiled according to one's best judgment. Perhaps this reason is that when a person follows pure chance, he removes the element of *prejudice* and permits the law of averages to work in his favor.

In other words, if a man selects stocks he hears are "good buys," he may end up with nothing but sick babies or over-priced shares the pools have been eager to sell. But if he makes his selection by jabbing a pin into the stock page, while blindfolded, it is unlikely that he would *always* hit the *least desirable* stocks, but might chance to get a few that provide real speculative opportunity. Certainly there is no reason to think a person without any speculative or investment experience whatsoever can do any better by following his own opinions than by trusting to luck.

Recently the whole problem of picking the right stocks has been complicated by at least two new factors that did not exist in the last bull market. One of these is the President's program of so-called inflation, that is, of inflating value of goods and reducing the value of the dollar.

The other is the plan of industrial control or partnership between the government and business, undoubtedly the most radical piece of legislation ever attempted in the United States within the memory of anyone now living.

Ever since inflation talk got under way, I have had letters, and a few long distance telephone calls, from people seeking suggestions as to what they should do to benefit from rising commodity prices and avoid loss from shrinking buying power of money. One woman told me a story somewhat typical:

"I have $10,000 in a bank I think is safe," she telephoned, "and I have no craving for trying to make any more. But I would like to contrive to keep $10,000 of the same buying power it is today by way of protection against emergency. If the dollar shrinks in value, I would like to have part of my money where it will grow enough to offset my loss in the rest. In other words, I want to end up still having the equivalent of my $10,000. What shall I do?"

As I think the advice I gave her is good, I'll pass it along.

"Unless you have given a few years' study to the stock market, you'd better put your $10,000 into United States government bonds, and if the buying power of the dollar should shrink half or however much it may shrink, just accept your loss and make the best of it. If you buy stocks you are likely to have the thrill of seeing them rise in price and then you will say to yourself: 'Of all things! How long has *this* been going on?' Then you'll become more daring and take more chances until one day your money will all be gone and you'll be lucky if you own the clothes on your back. On the other hand it is unlikely that you would lose all if you leave your money in government bonds. Whatever you do *not* lose, will be just that much velvet. Trying to pick the right stock, to get the benefit of rising commodity prices, is no job for the inexperienced."

As to the other great new factor, government control over industries, ultimate possibilities are so widespread and so revolutionary, I frankly don't know what to expect. If anybody three years ago had forecast such a program, he would have been locked up as too dangerous to be at large. But today if that same man says we have taken steps that must lead to *complete* abrogation of the profit system, and operation of all industries to give more goods to more people, rather than money to holders of certain stocks, who is prepared to prove he is wrong? If he is right, then what is going to happen to speculative stocks?

Because of this uncertainty, I return to my original contention that it is prudent to have a little piece of land. Plenty of indications exist that people have already accepted the wisdom of such advice. The latest estimate of the Department of Agriculture, made in April, 1933, showed a net gain of movement from city to country over country to city of 533,000 people for the year. In January, 1933, the total farm population in the United States had not only quit declining but had reached an all-time peak of 32,242,000, as compared with the highest previous number of 32,076,960, in 1910. If this back-to-the-country movement should continue, there may not be enough well-located small places, say, from five to twenty acres, to go around, without a decided boost in prices. Whoever buys his piece while prices are still low may be "sitting pretty."

COMMON SENSE MANNERS

Continued from page 84

of caviar else they'll work off a lot of tired little fish on you. If you've asked mothers or other female relatives, it is wisest to serve tea. No one will drink it, in all probability, but at least you'll get credit for having made the gesture. Use the telephone for invitations. Bachelors are not required to go in for engraved invitations, nor are these, for that matter, considered correct for anything less formal than a large dinner or a dance. One admonition: be careful about mixing your crowds. Don't decide that it would be jolly for your new girl to meet your old one—it never is, for you.

The Sophisticate says: that checks and plaids are good, but they've become too common; avoid them like bathtub gin unless you're very sure of your taste. That, with repeal, wines should be chosen without pretentiousness save by connoisseurs: sherry with the soup; a still white wine with the fish; a burgundy or claret with the roast; brandy or a sweet liqueur with coffee. That a number of the swankier speakeasies are incorporating as clubs and charging a ten to twenty-five dollar initiation fee; that they won't get his money that way.

THE FRIEND OF SPAIN

Continued from page 26

got to New York and see if I could do anything about his strange plight. But when I got to New York they had moved. I tried to trace them, but it was no good. Years later I heard that the poor fellow was still in Madrid.

Bull Fighting, as usual, is in bad shape.

Marcial Lalanda has two children, over a million pesetas, a good bull ranch—rather a good big ranch for raising bulls; and a firm and sound resolution to take no more chances with horned animals. He knows enough so that he can appear in the ring with them and dispatch them without risk; but it is no fun for the spectators either.

Domingo Ortega, fighting nearly a hundred fights a year for two seasons has, very obviously, learned how to fight bulls. He fights every one that comes into the ring in exactly the same way, punishing them all in the same way; dominating them; showing his domination by stroking the horn; and killing them quickly and trickily. If you see him once you know how he will be a hundred times.

He is desperately monotonous yet he does something, that is he dominates every bull that comes out; while the trashy lot of opposition he usually has need luck to do anything. He was gored, once, in September and so lost the chance of beating Belmonte's record of 112 fights in a season. He will fight around ninety.

Armillita Chico, a young, slim, brown, chinless Mexican with legs that hang from under his shoulders, a handful of crooked teeth, wonderful wrists, and great intelligence and knowledge of bulls is many times a better matador than Ortega, but is held back by his negative personality in the ring. Armillita gets everything out of a bull that bull will give. Ortega makes the same bull conform, and conform quickly, to his own limitations. But the public goes crazy about Ortega's theater, his attitudes, his false tragedy; while Armillita's cold intelligence, his classic perfection and his superlative skill, which seems to eliminate danger, does not stay in their memories. But his merit is being realized and he will fight more fights in Spain this year than any other Mexican has ever fought except the great Gaona.

Victoriano de la Serna after a bad season last year and less than twenty fights, has blossomed out again this season as a phenomenon. He has now completed his medical studies and taken his degree, and his enemies claim that his bursts of extraordinary courage originate in a hypodermic syringe and that if he does not care to fight he knows the secret of producing a high fever and frothing at the mouth. This is nothing but scandal.

He is a strange case. He is not a coward but in the three times I saw him this September he did all the things that a bull fighter usually does, only when unable to control himself through fear. He did them cynically, perfectly cool and unworried, to avoid risk and to deliberately insult the public. In the ring he has an overwhelming conceit that is pathological.

His style with the cape is slow, delicate, but, to me, unsound. He makes his passes with the cape by turning his body while keeping his arms out rather than keeping his body still and moving the arms ahead of the bull. It is a way of using the cape as though it were the muleta; and it is a form of using one of the trick passes perfected by Nicanor Villalta. But he does it very gracefully and well.

With the muleta he is more or less at the mercy of the bull. With a bull that charges and re-charges on a straight line he could probably do a better faena than anyone now in the ring. He is very intelligent, but he does not dominate. He is an unsound, enigmatic, interesting, and highly irritating performer.

By irritating I mean this: At Salamanca he was getting fourteen thousand pesetas a fight. That is twice the amount some of the other matadors were getting. He was paid this because they knew he could do twice as much if he drew a good bull. His first bull was not much but he worked him as well as he could and the public were all with him. His second bull was perfect for the muleta and La Serna made four excellent passes. As he drew away from the bull to rest him looking up into the stands, putting his hand proudly to his chest to indicate "Look at me. The great Victoriano de la Serna!" some spectator, not impressed, whistled. La Serna looked up where the whistle had come from as thought to say "All right. I'll show you." Then, with no more passes, no faena, doing nothing he had been paid for, he ran in on the bull and stabbed him in the lungs. The bull choked to death, vomiting his blood.

The next day the public treated him very severely but applauded the little good work he did. La Serna left the ring wrapped in his cape under the jeers of the spectators; then stooped, took off his fighting shoes, and walked in his stocking feet to his motor car. At the car he knocked the shoes together to get the dust off them and then dropped them delicately to the ground.

"I don't want even the dust of Salamanca," he said.

Now this superb gesture was first attributed to Saint Teresa on leaving Avila after disappointments there, later to various bullfighters on leaving Mexico. For Victoriano to employ it, merely because he had cheated the public, showed he was a well-read young fellow. But it did not endear him to the public of Salamanca, or even to your correspondent who had also paid his money and travelled some distance to see the young doctor perform.

Of the new fighters, the youngest brother of Gitanillo de Triano, who was killed in Madrid two years ago, is a good looking gypsy with a beautiful style with cape and muleta. But he knows very little about bulls and is already having great trouble dominating his fear. Fernando Dominguez is very good with the muleta but is without personality and is a pitiful killer. Maravilla is ill, gored nearly every time he fights, and is only a shell of himself. Corrochano had one excellent fight in Madrid and has done nothing in the provinces. Chiquito de la Audiencia seems to have lost his nerve.

The annual Messiah appeared in the person of Felix Colomo, a delivery boy at the pelota court, who made two sensational fights in Madrid and received a bad horn wound. Out of the hospital, he fought in Huesca and was very bad, in Gijon and was good; then went back into the hospital with a terriffic wound received at La Coruna. He is managed by Torquito, an ex-matador from Bilbao, who will probably have enough sense not to fight him again this season no matter how hungry both may be.

Florentino Ballesteros, son of the matador of the same name, killed in the Madrid ring toward the end of the war, seems to be a very competent, workmanlike fighter, skillful, without genius, but an excellent killer. He killed seven bulls in the little ring of Vista Alegre just outside of Madrid in his farewell performance before becoming a full matador, and bored the public with the dullness of his excellence.

Not seeing any fights until the last of August, I cannot report on how the bulls were in early and mid-season but in September the Salamanca bulls were uniformly poor, colorless, without force, bravery or style. Esteban Gonzales sent a splendid lot of bulls to Madrid from Utrera outside of Sevilla, and Miura's sent a novillada the last of September that was braver, bigger and better armed than all the corridas we had seen until then.

The old cafe Fornos is gone, torn down to put up an office building and the former inmates can be found at the Regina next door. There is a new cafe called the Aquarium which looks like the last phase of Montparnasse except that it is crowded. Out on the Manzaneras where we all used to go to swim and cook paellas along the Pardo road they have dammed the river and built an artificial beach with very modern bathing installation, real sand, a big lagoon and very cold and, remarkably, clean water. There were a lot of small fish swimming around in it; always a good sign in a public bathing place, and it was really not a bad place to swim. Anyone able to swim across the river and back, possibly two hundred yards, was looked on by the non-swimming bathers with the awe we used to feel for Ederle when taking a good look at the channel from the breakwater at Boulogne; and a native swimmer out of his depth without water-wings was a source of inquietude to all the more serious minded. But the Madrilenos whose only exercise used to be walking to the cafe are all going in for sports, for picnics in the country and for walking trips in the Sierras. The characteristic shape of the girls is changing. They seem to be taller and not so far around. Exercise and the example of the American cinema, possibly, is responsible. And what else do you want to know?

Well, we have an ambassador from whom the Spaniards have learned that there are at least two kinds of American newspapermen who can become ambassadors. Their previous experience had been with Alexander Moore. Sometimes it makes you wonder, too, why aside from the desire to honor him, President Roosevelt should send such a very able newspaperman, and such a good Democrat, so far away from the scene of hostilities. Perhaps Mr. Bowers really wanted to be an ambassador. I never asked him.

(This is the second of a series of letters by Ernest Hemingway. The next will be from Paris)

A Factor in Europe's Future

Continued from page 129

cealing his wealth, is lined up with him against the functionary who visualizes to him the economic oppression of the state. Both groups are demanding that the functionary whose position is a sinecure with a retiring pension, should bear a greater proportion of the burden of taxation. More drastically they insist that the goverment before levying new taxes should put its own house in order. This means an elimination or consolidation of offices on a large scale.

The functionaries retort that their adversaries are notorious tax evaders. Completely organized and allied with extreme socialistic groups they hold the key positions of the national economic life. They have not hesitated to threaten direct action. The issue is so irrepressible now, after long years of mounting antagonism, that until it is settled as other nations have settled their internal ills no one can predict what France will do internationally. Fear of a revived Teutonic fury may postpone the clash but it will come sooner or later and out of the shock new governmental forms will emerge.

The press has contributed its part to the isolation of France. It is a constant irritant particularly when in the opposition. The French who have the best manners in the world in their daily contacts have no manners at all in their journalistic criticisms. The invectives which they hurl at each other with a ferocity that is often risible spills over in their comments on their international neighbors. The attacks against Mussolini are duly translated and were largely responsible for the utterly unnecessary detestation of France which is almost as violent across the Alps as across the Rhine. French journalism is dominated by a group of brilliant polemicists wedded to fixed ideas. Any foreign note is pre-judged and condemned according to the convictions of the writer. MacDonald's plea for disarmament, the Mussolini Four Power Pact and the Roosevelt appeal for world peace incurred instant and irritating opposition from those obsessed with the idea that every proposition from without must immediately be examined with suspicion. This attitude publicly and violently expressed, has not only exasperated foreign opinion but has reacted on the temper and nerves of the French themselves. A country once regarded as the most hospitable and courteous of nations seems for the moment to have forgotten the golden rule of international amity; to be liked you must like your neighbors.

Due then to its policy of obstruction, France awoke to find itself isolated at the very moment when to its amazement Germany, abandoning Republican principles, turned violently back towards a revival of the ancient racial unity, and the restoration of the Empire Dream. When MacDonald hurried across to save the peace of Geneva and incidentally to take the leadership of Europe from France's faltering hands the full force of fourteen years of blundering diplomacy became apparent. Error in underestimating the enduring strength of Fascism; error in treating America as negligible in world affairs; error in misjudging the true character of German nationalism; error in neglecting English support and perceiving that it might return to its old authority. As a matter of fact, Daladier received the news of MacDonald's return to Geneva with bad grace. The French do not like ultimatums sprung upon them. It was an open secret that he began by refusing to go to Geneva and only yielded when it became necessary to give to the impending visit to Mussolini the character of an Anglo-French understanding.

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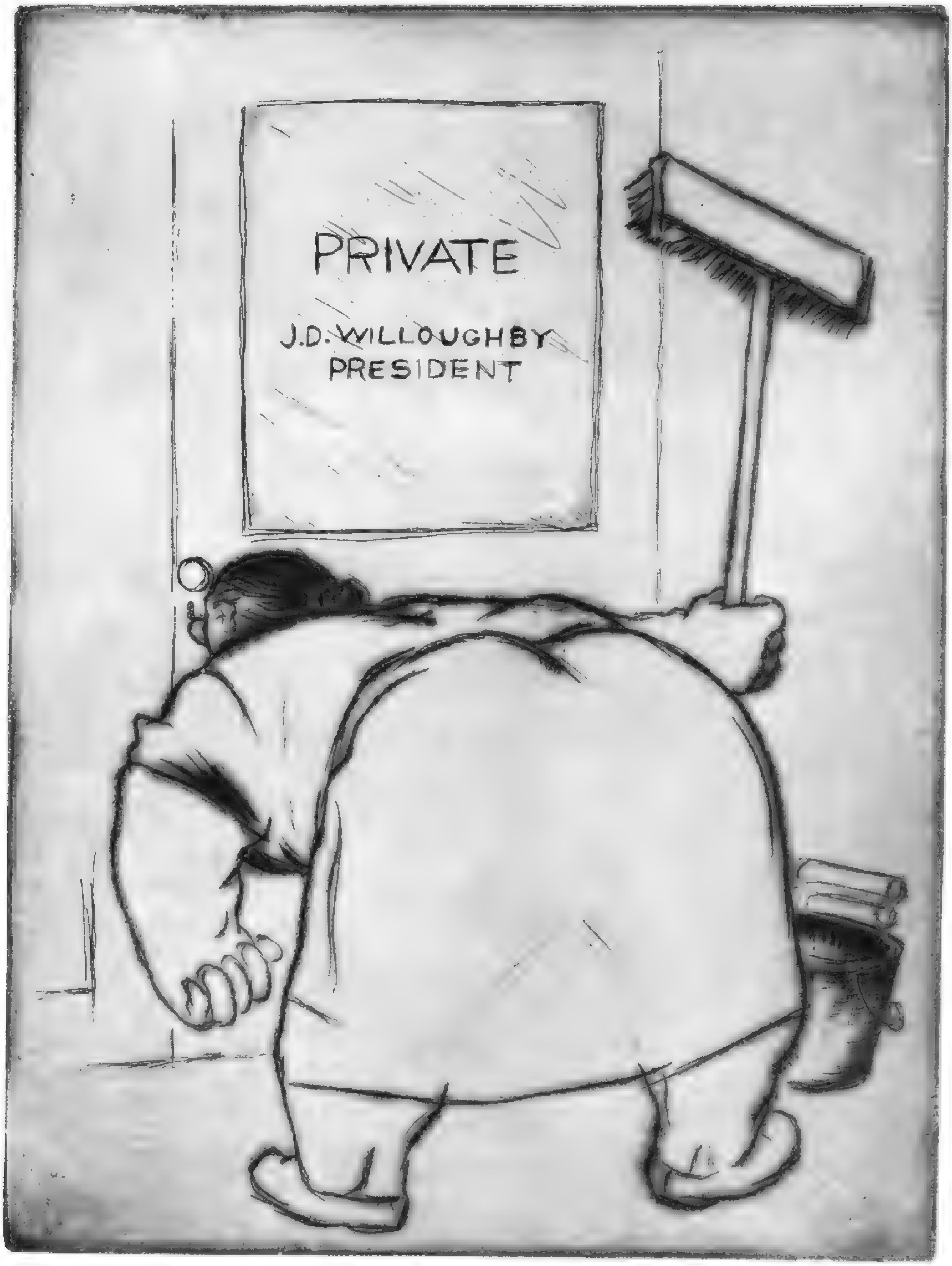
PRIVATE
J.D. WILLOUGHBY
PRESIDENT

DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

"Well, I guess I'll call him Pinky, too"

A Factor in Europe's Future

Continued from page 136

The days immediately following the Mussolini-MacDonald conferences were of the utmost gravity in Paris. England held the fate of France in its hands. An alliance with Italy to throw its weight towards German interests would have been a death blow. England and Italy together by their control of the Mediterranean would shut off all communication between France and its colonies. If at this moment there had been in Berlin even a little Bismarck to seize the opening the situation of France would have been desperate. But instead of jumping in and whole-heartedly accepting the Mussolini proposition, Hitler temporized, studied it with suspicion and gave a qualified support. The moment passed. Instead, Teutonic fury broke out at home and in a week the modern world, aghast at a throwback to medievalism, turned violently against Germany. Through no mistake of her own, France found herself out of coventry. Europe might dislike France but it had no intention of imperilling all liberal progress under the threat of a medieval megalomania. Italy, it is true, was moved by other forces. It took alarm at the threat of a Nazi victory in Austria which means the eventual absorption of Austria into the German empire and a reopening of the question of Italy's northern annexations.

Delighted and reassured by this sudden shift in world opinion that seemed to justify its policy of delay and obstruction France emerged from the perils of the isolation it had created for itself. But only for a little while. When America went off the gold standard France found itself isolated again, this time financially. A difficult situation. Its economic interests have been and are with America to stabilize an international unit of exchange. But its political necessities are with England and today the need of the support of England will prevail over every other consideration. The Roosevelt appeal for peace, followed by the chastened and reasoned speech of Hitler put it in a further quandary. Germany rattling the saber is much less difficult to deal with, than a Germany disguised in monk's clothing, chanting peace. Peace? Ten years peace? What then? One speech might convince a world waiting and willing to be convinced but it does not convince France. Not when it is followed by a monster demonstration into the hundreds of thousands to commemorate a German martyr executed by France. Not the present political attitude but the ultimate program is what alarms France.

Back to the old dilemma: to crush Germany or to conciliate it? To treat it as an enemy or as a friend? But today the choice is more complicated than in 1919. What dependable basis for a secure friendship is there in a Germany inflamed against France the oppressor? Eliminate the Polish Corridor? After that what? Will the new Germany inspired by the old ideal of Teutonic destinies be satisfied? After the Polish Corridor the return of the colonies? Ten years from now will a stronger Germany be satisfied with its southern frontier? Another war to be fought for Alsace-Lorraine? Is there any possible compromise which can be arrived at with those who dominate the imagination of the young Germany of today? War eventually or war today, when for the last time perhaps the heavy battalions are on the side of France?

The pity is that, until the unforeseen arrival of Hitler, French public opinion had swung preponderatingly towards a pacific adjustment with Germany. Eight out of ten Frenchmen saw clearly that the hereditary policy—the policy of the old men of the past—of treating Germany as an enemy was not only wrong but suicidal. The will to rapproachement was there but the Polish Corridor was in the way and remained in the way. Victims of their own short-sighted policy. In every discussion that has agitated European Disarmament Conferences or the League of Nations, the Polish Corridor has been the spectre at the feast. All the talk of French security has boiled down to that. Germany could not be trusted to keep the peace! Why? On account of the Polish Corridor . . . and Frenchmen acknowledge it to be the great blunder of the Treaty! Five years ago the blunder might have been remedied. Stresseman and Briand, had they lived, might have surmounted it. But to treat Germany at present as a friend is difficult and dangerous. Until France is convinced that in the body of the German nation itself has come a genuine liberal movement away from militarism and back to pacific solutions, France will not relax an iota of its defensive vigilance. All the disarmament conferences in the world or Four Power Pacts are not going to persuade it. It is going to wait and see and the waiting will be protracted. Already, back of every move in the international game, back of declared intentions to consider new propositions it must be evident that France has taken its definite stand. A policy of strictest nationalism. A policy of quiet negativing of all attempts to draw it into new organizations of peace. The League of Nations may be useful if it serves French interests but France will no longer put its trust in the League of Nations. Commercially as well as politically France is prepared to go it alone. A policy of skepticism but a logical one.

If Hitler prevails then Prussia must be completely isolated even at the cost of paying some price to Italy. France will lean heavily towards English interests, but she will put her trust only in herself. America will not figure in the picture at all. America she has decided to discount, perhaps erroneously. If she had not, she would take a different attitude on the debts. If the danger across the Rhine becomes too threatening or the continued provocation too galling to French susceptibilities there will be another quick provocative war. If it comes this time militaristic policies will prevail; nothing short of the dismemberment of Germany and the isolation of Prussia by creation of independent buffer states. If war does not come, and a great many acute observers believe it will come soon, a miracle will have to transpire. Germany will have to raise up a liberal statesman capable of the gesture the French themselves have been unable to make.

Meanwhile developments beyond the Rhine will have a profound effect on French internal politics. If the peril of another Fascist state develops, Blum and his extreme socialists will fade from view. There will be a strong nationalistic concentration, a radical revision of Parliamentary government and a strengthening of the executive power. In this development Herriot will play a dominant part, not that he is abler than several others, Daladier for instance, but because he holds the imagination of the masses and he alone can lead them away from Blum and the Marxians. Freed from the German menace the probabilities are that France would go through an embittered internal struggle; class arrayed against class in a desperate conflict to keep the state from a complete Socialism.

CAN'T WE BE FRANK?

Continued from page 41

But I am no theologian, nor do I wish to hurt anybody's feelings with respect to religion, but as my wife, to whom I have been married for twenty-five years, has never rubbed it into me that she is proud of having been born within the folds of Trinitarianism, I have long since ceased to think of monotheism with either pride or shame. In fact, if I may be forgiven the sacrilege of the expression, I don't give a whoop in Hades, or a nickel, or a pants button, about the difference between these forms of religious belief. I realize that religion goes hand in hand with civilization, and that Bertrand Russell, for example, finds evidence of early civilization in Egypt, because the early Egyptians not only practiced a formal religion but because they had also discovered the art of fermenting malt liquor, but in Pasadena I have not taken example by the writings of Bertrand Russell. I neither brew malt liquor nor have I joined a religious congregation, monotheistic or Trinitarian, and that's *that.*

If I did profess a religion, using the word *profess* as meaning *to make an open statement*, I'm afraid I should follow the example of Samuel Butler, who being the grandson of a bishop, was always regarded as fair game by pestering religionists. "What is your religion, Mr. Butler?" they would ask and Samuel Butler would reply: "Why, I belong to the religion of the City of London." When asked what he meant by that open statement or avowal, he would say that he belonged to the religion professed by the majority of the people among whom he lived. In London, where he did live, the predominating religion was that of the Church of England, but in Pasadena, the matter is not so easy. On Sunday the inhabitants of Pasadena worship at almost a hundred shrines, not including golf, and it is therefore impossible for me to say that I belong to the Religion of the City of Pasadena without being a Protean religionist. The best that I can do in the circumstances is to avow that I subscribe not to the religions but to the prejudices of my neighbors, whether I am in Pasadena or in Nice or Cannes.

By this I mean that if religion is to be a source of comfort instead of discomfort, it is well to acquaint yourself with your religious surroundings. At the time when the muezzin calls to prayer in Cairo, in New York it would attract no little attention on Broadway near 50th Street were you to spread your Oriental carpet on the sidewalk, and fall prostrate on it with all the fervor of the Mahommedan in Cairo. You might even be arrested. In fact it's a hundred to one shot that you *would* be. Therefore in New York, you are a great deal safer from police interference, from discrimination against you by your neighbors and from other forms of discomfort, should you profess no religion at all, but instead, spend your Saturdays at business and your Sundays at home, entirely surrounded by brown illustrated Sunday supplements, and above and beyond all, sharing not the religions but the prejudices of your neighbors.

Right here and now, then, is where I bring down on myself the abuse of my Jewish friends, by asking whether or not it would be a good thing in America, to accelerate what has happened to Jews in so many lands. The late Walter Weyl said that when in a country two groups live side by side, one small and one large, and when both imbibe the same culture, the small will invariably disappear and will be lost in the large. The process takes time, to be sure, but Mr. Weyl instanced Berlin, Germany, which had a relatively large Jewish population in the forties of the last century, and all these people disappeared, their place being taken by Polish, Hungarian, Frankfort and other Jews, who lived ghetto lives and did not imbibe the same culture of the larger group of non-Jews. The same result obtained in this country. I understand, for instance, that there are some Jews who have survived the years separating us from the Revolution, by reason of marrying European Jews, and these survivors now have relations who live down South and are high in the councils of the Ku Klux Klan. One of them even advised with a Jewish cousin as to the incorporation of the Klan in the neighborhood of South Carolina.

Of course I realize that Mrs. Heman's *Casabianca* is supposed to be an heroic character, but you'll have to agree with Mrs. Hemans that he didn't have such a remarkably good time either. He stood on the burning deck until all but he had fled, and you know what happened to *him.* Ask of the wind that miles around with fragments strewed the sea. Had he been chained to the burning deck or handcuffed to a deck house, one could sympathize with the fragments, but as it is, one must admit that the boy didn't use his head—that's all.

Let us not grow frivolous however. We are discussing a solemn topic, in which there is no humor whatever. There cannot be humor, for if there were, would some of us claim that we are the Chosen People? No doubt we have it on excellent authority, but in the light of the Higher Criticism and the doubts which assail us all, it seems hardly preposterous to me that the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Picts and the Scots should also, if they want to, claim to be the chosen people. In fact, the Nazis or Hitlerites, do now claim themselves to be the Chosen People of Germany, and are arousing much indignation among my brethren, whom I will call the Red Heads or High Tenors, in consequence. I for one cannot feel indignant about it. After all, we started it.

"But surely," you will say, "you do not advocate the wholesale conversion of Jews to Christianity." I certainly do not. In my opinion, this would be a fifty-fifty hardship, and would do not the slightest good. To revert to a former simile, you cannot convert red hair so that it becomes jet black, unless you resort to a hair dye which will inevitably wear off and show the red hair underneath. A high tenor voice, because of severe laryngitis, may become temporarily a basso profundo, but the change is *purely* temporary. What I am trying to do is to be frank about the thing. I know what has happened in my own family and in the families of others. In England, I have relations called Marsden, formerly in past generations called Moses, who genuinely believe that they came over with the Conqueror, and this belief has been fostered by environment, inter-marriage, education and the gradual loss of contact with other people of their kind. Nor do I believe that the world or they have suffered from

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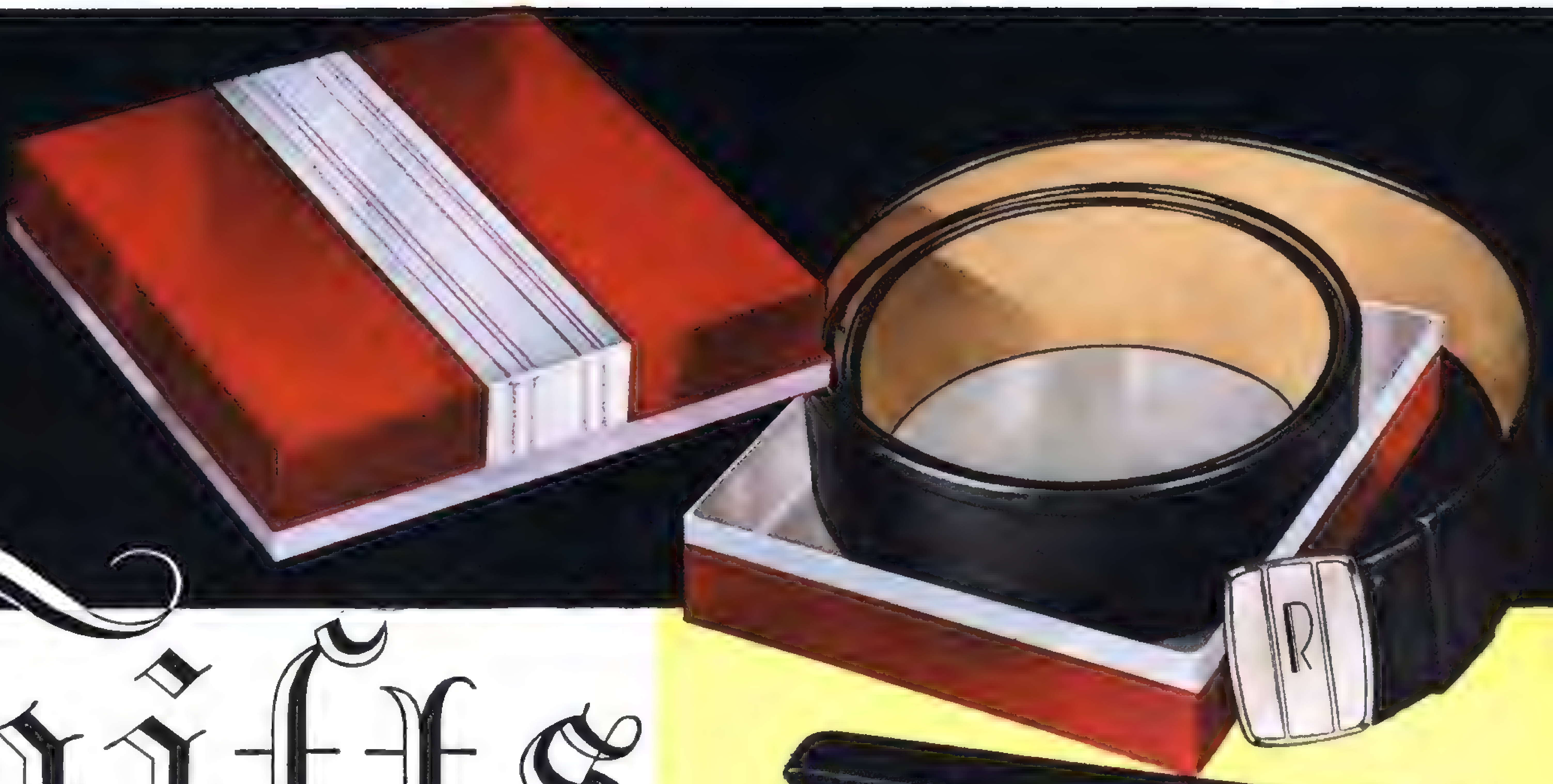
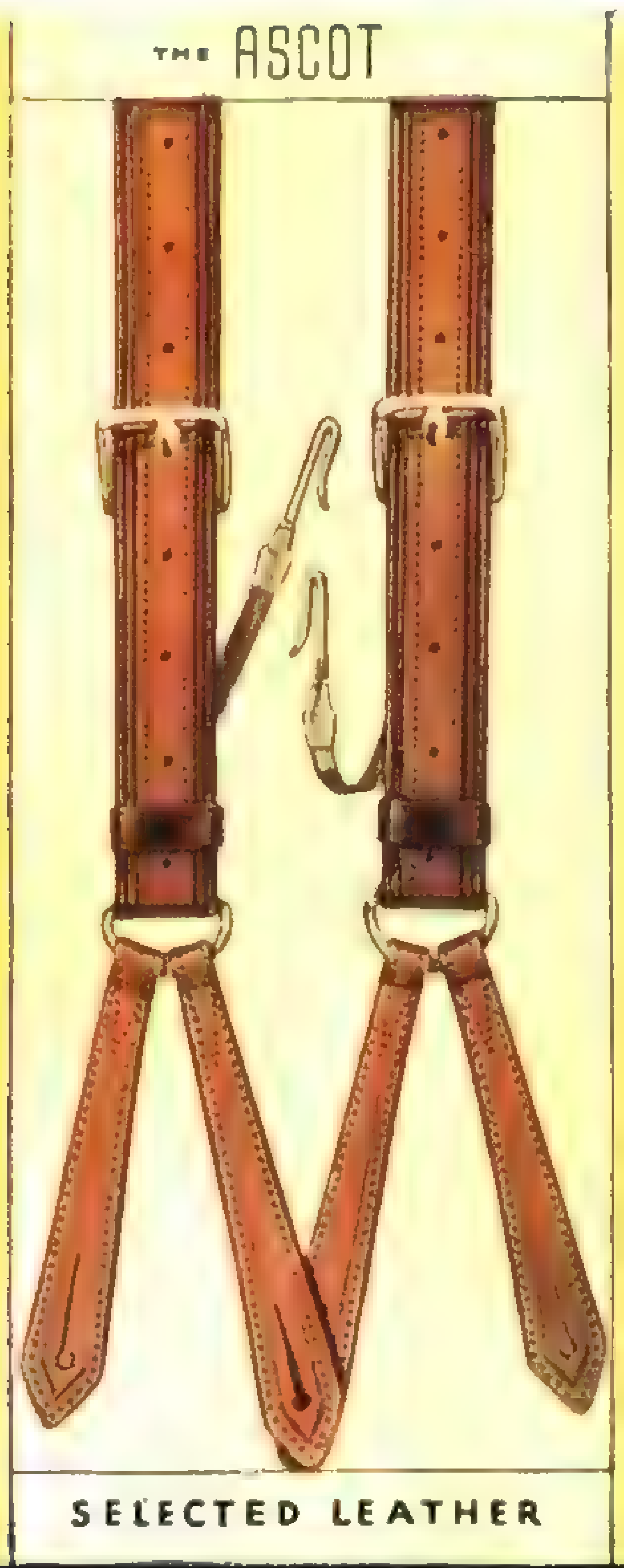
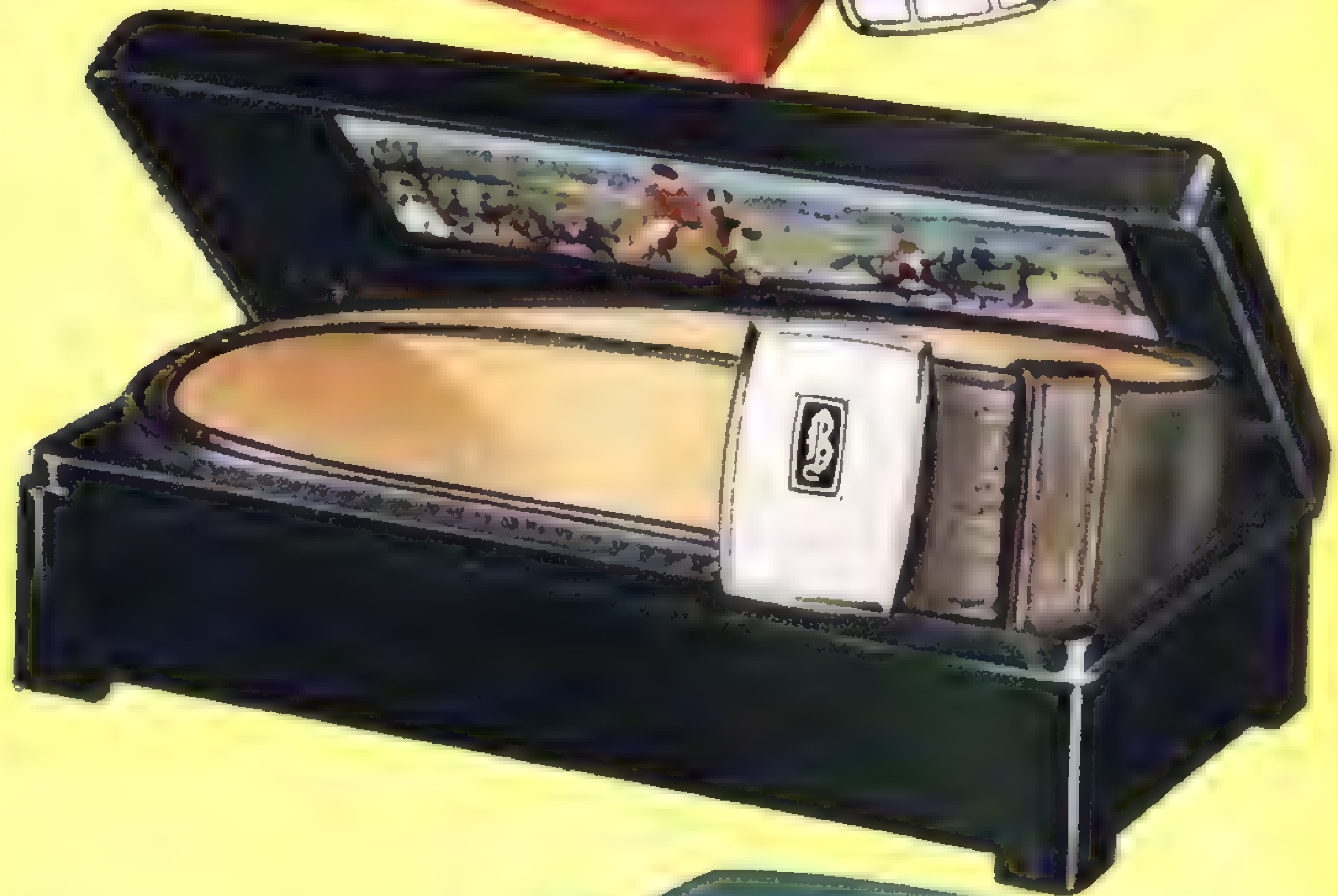


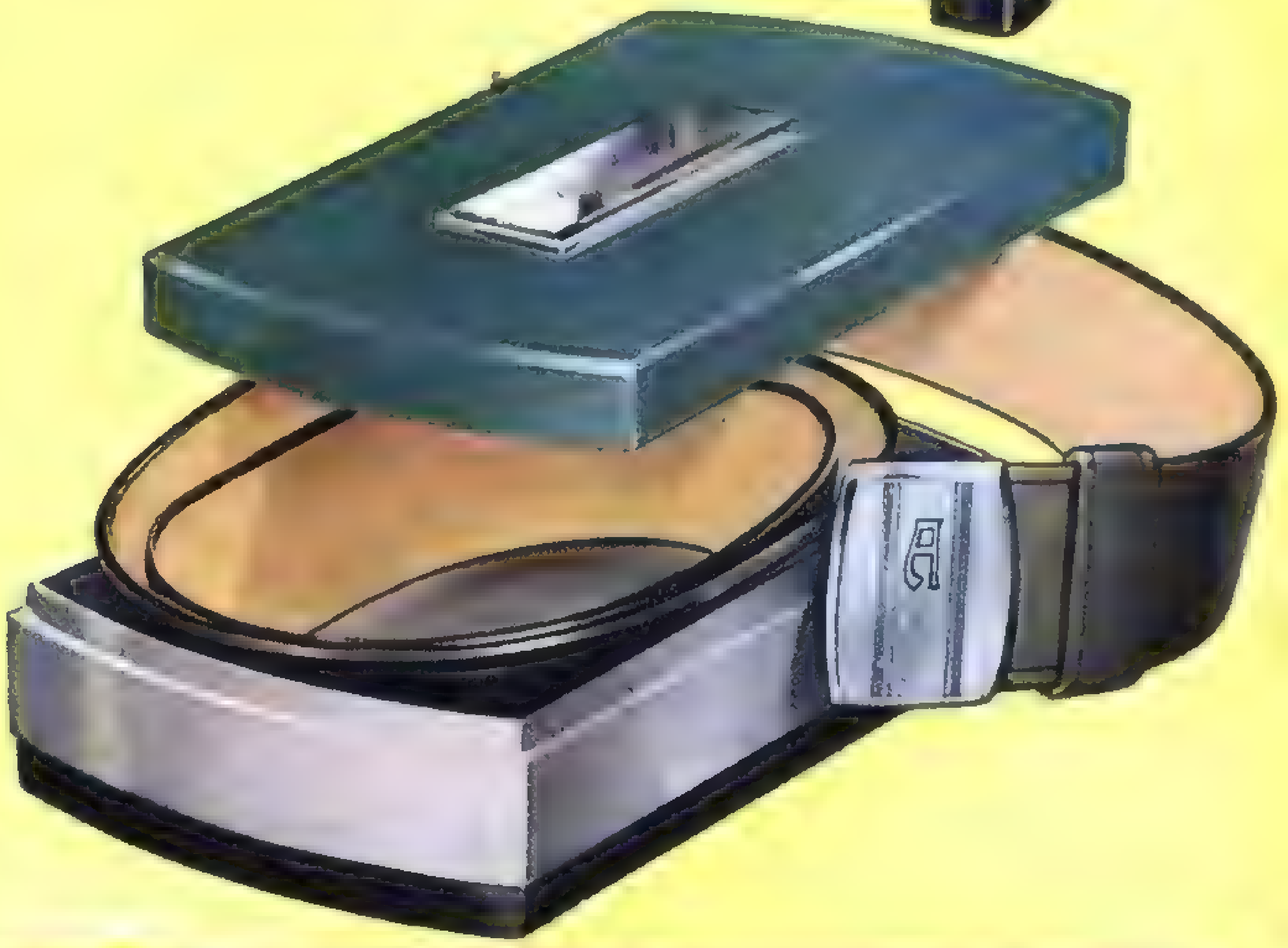
Gifts

FOR EVERY MAN — USEFUL, SMART, ENDURING

For every man on your Christmas list there is a gift by Hickok — *a double gift at a single price* — a belt of the finest leather with buckle of craftsman quality — ready for presentation in a handsome box that is a useful container for cigarettes or personal jewelry. You will find a wide selection of Hickok gifts — the season's outstanding values — at all the better stores.







At the top: Belt of finest oak-tanned full grain cowhide, flexible and durable. Buckle of Hickok Plate (heavy silver plate). In a beautiful metal box of modern design, available in combinations of red, green or black, with contrasting burnished bands. Price of Belt Set and box complete—**$2.00.**

At the right: (black box): Belt of genuine hand-boarded cowhide, suede lined. Buckle of sterling silver. Box of genuine Bakelite. Price of Belt Set and box complete—**$3.00.**

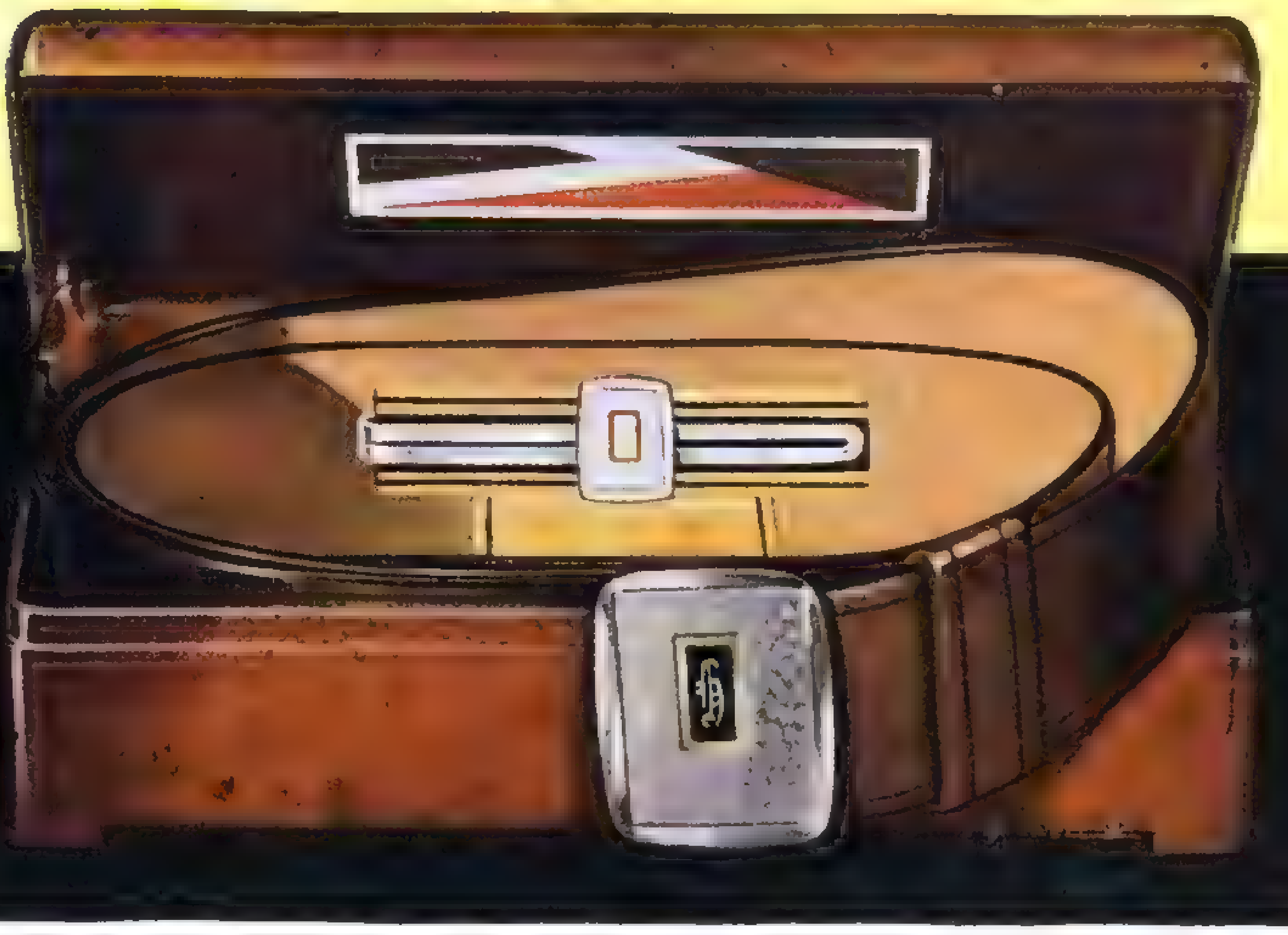
At the right: (green box): Belt of genuine Cordovan. Buckle of sterling silver. Metal box in modern design handsomely finished, red, green, or black, combined with polished metal. Price of Belt Set and box complete— **$3.50.**

Below: Belt of full-grained cowhide. Buckle of Hickok Plate (heavy silver plate) with tie clasp to match. Box of genuine Bakelite. Price of Belt Set, tie-clasp and box complete— **$2.50.**

At the left: The new Hickok Ascot brace of selected leather in smart two-tone effect, featuring the V-Klip which keeps the shirt front smooth and neat. Complete in beautiful gift box— **$1.50.**

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP in Belts · Buckles · Braces and Garters



Male and Female and Radio

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radio sponsors who are still banking on hoary puns and epicene songsters remember the cry of wild delight which went up when James Cagney for the first time in cinematic history ground a grapefruit into a lady's face and kicked the contrary side of her anatomy. Here was a new lease of life for the pictures, a new audience, a brave new world. Let Uncle Don try it sometimes.

The first sign of incipient intelligence in the movies came about three years ago when Raymond Knight began broadcasting from Station KUKU ("the voice of the diaphragm speaking") in a wild rough-and-tumble burlesque of radio programs, particularly of those sweet morning hours when you learn everything. A much more important event was the free-kidding by Ed Wynn of his own sponsor's advertising; the skeptical "Uh-Huhs" and "That's what you says" which pursued Graham MacNamee's plugging was always one of the funniest items in the Fire Chief's show. Half a vote goes to Phil Baker, not because he is funny (that being his nature everywhere) but for his scrambled programs. And everything else goes to The March of Time which is, so far, the only program I know completely developed as a radio program and not as an imitation of some other form of entertainment. That half hour (restored to the air by grace of a sponsor who advertises with reserve and dignity and effectiveness, The Remington-Rand Company) is fit fodder for adult human beings and has more excitement and interest than all the police stories, dramatized Sherlock Holmes sketches, tales of the underworld, and bits of old China put together. And throw in Floyd Gibbons for good measure.

I am told that the largest fan mail in recent months has gone to The Voice of Experience—an advice to the lovelorn column on the air, the deduction from which is that the heartbroken buy most of the following products: motor cars, gasoline, and accessories; life insurance; white lead; coal; soap; shaving creams; beer; cough drops; cigars and cigarettes; toothpaste; sugar; laxatives; and ham. I doubt it. I doubt whether the feeblewits who turn their radios on in the morning and let it jabber at them all day are conscious enough of what is going on to buy much of anything. I think that the radio advertisers are still shooting at the branch of the population which does not control spending. I think also that when they yammer the name and virtue of their product three times within a quarter of an hour, they do something to the angry male of the human species who doesn't write fan letters, and doesn't buy anything he has been told to buy at the point of a shotgun—or of a radio.

The Living Blood of the Grape

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effect is almost instantaneous—the mind seems to be brighter and illumined, as the Greeks defined this state. Through such intimate connection the conscious mind with its objective faculties is able to draw on the resources and forces of the subconscious mind and the development of intellect is greatly enhanced. This in essense is the "technique" of alcoholic stimulation as understood by the ancients.

However, attention must be drawn to the fact that alcohol of any kind, consumed in excess, produces the opposite effect. The reason is that excess of volatile alcohol entering the system soon overheats the nerve center which becomes "choked"; as a consequence the "mental belt" slips, the subconscious "driving shaft" is thrown out of gear and the conscious mind loses control of the motor. Beneficial as alcohol is, if kept under proper control, it will wreck the internal motor if the "fuel" is too strong. It is a matter of judgment. Moderation is a fundamental law of nature.

Alcoholic beverages are usually divided into the following main classes: (a) Wines; (b) Hard Liquors (whiskey, gin, brandy, etc.); (c) Liqueurs, both sweet and bitter; (d) Medicinal and Appetizing beverages; (e) Mixed Drinks, usually called Cocktails; (f) Beer.

Wine is the oldest drink. It is the only one which nature offers in its entirety out of a single product, the grape, without the addition and use of chemicals, foreign ingredients or mixtures. Wine requires no complicated machinery or chemistry—it is in every sense of the word a natural product. In wine we distinguish between the Still and Sparkling variety. If the carbon dioxide, the by-product of fermentation, is allowed to escape slowly, as it normally does, through the wood while kept in the cask for fermenting or maturing purposes, the acid or gas will finally lose itself in the air and the non-volatile parts will remain. Therefore, the wine is still.

On the other hand, if the wine is bottled, while still in the process of fermentation, the carbon dioxide remains in the wine. When the bottle is opened, the carbon dioxide will try to escape—and will sparkle. Hence the Sparkling wine. An ingenious way has been found to remove the sediment which forms during fermentation in the bottles of sparkling wines. The bottles duly corked are placed on the head. The sediment gathers in the neck of the bottle. In due course the neck filled with sediment is frozen. This permits removal by taking out of the neck the lump of ice. The wine now being without any sediment is perfectly "clear."

It is debatable which is preferable, the sparkling or the still wine. Contrary to the usual belief, sparkling wine is lighter, that is, less intoxicating, than still wine.

Fine sparkling wines can only be made from specially fine "breeds," producing a juice which shows more bouquet than body, is light and attractive, but not aggressive. When champagne is poured out of the bottle, its quality manifests itself at once to the connoisseur through the fragrance it gives off. The best champagne, according to Frenchmen, is the quality "brut," which is not fortified (with brandy, that is, cognac), as dry champagne usually is. The Anglo-Saxons have always preferred the "extra dry," no doubt due to their habit of drinking whiskey and cocktails.

The different brands of Champagne are not derived from the names of the vineyards of a particular parish, community, village, estate, chateau or river, as is the case with Bordeaux, Burgundy, or Rhine wines. Champagne wines are different from all others; they are made, not from one kind, but from the blending of various kinds of grapes. The different brands of Champagne are the result of blending from different vineyards in such a manner that the best features and quality are shown in each blend. The names and brands of champagne, therefore, represent the blends prepared by the shippers.

Champagne wines are highly digestive and stimulating; they prove invaluable in cases of exhaustion, dullness and sluggishness. Unless the "extra dry" (which is fortified) is indulged in, champagne is seldom intoxicating.

Still wines are usually classified into Red and White wines. There exists, however, a "half-caste," the famous vin rose (neither white nor red) which is produced in excellent quality, though in small quantities, in the center wine region (Loire district) of France. France has a world-wide reputation for champagne and red wines, such as Bordeaux (Claret), Medoc, St. Julien, Morgaux, and her even more famous Burgundy. In white wines, with the exception of Chablis, Haut Sauternes and a very few others, she has never excelled. This is the special field of Germany, which in her celebrated Hocks (Rhine wine) and Moselles, has attained a superlative excellence and a wholly inimitable quality. This seems all the more remarkable as both the geographical position and atmospheric conditions place her at a great disadvantage with other wine-producing countries. However, Germany has overcome this obstacle largely through a scientific treatment not only of the grape juice during the process of fermentation, but above all of the soil, which is specially prepared for the growing of grapes. The flavor and "bouquet" of wine is determined by the acid (carbon dioxide) of the grape juice which is of mineral origin and passes from the soil into the grapes and thence into the wine. The Germans have succeeded in finding out the exact treatment of the soil in order to obtain in the grape juice the specific acid needed for the production of a special bouquet. All well known brands of Hocks and Moselle, and particularly of special vintages, when the atmospheric conditions are very favorable, show this distinctive flavor so characteristic of German wines.

Wine drinking with luncheon and dinners should be greatly encouraged in America. It is highly beneficial for the body and would counteract the largely overdone, and bad, habit of drinking ice water or coffee with meals, which is harmful, as it interferes with digestion. Besides, drinking of light wines is very stimulating to the brain, and proves a great help in overcoming mental depression and dullness. In the opinion of unbiased European experts California wines have great merit. If they were properly treated and more "matured" they could be made equal to the usual French wines consumed in bourgeois families in France and Italy. Therefore, the widest possible support should be given to California wines.

Of the hard liquor class, the most important in England is the "Scotch," the basis of which is barley. Rye and bourbon, however, stand out strong in appeal to the American taste. To make whiskey, malt or its mixtures and other grain cereals are raised, after being crushed, to a certain temperature by the application of hot water; the diastase of malt becomes converted into starch and finally into alcohol. Whiskey is the product of its distillation. Gin is made in similar manner from the distillation of fermented juniper berries.

The process of distillation was originally discovered in monasteries, where the monks applied their chemical experiences to find a substitute for wine which could not be obtained.

While whiskey or any of the distilled liquors cannot compare with wine from the standpoint of nourishment and mental stimulation, they have their well-founded use and place. As a short drink for a "pep-up" they are very much appreciated. They serve principally as a late morning or an afternoon drink, either straight or mixed with soda or mineral water. They are invaluable in warm weather. This is the reason why whiskey is very popular in tropical countries—in fact, invaluable as a stimulant. In the tropics, wine is useless because it usually increases the heat, whereas whiskey mixed with soda tends to render extreme heat more bearable.

In America, before the War, the most popular drink was the "cocktail." Space unfortunately forbids us to tell its interesting history. A cocktail is the mixture of various alcoholic beverages so as to produce a new tasty drink. The mixing of cocktails is a high art.

As a drinker, the American is most closely akin to the Britisher. The United States has never been a wine drinking country, to the extent or even in the same sense, that the Latin countries are. Then too, thanks to thirteen years of Prohibition, Americans have become, and are very apt to remain, "party drinkers," as opposed to the Europeans who are "meal drinkers." In all probability, the cocktail which reigned in popularity throughout Prohibition, will remain the dominant drink, at least for a long time, after repeal. The author happens to be a wine man, both by training and by forty years experience, but candor compels his recognition of the fact that Americans will have to learn to acquire a taste for wines, while they seem to have a natural appetite for hard liquors. The cocktail will stay.

Fashion, of course, sways many things, and if cocktails should lose caste, socially, wine drinking might receive an artificial stimulus.

Two Opposing Views of France

Continued from page 130

disagreement which makes merely a dream of a French-German understanding. At least as long as the Government will not have given up its unacceptable claims.

To Germany, security means revision of the Treaties. Without her, you understand, there cannot possibly be a question of peace. She brings forward that unheard-of demand as an unshakable principle. And she does this injustice to France of supposing that we could possibly be so base as to betray our friends, our allies of yesterday to the old enemy against whom, side by side and heart against heart, we struggled together until we found victory.

They go further still. With that ineptitude and lack of tact by which too often works *made in Germany* are characterized, one man does not hesitate to write that the French taxpayer would not possibly risk his property and his blood in order to guarantee territorial adjustments which only concern a political policy obsolete in power and support.

The German writer is mistaken. The preservation of Europe freed in the boundaries which four and one-half years of heroic sufferings gave to him concerns something to which the French taxpayer has still the weakness to attach a value: that is the honor of France.

And so long as, on the other side of the Rhine, they will not have understood this, it is futile to talk of good will between France and Germany.

Mon, I'm richt gled tae be wi' ye again!

Scotland's Best
Bottled in *Scotland*

Sandy Macnab's
Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky

Sole Importers—STUART BRITON & Co., Inc. · · · FORTY WALL ST., NEW YORK

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This advertisement is not intended to offer Sandy Macnab's whisky for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

LIQUOR...

A heartening *word about quality*

AFTER these 14 years of barred distillery doors, of rusting vats and stills, of grapes rotting on neglected vines, and empty warehouses, in which fine old whiskey should have been richly mellowing—after these 14 years of such discouraging inactivity, you must be inclined to wonder how really fine wines and spirits may now be produced or bought.

The Schenley Distillers Corporation has a cheering word for you today. Though, during those fourteen dark years, many discouraged leaders of our country's legitimate liquor industry lost their hope, and turned to other trades, yet there still were a few who never lost faith in the ultimate decision of America's millions. Never disheartened, those few, born and bred with all the treasured traditions of this great industry have been building earnestly, soundly, confidently through those fourteen years of shadow, in preparation for the dawn.

Plants and Equipment

During your long wait, this undiscouraged organization has been quietly visiting and inspecting the most famous plants throughout the country—the plants whose methods, equipment and personnel had produced the choicest liquors in the land. Year after year, when the merits of various institutions had been thoroughly weighed, we gathered together under our protection those distilleries and warehouses which measured up to our highest standard.

Golden Wedding

One of the Schenley Corporation's very first victories was the acquisition of Jos. S. Finch & Company, the respected old concern that had been making *Golden Wedding* whiskey ever since 1863, when its output was but three barrels per day. To this world-famed whiskey and its distillery on the Allegheny River is due, in a great part, the high reputation of Pennsylvania whiskies—for in the whiskey world, the cask-mellowed spirits from the Allegheny and Monongahela valleys rival the age-old brandies from the valley of Cognac.

Here in Schenley, Pennsylvania, on the grounds of the Jos. S. Finch distillery, is one of the most splendid well-water supplies in the country. As every one knows, one of the greatest secrets of making fine whiskey is the type of water used in its manufacture. From wells deeply embedded to the rock ledge levels far down beneath the river beds, comes an ever-constant flow of water that never varies more than two or three degrees in temperature, and that contains those precious properties which have made the flavor of the first-grade Pennsylvania brands among the most cherished whiskies of the world.

Old Stagg and OFC

There is another section equally esteemed for its excellent waters for whiskey distillation. That is the little section of Kentucky known as the "Bluegrass" region. This section embraces but 1200 square miles of Kentucky's 40,000. It is in the small Bluegrass region that the lowest stratum of limestone comes to the surface of the earth. It is this rare type of limestone that is responsible for the fertile soil in this locality, for the richer pastures of the lush grass they call "Bluegrass," and for the extra vigor of the Kentucky thoroughbreds which graze in the fertile pastures. And to this same limestone in the Bluegrass waters is due the rich, ripe flavor of Bluegrass whiskies.

Down in this Bluegrass region, there is a famous old distillery—The Geo. T. Stagg Company plant, established way back in 1837, and owning what is perhaps the most famous Bluegrass spring in the State. So pure and excellent is this sparkling spring that for years it was the reservoir of the city of Frankfort, Kentucky.

In the historic distillery of Geo. T. Stagg they have carried on a tradition generations old—making whiskey in little fifty-gallon tubs—mixing, fermenting, and watching each little batch with as much tender care as a mother making a birthday cake for her one and only. Such a renowned institution, with its devotion to the finer traditions of the whiskey business, is the type of institution which most attracted the interest of Schenley. It was indeed a bright spot in the darkness that day when Schenley closed a deal which added to the already impressive list of brands the two famous brands of Geo. T. Stagg . . . *Old Stagg* and *OFC*. Under the Schenley banner the distillery of Geo. T. Stagg has continued operation through these years—continuing to make small tub whiskey.

James E. Pepper

There was still another whiskey in the Bluegrass country which has always shared the demand for finer whiskey with *Old Stagg* and *OFC*. That whiskey is *James E. Pepper*—a favorite with three separate generations. James E. Pepper, "Born with the Republic"—your father and grandfather will remember that slogan—and that marvelous flavor. Founded way back in 1780 while George Washington was still alive, this grand old brand has enjoyed a reputation for upholding its original quality that has caused it to survive for 143 years, while thousands have come and gone. The Jas. E. Pepper & Co. distillery, handed down from Grandfather Pepper to father to son—with all its formulae, secrets and distilling methods—has not been allowed to die. The Schenley Distillers Corporation—fortunate enough to add *James E. Pepper* to its ever-growing list—is fully mindful of the treasure it is holding in its hands—and faith will be kept with its ancient founder.

Old Quaker, Monticello, Greenbrier, Melvale, Gibson, Sam Thompson, Belle of Anderson

So on through the years—famous names, famous brands, secrets, formulae, warehouses, yes—and stocks of precious old liquor have been accumulated and guarded by Schenley—for you when the day arrives. *Old Quaker, Monticello, Greenbrier, Melvale, Gibson, Sam Thompson, Belle of Anderson*—and scores of other matchless brands you used to enjoy—you will still enjoy, for Schenley has not been idle. It has preserved them all.

Old equipment in all these plants has been modernized. New equipment has been installed. Warehouses have been repaired, new buildings have been put up. Thousands of barrels have been made and charred. The choicest grains have been bought and binned. Preparing for this day did not begin yesterday . . . It began in 1919, and has continued year in and year out. And you will reap the harvest.

The Men Behind the Famous Brands

Associated with fine wines and liquors there is a glamour of cheerful living, of serene luxury, and of that richly warm contentment so cherished by lovers of life's good things. No less a glamour is there in the hearts of those who have lived their lives in close association with the production of fine wines and spirits. Those men, who have persisted through these years in preserving the integrity of the famous brands of bygone days, are whiskey men, born with all the better traditions of this ancient industry in their blood.

In charge of the Geo. T. Stagg distillery, you will find its loyal president, Albert Blanton, whose grandfather originally owned the site on which the present distillery was built—and whose father operated the little distillery which preceded the modern one standing on this spot today.

There too you will meet George Stagg's devoted son, Frank, who has never known another job than this. And if you ask who that veteran right-hand man of president Blanton may be, watching the quality of *Old Stagg* and *OFC* with an eye trained through over forty years of whiskey experience, they will proudly tell you: "That's W. B. Fithian—he's been here since 1889."

Go up to the *Golden Wedding* plant, and you'll find the story just the same. The grandfather of the modern distilling industry, Harry Wilken, will be there to greet you. And the Dean of yeast chemistry, Dr. Alfred Lasche—for 20 years the head of one of America's most famous schools for distillers—he, too, has been there, helping safeguard *Golden Wedding* quality ever since 1921. In the warehouses, where *Golden Wedding* is aging in fragrant charred casks, meet the head warehouseman, the affable Mr. Gosson, formerly of Kentucky, and for 15 years practicing the art of expert mellowing. Now down to the blending department, where *Golden Wedding* of various ages is blended for smoothness, and full mellow flavor—you'll discover no novice here. It is Mr. Freeman, an old timer of no less than 35 years' experience. And over yonder in that modern plant where *Silver Wedding Gin* is being so carefully

Schenley DISTILLERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is not intended to offer Schenley liquors for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

and FAITH

. . . for the 73% who voted "Yes"

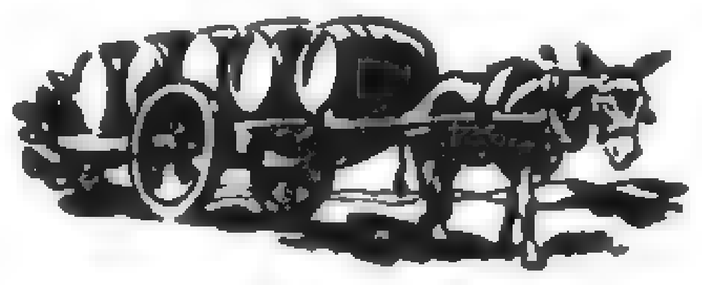
distilled—that gentleman in charge has come to Schenley equipped with 15 solid years experience as distiller for Seagrave Evans of London and Liverpool—that is *Silver Wedding's* head distiller, Thomas J. Bray.

And so it goes in the Schenley organization. Men, distilleries, equipment, warehouses, formulae, secrets—and rich ripe liquor—fully matured through the years. This is no idle promise of quality to you; it is cold figures. According to the recent official estimates, there now stands under the guardianship of the Schenley Distillers Corporation at least 25% OF THE TOTAL WHISKIES NOW EXISTING IN THE UNITED STATES. For your convenience we have listed the brands which we can honestly sponsor. Ten of your minutes spent upon committing this list to memory should repay you many, many times!

Imported Wines, Brandies and Liqueurs •

In July of last year, when the strongest kind of public sentiment pointed in favor of repeal, the Schenley wheels were set in motion to secure the agency for the Old Country's choicest wines and liqueurs. Because of our faith in early repeal, we fearlessly made connections with the oldest continental establishments, securing by our prompt action what we believe to be universally acknowledged the finest list of importations that will be offered to the American public.

To the Schenley Wine & Spirit Import Corporation has been awarded the sole agency for Dubonnet—an aperetif and cocktail ingredient with a unique flavor and bouquet that has made it the first choice of millions. Gonzales Byass, one of the greatest port and sherry houses of the world, and particularly famous for their delicious *Diamond Jubilee* brand, likewise gave to Schenley their American representation. And Bacardi, with a matchless mellowness and delicacy that has made it the standard of the world—Bacardi, too, is on the exclusive list of Schenley importations. Barton & Guestier Sauternes, Clarets and Burgundies; Charles Heidsieck and Morlant Champagnes, Noilly Prat French Vermouth, Bardinet cordials and liqueurs, D. Leiden Rhine and Moselle Wines, Henkes' Holland Gin, Barone Ricassoli renowned Brolio Chianti, Peter F. Heering Cherry Liqueur, Drioli Maraschino, George Roe Irish Whiskey of the Dublin Distillers Co., Bulldog Bass Ale and Bulldog Guinness Stout—these names speak for the quality and variety you may expect from Schenley far more eloquently than our mere words could ever do. When you seek a wine, brandy or cordial of rare flavor, of supreme quality beyond question, your thoughts will wander to those famous old names listed on this page—and you may rest assured that they will be delivered through your dealer in the most perfect condition, for in the cool Schenley cellars they will be guarded like the precious treasures that they are.



Famous brands sponsored by Schenley affiliates

JOS. S. FINCH & CO., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

GOLDEN WEDDING   GIBSON'S   BELLE OF ANDERSON   MELVALE
GREENBRIER   BLACKSTONE
SILVER WEDDING GIN   NAPA VALLEY BRANDY   SAM THOMPSON
MONTICELLO   HENRY WATTERSON

The GEO. T. STAGG CO., Inc., Frankfort. Ky.

OLD STAGG   O F C   OLD BARBEE   CARLISLE   HAMPTON   MIRRORBROOK
CARLTON HOUSE GIN   PERE BATISTE BRANDY

JAS. E. PEPPER & CO., Lexington, Ky.

JAMES E. PEPPER   D. L. MOORE   OLD HENRY CLAY   INDIAN HILL
ECHO GIN   HENRI PIERRE BRANDY

OLD QUAKER DISTILLERY, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

SAN MARTIN BRANDY   OLD QUAKER   FAIRLAWN   BIG HOLLOW
HAVILAND   ELK RIVER   LONDON DOCK GIN

Famous importations sponsored by Schenley Wine and Spirit Import Corporation

(affiliate of Schenley Distillers Corporation)

Sherries
GONZALES BYASS & CO.
JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SPAIN

Port Wines
GONZALES BYASS & CO.
OPORTO, PORTUGAL

Bordeaux Wines
BARTON & GUESTIER, BORDEAUX, FRANCE
CLARETS, SAUTERNES AND OLIVE OIL

Burgundies
BARTON & GUESTIER, BEAUNE, FRANCE

Rhine and Moselle Wines
D. LEIDEN, COLOGNE, GERMANY

French Vermouth
NOILLY PRAT & CIE., MARSEILLES, FRANCE

Vintage Champagne
CHARLES HEIDSIECK, RHEIMS, FRANCE

Champagne
MORLANT (DE LA MARNE)
RHEIMS, FRANCE

Dubonnet
DUBONNET, PARIS, FRANCE

Maraschino
FRANCESCO DRIOLI, ZARA, DALMATIA, ITALY

Liqueur Grande Chartreuse
LES PERES CHARTREUX
TARRAGONA, SPAIN

Liqueurs & Cordials
LES FILS DE P. BARDINET
BORDEAUX, FRANCE

Bacardi
COMPANIA RON BACARDI SA.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Chianti (Brolio)
CASA VINICOLA BARONE RICASOLI
FLORENCE, ITALY

Tokay
FRANCIS PALUGYAY CO., LTD.
BUDAPEST, HUNGARY

Madeira
POWER DRURY & CO.
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

Cherry Liqueur
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Gin (Geneva)
J. H. HENKES', ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

Tarragona Port
JOSE LOPEZ BERTRAN,
TARRAGONA, SPAIN

Lisbon Wine
J. SERRA & SONS, LTD.
LISBON, PORTUGAL

Bulldog Bass Ale
Guinness Stout
ROBERT PORTER & CO., LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND

Carlsberg Beer
CARLSBERG BREWERIES
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Copr., 1934, Schenley Distillers Corp.

20 W. 40th St., N. Y.   Cincinnati • San Francisco • Los Angeles

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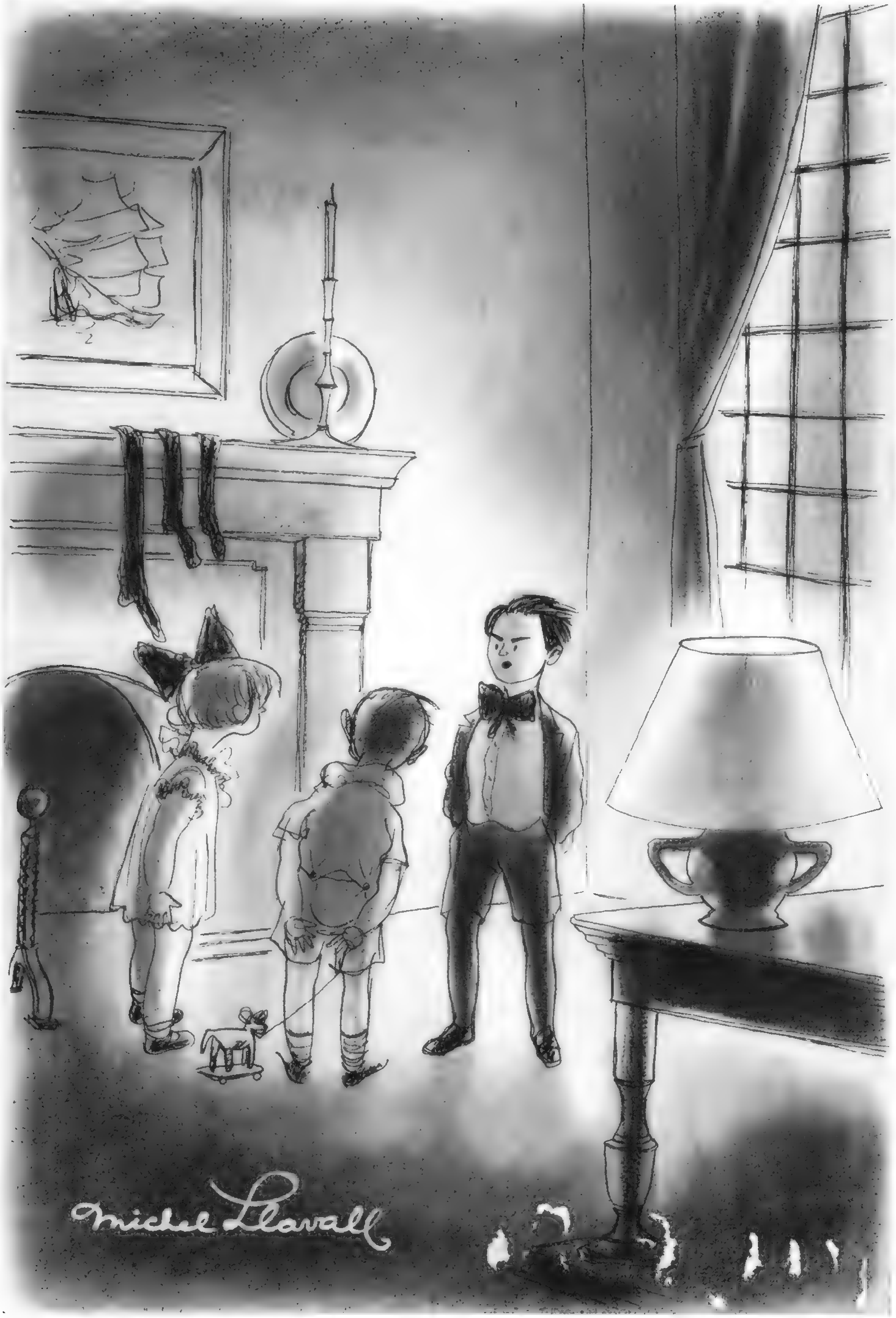


"—then he'll say 'Merry Christmas, kiddies, I am Santa Claus' and for Pete's sake, you two, don't forget to look surprised, or he'll get wise"

THE WHITE EWE

Continued from page 32

Mrs. B.—She said he was a *married* man—an' awful *rich.*

L.—Correct.

Mrs. B.—Is his *wife* a' livin' still?

L.—That's a *gag.* 'Is his wife a' *living still?*' Yes, she's a *living still*—(*Louder*) a *living still!* Don't get it eh? All right—dumbbell—let it go.

Mrs. B.—Half the time I don't understand what—

L. (*Squaring around and facing her—adopting serious tone*) Listen, Gertie, let's get down to *cases.* You've made a long jump to save Our Nell from the *wicked city. You've* been goin' to the *talkies*—

Mrs. B.—It's *true*—ain't it?

L. (*Shrugging her shoulders and picking up cards again*) Well, in a *way.* No marriage certificate *but* a very definite *understanding.*

Mrs. B. (*Sniffling and touching her eyes with the rolled-up handkerchief*) Do you ever—ever stop to think of his *wife?*

L.—I *get* you—the wronged *woman*—suffering in *silence.* You *have* been to the talkies all right—and you've picked out the *lousy* ones.

Mrs. B.—Well, *Myrtle* said—

L.—I'll *tell* you about this poor woman and this is going to be *good.* When she isn't at Palm Beach or on the Riviera, she's in Paris. The face has been lifted twice (*holding up two fingers*). When she's at home her husband couldn't find her room with a *guide.*

Mrs. B. (Serious and incredulous) He *couldn't?*

L.—She holds the *cocktail* record for *North America.* The *boy friend* wears permanent waves and helps her to climb stairs.

Mrs. B. (*Not getting what it is all about*) Is she *lame?*

(*L. nods her head several times as if serious and then taps her forehead to indicate that the lady in question is lame beneath the bonnet. She resumes.*) Her father kept a hardware store in a hick town and she doesn't know any words of more than *one syllable.* That's the dame *I* cut out.

Mrs. B.—Do you think she *knows*—

L.—She doesn't know the *day* of the week. Don't worry about that gal. *She* is out of the picture.

Mrs. B.—If he's like most men—when he gets *tired* of you, he'll cast you *aside.*

L.—Says you! More *movie* stuff. And when *I* go into the discard, the Liberty Bonds will *accompany* little Luella.

Mrs. B.—At the same *time*—

L. (*Defiantly*) He's a big man—a *great* man. I'd rather own an undivided half of a whale than have a sardine all to myself.

Mrs. B. (*Bristling up*). Are you talkin' about *Brad?*

L. (*Ignoring her question*) On a *rainy day*—when you take out that marriage certificate an' look it over I suppose you feel *sorry* for little *sister* up in the *city.*

(*A door slams off stage at L. Both women turn and look at L and after a brief pause Chester Canby enters from L. He is a well set-up and well-groomed man nearer fifty than forty-five. Tailor-made but with no suggestion of extreme dressiness. Lean rather than stout. It is suggested that no young man be assigned to play this part. He must look like a competent executive rather than a rollicking blade. The part, if properly done, will suggest a city-trained man who still has a streak of unaffected country boy in him. Suggest he carry a light coat over arm, have a hat in his hand and also carry a stick. These props will give him something to do with his hands and will be invaluable to amateurs.* Canby, *hereafter designated as C, as he enters*) *Hello,* old-timer, how is every little—(*Pauses suddenly, seeing visitor, whom she sizes up with some curiosity, then he addresses Mrs. B.*) Oh, I—I beg your *pardon.*

L. (*Always cool*) It's *all* right—just a little family reunion—talking over the *dear* old *days* back in *Linkdale*—Linkdale on the *pike*—Linkdale on the *bum.* (*The latter part with extreme sarcasm.*)

C. (*Still puzzled*) Oh, I *see!*

L.—(*To C.*) This is my *sister,* Mrs. Linzey. (*To Mrs. B.*) This is Mr. Canby.

C. (*Going toward Mrs. B., shifting coat, hat and stick, and extending his hand, but with some evidences of embarrassment*) How d' you *do?* Very glad to *meet* you.

Mrs. B. (*after limply shaking hands with him and gazing at him with a sort of fascinated terror, she turns and addresses L.*) *You—you* called him *Chester.*

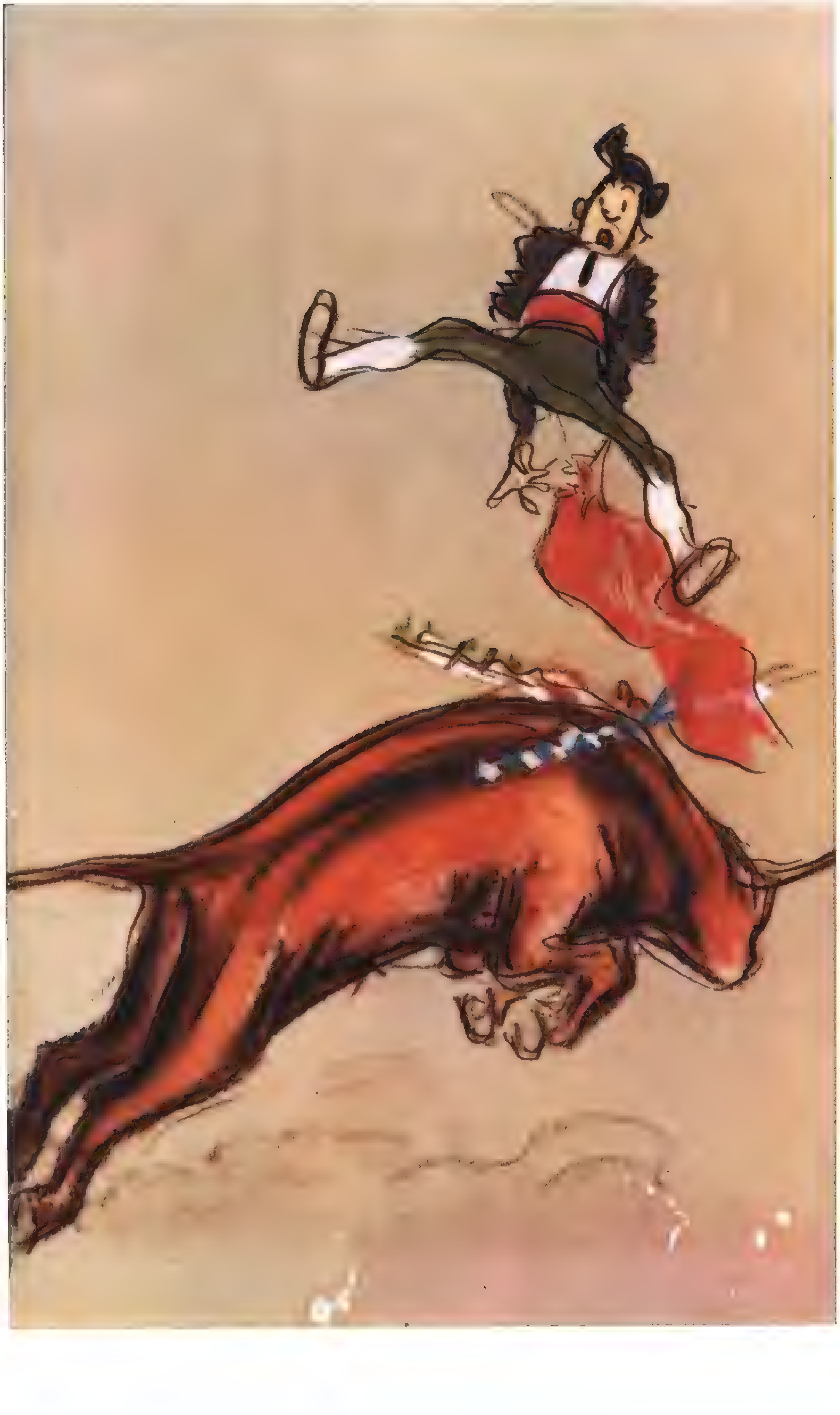
Continued on page 150

Introduce him
to the
FOUGERE
ROYALE
SHAVE

THIS Christmas give him something extravagantly luxurious at moderate cost . . . *a set of Fougere Royale Shaving Luxuries!* • The cult of the Fougere Royale Shave originated in Paris. (Who *should* know more about whiskers than the French?) It began with Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion, that stimulating cocktail for the face, with the woodsy He-Man fragrance of the Royal Fern. • Then came the semi-miraculous Fougere Royale Shaving Cream . . . then Fougere Royale After Shaving Talcum in masculine skin tone. • The big idea is simple . . . *Superlative Quality.* We promise you that your man will be all in a lather about it!

Fougere Royale Shaving Luxuries in presentation sets of assorted items, $1.10 and up. Individual items 55¢ and up. At fine stores.

Fougere Royale
Shaving Cream
Houbigant



"Aw, the hell with Hemingway and his purity of line"

CAN'T WE BE FRANK?

Continued from page 138

the change. If you will read G. B. Stern's book *The Matriarch*, you will find a genealogical tree of the Jewish family about which she writes, and in it are several branches which are Christian. Should any old European or American Jewish family investigate its family tree, after Mrs. G. B. Stern's fashion, it would find a similar genealogical vegetable, and in time that same family tree will become Christian, root and branch.

At this point, I can hear protests, both loud and angry, from my brethren. "Just because you have practiced intermarriage," they will say, "you advocate intermarriage for the rest of us. Misery loves company, I suppose." To this reproach, I can say that not only did I practice intermarriage but that my eldest sister also practiced it, and after twenty-five years, I pronounce it a complete success. I also hazard the opinion that my sister, who is now an elderly woman, lived most happily with her husband and was utterly grief-stricken by his death some years ago. The institution of marriage, makes it impossible for me to attempt the "trial and error" plan of finding out whether or not I would have been happier as the husband of a Jewess. My opinion is that I would not have been, and I might even say that I *could* not have been.

There is no doubt that along about here, some of my brethren will say: "So you have no desire to maintain this heritage of ours—this pure blood which up to now has mixed with no other strain." As to that, I am not competent to speak. I leave it to the ethnologist, although I have serious doubts that people who have been persecuted by stronger groups, can have succeeded in keeping their blood free from the blood of their conquerors, and particularly from the blood of the "young bloods." If this sounds a bit anti-Semitic, I can only say that I am not trying either to please or to offend anybody. But if my brethren believe that we have a genius for certain arts and sciences, possessed by no other people, why be stingy about it? Here are we—the chosen people, with a talent for interpretive music, medicine, mathematics and the clothing business, holding ourselves aloof. "Shall we not mingle our blood with the inferior people around us?" say I, and with one voice, the inferior people around us say: "Don't do us any favors."

Hence, it would appear that I am in a bad spot, but I mean to go through with it. In the first place, let me say that I for one do not believe any breed of human beings to possess a monopoly of genius in music, painting, government, the clothing business, medicine or mathematics. I see around me too many examples of pure races, hybrid races, white races and colored races, exercising their genius in all sorts of pursuits. It was to Dr. Takamine, a Japanese, that we owe the discovery of adrenalin, that blood stanching agent, and Alexander Dumas, a quadroon, wrote delightful romances and plays. To be sure, we find such "scientists" as Dr. Madison Grant and other gentlemen whose names I cannot now recall, claiming that a hybrid inherits the bad qualities of both parents and receives the good qualities of neither, but experience and observation make me doubt this also.

The single instance of William Marconi, of mixed Italian and English descent, ought to give Dr. Grant a few uncomfortable moments of reflection, and when we consider the hopelessly mixed ancestry of our older American families, it is hardly becoming for the relation of one of our most popular generals and Presidents, to be so prejudiced a scientist. There is always a tendency among people who rise in the world, to pick out a couple of good, high-grade ancestors and pin their faith to them. Thus if the name *Winthrop Astor Chanler* indicates anything, this gentleman may be and probably was descended from a Colonial Governor of Massachusetts as well as from a butcher of Waldorf, Prussia. What collateral relations these two ancestors possessed, are not the subject of common knowledge, and that is the kind of knowledge I possess—common, and I might even say *exceedingly* common. At any rate, Mr. Winthrop Astor Chanler is in no better condition, genealogically, than the great majority of Americans who have achieved social, political or financial eminence, among whose ancestors, did we but search for them, we could find men of Alpine, Mediterranean, Nordic, Semitic and even Malayan strains. In this fashion, love overcomes prejudice, and only an extremely discerning writer

Continued on page 156

Folks,
Barbasol sure
is flattered
by
"Singin' Sam"

IMITATION, as the old copy books tell us, is the sincerest flattery.

That bein' the case, Barbasol certainly ought to feel flattered 'most to death.

Here we've been saying these many years that the way to tame your daily crop of whiskers wasn't with lather and brush, but with Barbasol.

For a long time the big Brush and Lather boys sorta laughed up their sleeves—but when they saw how John Public took to this Barbasol idea and how Barbasol sales went skyrocketin' till Barbasol was the fastest-selling shaving cream in the U. S. A.—they started a mad scramble to climb on the band wagon.

Take a tip from your old friend Singin' Sam—the cream that does the job is the one that's made by folks who *believe* in this way of shavin', heart and soul. And I don't have to tell you who that is—everybody knows it's the Barbasol people.

Fact is, Barbasol is so soothing and healing that a lot of folks use it for *sunburn.*

So if you want the coolest, slickest, quickest shave a man ever treated his face to, the way to get it is the same way that smart shavers have been following for fifteen years. Step up to any drug store counter and get that red, white and blue Barbasol package—and you'll be singin' in the bathroom just like your old pal Sam.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BARBASOL ON THE AIR!

Singin' Sam, *the Barbasol Man* with songs you like to hear, Tuesdays and Thursdays on a coast-to-coast Columbia (WABC) network, 8:15 to 8:30 P.M., Current New York Time, in the east and Middle West; and 11:30 to 11:45 P.M. Current New York Time in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States.

Edwin C. Hill, "*The Human Side of the News,*" Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on a Columbia (WABC) network, 8:15 to 8:30 P.M., Current New York Time, in the East and Middle West.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather No Rub-In
NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN

Don't Ride Your Congressman

Continued from page 31

chapter—a very long chapter—dedicated to Aristide Briand. There was a man who on thirteen different occasions headed the Government of France. There was a man revered by his contemporaries and eulogized by the newspapers of four continents. And there was a man whom the efforts of his three ghost-writers and ghost-thinkers (Emile Buret, Alexandre Leger and Philippe Berthelot) failed to introduce to the ABC of French history.

"How did you like my speech today, Buret?" he asked once after a stormy session in the Parliament.

"It was fine, Chief," answered Buret, "except that you got mixed up again on some rather important historical dates."

"What is history?" exclaimed Briand. "A colossal lie promoted to the ranks of truth by constant repetition . . ."

Whenever I sit in the gallery of the House of Representatives and listen to this or that Congressman's speech on some involved international subject, I cannot help but think of Briand and admire the surprisingly high educational equipment of our legislators. The very worst of them—including the fat-bellied Tammanyites and the mahogany-hitting Westerners—know more about geography than the most brilliant leaders of the French Parliament, more about economics than 99% of the House of Lords, more about history than any one of the recent European Prime Ministers, with the possible exception of Poincaire and MacDonald. Can I prove it? And how! I have yet to meet a Congressman who did not know that Marseilles was a port in Southern France but there is in my possession a list with the names of 78 members of the French Parliament who swallowed a hoax perpetrated on them last winter by a group of Parisian students and signed a petition protesting against "the tyranny imposed by the United States on the French minority in the State of Newfoundland." Try a stunt like this in Washington and discover for yourselves how few Congressmen would be willing to protest against the appalling treatment of "the American minority in the French State of Leipzig" without poking the nose of the clumsy hoaxster.

Staggering as is the task of making the U. S. Congress less unpopular, it can be done, provided the Government would be willing to charter a boat and finance a sight-seeing European trip for our political correspondents, columnists and observers. Let them sit through a dozen meetings in the Chambre des Deputés in Paris, let them be present in Westminster on the night this or that "honorable member" expresses his views on something he knows nothing about, let them eavesdrop on the solemn proceedings of Benito's own "parliament," let them listen to a speech of one of Stalin's black-bearded boys who feels convinced that the latest hurricane in Florida was just "another attempt of the capitalists to divert the attention of American workers from the imperialistic intrigues in Manchuria," let them behold the spectacle of Dr. Goebbels demonstrating the theory of Nordic Supremacy in the Third Reich—and then let them come back to Washington . . . The whole thing can be accomplished in two months and will cost but a fraction of what it costs Jim Farley to exterminate the job-seekers in his waiting-room. And the results will be far-reaching, to say the least. Long before the Congressional Elections of 1934, millions and millions of front parlors will be decorated with the portraits of our legislators, and millions and millions of voters will be heard exclaiming in a coast-to-coast chorus: "Long live History and Geography! Re-elect the men who kept us out of the branches!"

Cocktail Hour Around The World

Continued from page 18

winter; in the twilight it is difficult to distinguish the green and pink silk costumes of the dragomans, save for the shape of the Oriental puffed trousers. In the garden, redolent of the odor of red damp earth and orange trees, Ethiopians are serving cold cocktails on copper trays. In theatrical surroundings, as at Shepheard's in Cairo and the Hôtel des Pyramides, port flips and gin fizzes are served to the tennis players, tourists, and the officers of the garrison.

Scarcely an hour later, in the smaller islands of Asia Minor, the day is ending. On the village square, in the shade of the cypresses, the currant dealers, the priests, the shipmasters, after a long afternoon sleep, meet at the foot of a Venetian fortress, drink their raki or their absinthe, while the military band plays a Schubert march and the open air cinema lights up its screen in front of the Prefect's house, beneath the adamantine stars which are beginning to shine in the greenish sky.

By this time we are on the threshold of another world. It is growing darker and darker, and later and later, as one might say. Now we are in Bombay. The Army Service Club clock says eleven p.m. The ball at Government House has begun and the well-lighted motor cars discharge their brilliant uniforms on the lawn: rajahs whose salute is twelve guns follow other rajahs who are entitled to twenty guns (because social superiority is reckoned by the number of guns to which each princely family is entitled). Underneath the palm trees whiskey and soda are now king; in the heat of the tropics whiskey and champagne alone are able to cure homesickness and to make Europeans feel happy. Whether rich Parsees drink tea with mint or pepper tea, or the young Civil servants amuse the girls while drinking lemonade, whiskey is King.

The winged genius of our imagination enables us to fly over the Far East, where the same whiskey is being drunk, until it is bedtime on the roof gardens and the grand hotels of Shanghai and Singapore. The Chinese alone are different. They prefer to smoke a cocktail rather than drink it, a cocktail which closes the stomach instead of opening it; I mean to say, a good pipeful of black poison.

Now we are in Australia, in Adelaide. It is a quarter to three in the morning. During the hours when the entire world is awake, the Australians alone are fast asleep. But let us imagine that this sheep-shearer of the Antipodes wakes up in the middle of the night. He has forgotten to turn off his radio. Suddenly he is awakened by the jazz band at the Savoy in London. He feels thirsty; beside his bed is a bottle of Australian wine, an imitation Burgundy, which does not tempt him, so he, too, pours himself a large Scotch to the glory of the British Empire. After all, he was born on the shores of Loch Lomond. So he falls asleep again in his Australian loneliness. God Save the King!

By this time it is seven o'clock in the morning in Honolulu. The waves of the Pacific Ocean ebb and flow beneath the cocoanut trees and the American aviators at Pearl Harbour are aroused by the bugle. The fighting planes are whirring; the yellow hydroplanes are being brought up on tractors, while the aviators, bared to the waist, drink a huge glass of ice water while they examine the folds of the silk parachutes before going to work, before they fly over the coral reefs, six thousand feet above the earth in the blue haze. In our trip around the world these are the only human beings whom we have ever seen drinking water. All honor to the American air service!

Thus between twelve forty-five a.m. and seven a.m. next morning, in somewhat less than twenty hours, we have almost gone around the world. We have seen men and women of different colors and different manners absorbing various liquids under very different skies. From dawn until twilight these people function without ever meeting. While we await the repeal of Prohibition and a happy Christmas, enlivened by the presence of both Comus and Bacchus, let us follow their example. To the youth of the grape and to the health of Mother Earth! (Translated by Ernest Boyd)

Forty-seven Fights Up

Continued from page 119

posed to sell. Just one thing held them back. With times picking up as they suddenly seemed to be in that neighborhood, they expected to do an unprecedented business over the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. They thought they might want to sell after the first of the year. The man said he might be back.

One cold morning between Thanksgiving and Christmas, Barney and Morrie were finishing their breakfast before setting off to school. Out of the window, from the little upstairs flat, they could see into their father's grocery, across the street. It lacked ten minutes of the time when they would have to leave for school and they were dawdling over their breakfast. Barney had on his R.O.T.C. uniform of which he was, as a kid of fourteen, very proud. Morrie, being older, had reached the stage at which one is disposed to sniff at uniforms, in fact at everything that a younger brother has not yet outgrown. They began to scuffle, and Morrie turned his back to the window. In his brother's grip, as they spun around, Barney caught a momentary glimpse of a short squat figure standing, as if in indecision, before the entrance of his father's store. But it was only a fleeting impression and, a split second later, it was erased from his mind, as the two boys rough-housed away from the window. Their mother called from the back room where she was dressing the two younger kids, telling them to stop, that it was time to go across the street and get their carfare and lunch money from their father at the store and to go on to school.

From the street there was a slight, almost imperceptible flurry of sound, a scuffing rustle as of people moving suddenly, a few hoarse shouts, as if from different distances down the block, and then, right below the window, a sudden high wailing scream, as of someone walking into horror face to face. Both boys dashed for the stairs with the eager excited hilarity of all boys at the prospect of seeing some excitement, a good street fight, or a pinch, or an interesting accident.

They were met, at the foot of the stairs, by the first of several men who had come running, from the cluster of people gathered around the store entrance, across the street toward the house.

"Come quick. Your father's hurt bad!"

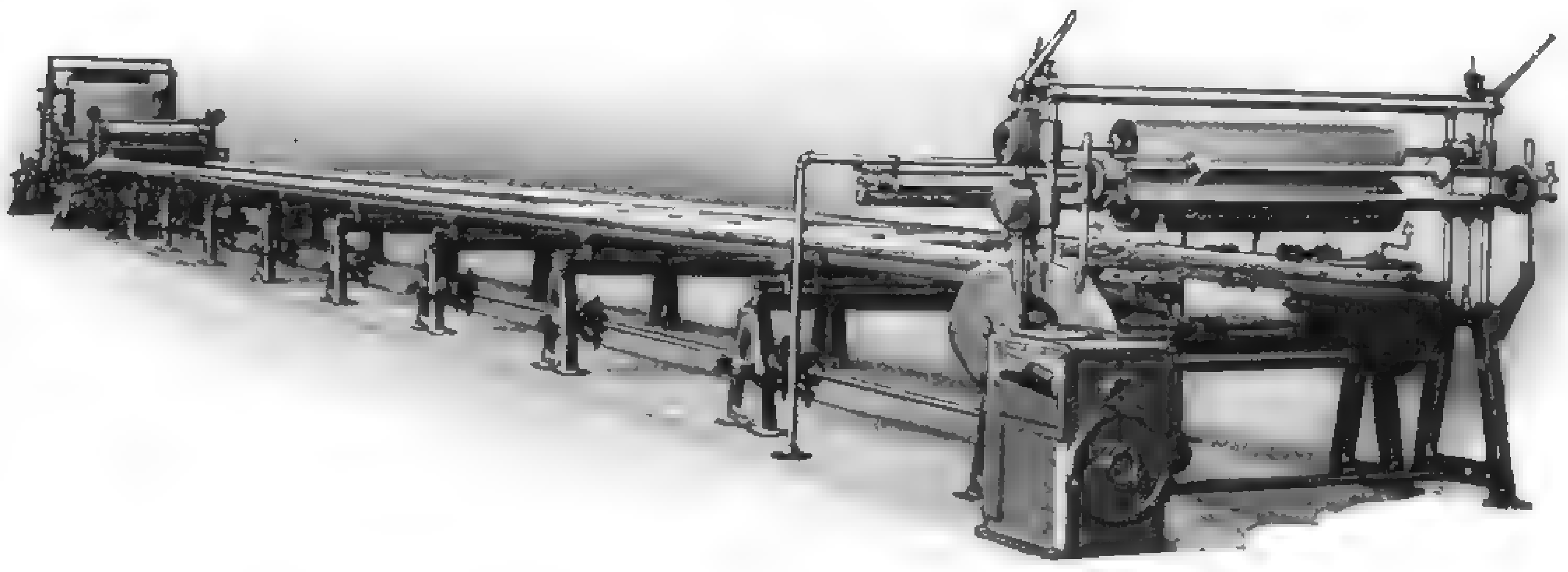
Barney dove through the gathering crowd, but Morrie wiggled through ahead of him. And Barney saw his father, that strapping six-footer, crumpled on the floor, his feet inside the store, his waist at the threshold, his head on the cement floor of the entrance. Two men were raising him by the shoulders, then Barney heard him gasp to Morrie, "It's not bad, see if you can keep Mamma from coming." And then, Barney felt as if he had been butted in the pit of the stomach, as a thin bright ribbon of blood came out of the corner of his father's mouth.

Barney had been taking a four year commercial course. It had to be cut to two. For a year, he and Morrie got up at 5:30 every morning, to go to the synagogue and say Kodish. Then to the store by 6:30, to stay there until midnight. A nervous breakdown sent their mother to the hospital. Bills began turning up from everywhere. There was nothing to do but move into smaller quarters. Even then it was impossible to make ends meet. The two younger boys had to be put in a Jewish orphan home and there they remained for nine years. Just last year, when Barney began to get the breaks in the fight game, could they come home.

Barney, out of high school in 1925, worked until 1928, first as office boy, then as general handy man, helping with typing and bookkeeping. Finally a job as order taker at Sears-Roebuck.

He and some of the other kids started going to the amateur bouts at Kid Howard's gym. Although he had been good in grade school athletics, playing basketball, soccer, and indoor, he had never had a boxing glove on, had, in fact, never even had any kid fights except the mob encounters previously mentioned. But he learned that the amateurs got expense money in the amount of $5.00 per fight and, strictly as a business proposition, that looked good. He tried to get put on in an amateur bout, but an admitted novice couldn't get a match. Finally he prevailed upon one of his chums to go in with him. Since they were both greenhorns, the bout was allowed, more with the idea of affording comic relief than that of providing a worthwhile combat. In one round the two kids slugged each other silly, but the crowd was crazy about it and Barney was sure of his $5.00 a week as often as he wanted it. He boxed fifteen weeks and then decided to quit because he wasn't learning anything. But one of the men at the gym talked him out of the last $5.00, in exchange for boxing lessons. So, learning to use his left hand, he decided to fight a few more times and entered the Chicago Tribune Golden Gloves Tournament. He won it—and his debut as a professional became almost inevitable. From then on, the story is in the record book, and a short story it is—one of the shortest ever to end with a championship. You can read it all there, or ask Paishkey, the walking newspaper stand of Barney's present neighborhood, on Chicago's west side. Paishkey knows all the records of all the sports, back to 1800 or thereabouts, and right now he's Barney's self-appointed Boswell.

You can find out all about him, on form, by reading the sport pages. He's good copy and win, lose or draw, they'll be talking about him for a long time to come. But, they won't explain the toughening of a fighter's make-up formed by life in the Badhouse at Foster School, by the sight of blood on a grocery floor, by the vision of orphanage gates.



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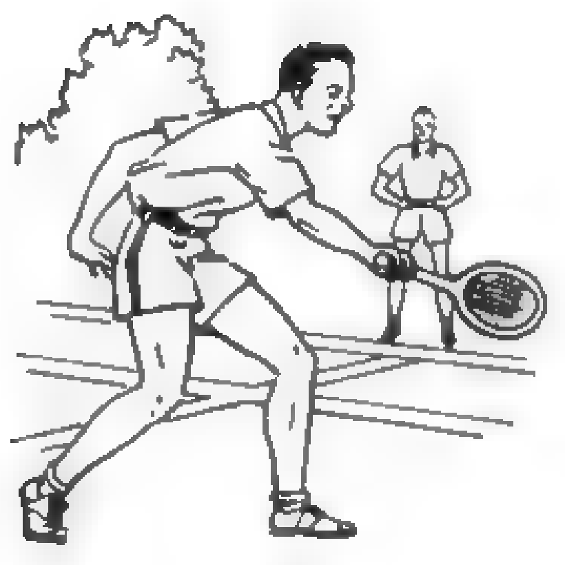

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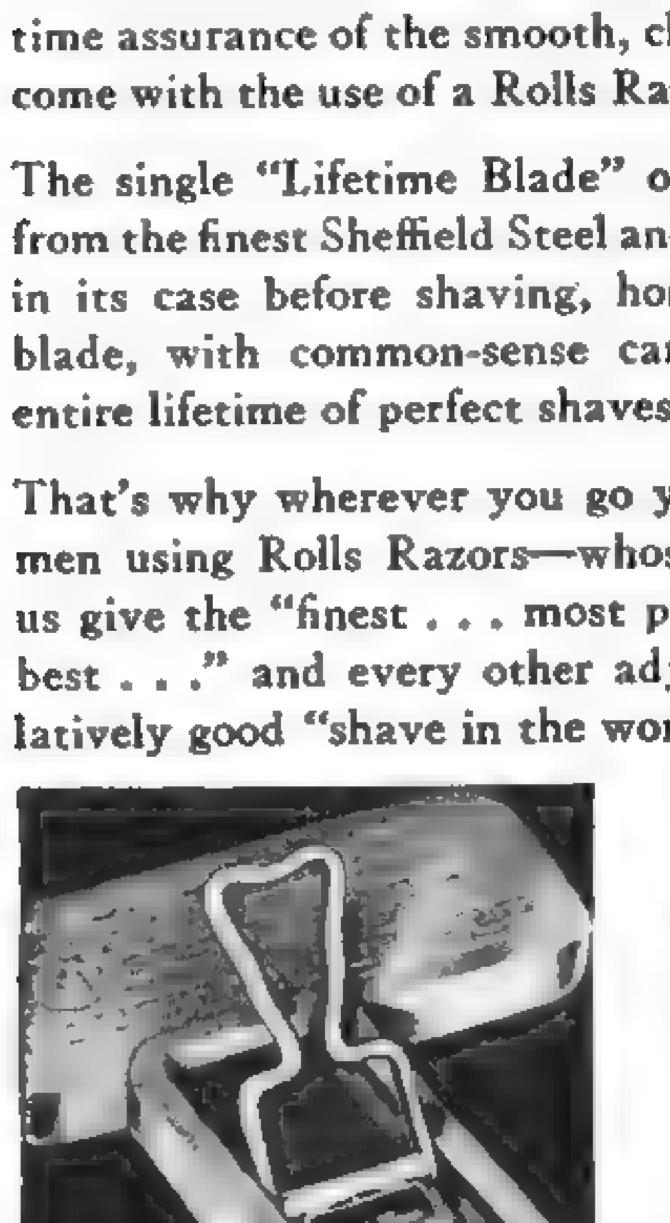

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ROLLS
RAZOR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

Esquire's Five-minute Book Shelf

Continued from page 86

the author, who, as you know, conceived the famous "The Seal in the Bedroom" masterpiece. The illustrations alone are worth the price of the book.

After writing a novel called *The Giant Swing* which I thought was so loose, disjointed and gummy that it was enough to ruin the reputation of the author of *Little Caesar*, W. R. Burnett has come through with *Dark Hazard* (Harper's, $2.50), a novel about a born gambler and his married life to a woman who wanted security and comfort, that is quick and exciting and amazingly alive. I read it at a single sitting, marvelling at the Burnett sure mastery of incident, character and idiom. The story is dramatic in the extreme, and yet there is nothing forced or phoney about it. A chap who has the gambling mania, with no thought for the morrow, following his luck or his hunches and not caring much whether he is broke or opulent, finds himself married to a young woman of the most conservative instincts. Instead of being carefree he is holding down a job as night clerk in a hotel, sober, monogamous, thrifty and menial, taking insults from patrons and being afraid of his boss. A racketeer rides him to the point of distraction merely to make sure that he still has some guts; and when the night clerk breaks loose from his suppressions and reasserts his manhood by risking his job for the pleasure of punching his tormentor in the nose, the racketeer knows that the gambler has not lost the courage that made him a good gambler, and gives him a job managing one of his dog racing ventures. Having always been a follower of the horse races, the gambler is at first contemptuous of dog racing; but, after he begins to learn the points about a racing dog, he falls in love with the sport and, in fact, with one of the dogs. He had known horses so well that he had once nursed back into championship form again a horse that had been believed by its owner to be out of the running. One dog he had watched closely enough to pick as a winner engages all his affection and attention; and this causes tragedy in his domestic life. The theme of all of Burnett's novels has been the ultimate defeat of an all-consuming ambition, and in this story he has told it again with variations of scene and character in a superb and forceful manner.

A book I have been ding-donging people to read ever since I got advance page proofs of it two months ago is *Worth Remembering* (Longman's, $2) by Rhys James. It is about three southern kids, two boys and a girl, and Mammy, the negro woman who was bringing them up, and it is a scream. I guess I am not ready to say that I think it is comparable to *Huckelberry Finn*, but, if you liked Mark Twain's masterpiece, you will get fun out of *Worth Remembering*. . . . *The American Procession* (Harper's, $2.75) is an assemblage of photographs of American life from 1860 to our entry into the world war, and by turning its pages you can relive a lot of your past life and your country's past. You can also learn a lot from it, as for instance that Fannie Ward is as old as she says she is, for there is a picture of her in tights taken in 1890 and she looks about the same age as she does now. Agnes Rogers collected the pictures and Frederick Lewis Allen who wrote *Only Yesterday* wrote the captions. . . . *We Are The Living* (Viking, $2) by Erskine Caldwell is a collection of stories of eccentricities and perversities in the mordant and rather breathtaking humor of a young writer who has earned the respect of all who have a regard for good literature. First editions of Caldwell's books are pre[illegible] sure to increase in value and they are worth having even if they shouldn't. . . . I can say the s[illegible]me of *No More Trumpets* (Knopf, $2) by George Milburn, a brilliant and highl[illegible]ted young Oklahoma writer who may some day [illegible]t ridden out of the state on a rail if he keeps on writing such realistic stories of the pleasures [illegible] some of the folks in that great and glorious Sooner land. . . . And don't forget to take a [illegible] into *The Journey of the Flame* (Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3) by Antonio de Fierro Blanco, translated by Walter de Steigeur. It is a story of dangerous and gusty living in Southern California and it is purported to be the story of Don Juan Obrigon (nee O'Brien) on his hundredth birthday. . . . Or into Gene Fowler's *Timber Line* (Covici-Friede, $3) an authentic and fantastic tale of Bonfils and Tammen, the swashbuckling Colorado journalists, told in the lickety-split, mischievous style for which Fowler is famous. . . . Or into *The Night Club Era* (Stokes, $2.50) by Stanley Walker, city editor of the New York Herald Tribune who is making fame for himself as a coach and encourager of good writing on the part of his staff and is, incidentally, making fame for himself as a rattling good writer. *The Night Club Era* is about New York and is packed with astonishing and interesting information about doings during prohibition.

If Mae West had not just called up and asked me to come over for hymns and a game of parchesi, I would like to tell you more about these last three books.

THE WHITE EWE

Continued from page 145

L. (*Stringing her along*) Just one old friend to another. He gets fed up on that "Mister" stuff down at the *office*. (*On latter line Rosie enters L and stands just inside entrance. L. looks at her inquiringly and others may glance toward her. L. will remain all the time on settee or easy chair at R of C. Mrs. B. is seated at L of C and left of settee and C is standing at L of Mrs. B.*)

Rosie (*to L.*) Shall I bring in the ginger snaps and milk *now?*

L. (*To C as she motions with her head toward Mrs. B.*) *She* expected *champagne*. (*Mrs. B. plainly mystified by all that is happening, L. speaks to Rosie*) Not just *now*—but you *might* offer the *boss* a chair.

Rosie—Yes'm (*She goes up stage and brings down a fairly light chair, one that may be easily handled and places it for C. who hands her his hat and coat but retains stick, leaning on it. She exits L as C. seats himself, still under some restraint, and evidently disturbed to find a relative on the premises. As Mrs. B. speaks the next line, it may help, as a bit of business, to have him take out a handkerchief and wipe his brow and also his hands.*)

Mrs. B. (*addressing L.*) He ain't the *Chester Canby* that owns the *Meteor bus line?*

L. (*Stringing her*) *Why* ain't he?

Mrs. B.—That runs through *Linkdale?*

L. (*Sarcastic*) As *rapidly* as possible.

Mrs. B. (*Gazing at C. with sudden and overwhelming interest*) Well, I'll be—well, for good—

L. (*to C.*) *Sister* reads the *papers.*

Mrs. B. (*Still giving evidences of being impressed*) That's a big line. (To C.) My husband *works* for your company.

C. (*Politely*) Indeed? In—in what capacity?

Mrs. B.—Just now he's on half time—washin', vacuum cleanin' an' some *repair work.*

C. (*Because he can't think of anything else to say*) Indeed?

Mrs. B.—If that *division superintendent* didn't have it *in* for him, he'd be the *boss* at our station—*been* there longer'n anybody else.

L. (*With sarcasm*) Never got a *break* in his *life*. (*She has picked up the cards again and is shuffling them idly and also half listening, amused, to the talk between C. and Mrs. B.*)

Mrs. B. (*After giving her sister a scornful look.*) Brad's all *right!*

L. (*still sarcastic*) *Must* be—got into the *Ku Klux Klan.*

Mrs. B. (*Indignantly*) He was the *Kleagle!*

L. (*With mock enthusiasm*) Hurray for *our* family! (*To C. who has been enjoying the tilt between the sisters*) That'll give you just a rough sketch of *B. Wilberface Linzey*—one of the *home town boys.*

C. (*To Mrs. B., with some embarrassment*) I—ah—I'm afraid there's no *vacancy* at present.

Mrs. B. (*Eagerly*) But there *is*. Homer Jackson leavin' for Los Angeles next week to live with h[illegible] daughter.

L. (*N[illegible] [illegible]aying ou[illegible] cards*) Ain't that *terri[illegible]* [illegible] *Homer.*

Mrs. B. (*To C., persuasively*) On[illegible] word from *you* would settle *everything.*

C. (*To L.*) Well, you never gave me a wrong steer *yet*. How *about* it?

L. (*With no great enthusiasm*) Sure—he's all right. No bad habits. Doesn't drink, smoke or read the papers.

Mrs. B. (*Simpering at C.*) Luella never *did* like him.

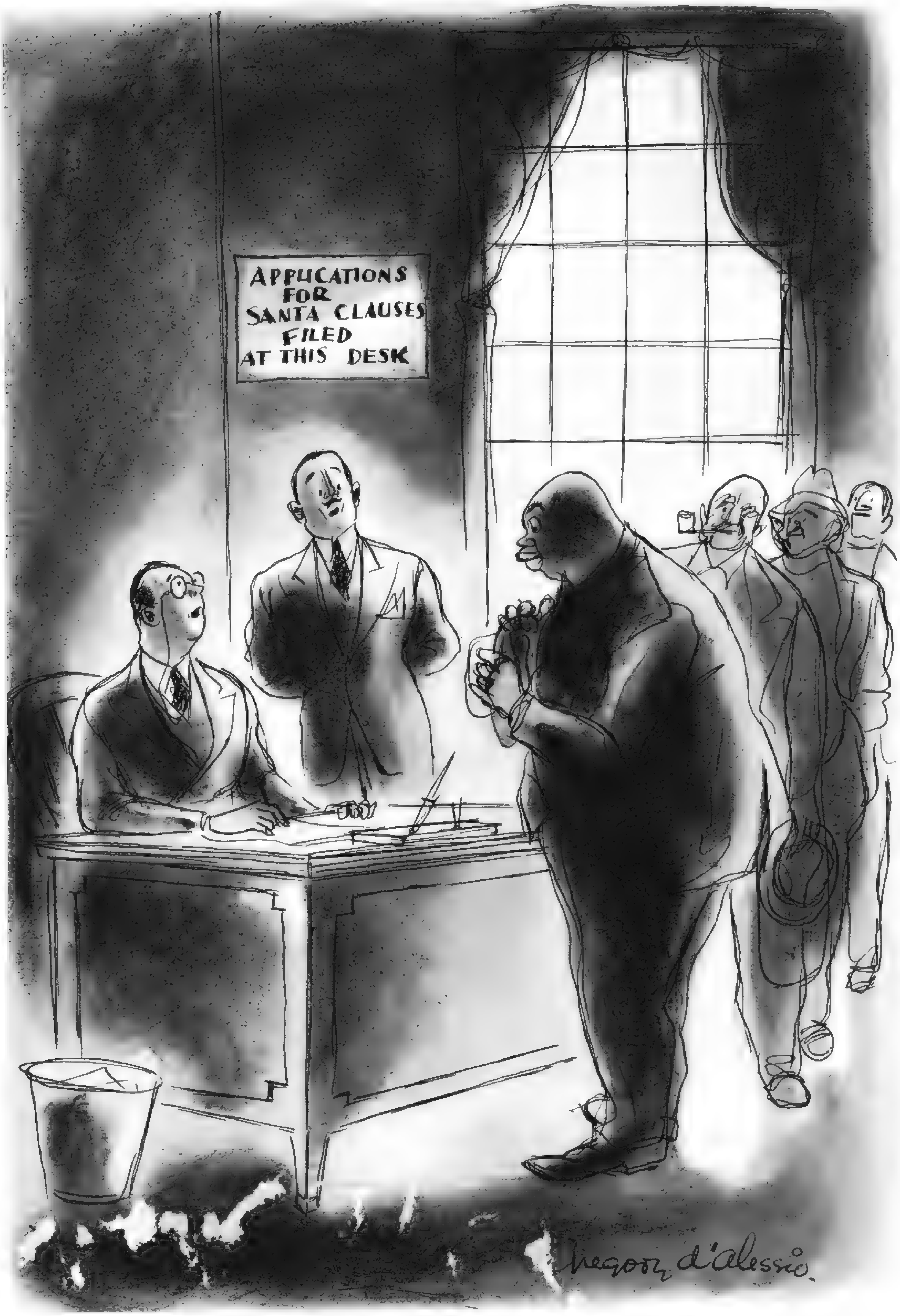
C. (*Decisively*) Well, Mrs. Linzey, at *least* we can give him a *trial.*

Mrs. B. (*Effusively*) Oh, *thank* you. *Now* we can trade in the old *car.*

L. (*And trying to suppress her mirth*) The depression is *over*—we have turned the *corner.*

Mrs. B. (*Ignoring L. and still directing her attention to C.*) Mr. Canby, you don't know what this

Continued on page 154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"Well, we could send him to Harlem"

MUSIC IS MILADY'S AID

Continued from page 125

basis, give more concerts, secure the requisite conductor. And all that meant money. Who would put it up? At this crucial point enter Madame! An energetic lady of middle age who had served her due term as wife and mother beheld an open door for her further activity. She interested in her project other women who were no longer young and by no means averse to publicity. The ladies took hold with zest, and money came pouring in.

For a while all went well. Greatly increased concert schedules were planned and one of the most famous conductors of the day (who was also an outstanding composer) was engaged. This was no less a personage than Gustav Mahler. Thus everything was set for a glorious trial heat. But, alack and alas, ol' hoss public failed to show his expected speed. In spite of Mahler and all the other accruing advantages, the reformed Philharmonic turned out considerably less than a best seller. That was a result the embattled ladies had not foreseen and were by no means disposed to finance. Music has her own exorbitant pride, and if you force the arrogant jade to pipe you to the limelight, you've no choice left but to pay the piper. This melancholy truth is better understood now. At that time it seemed just a little too much to bear. And Mahler had to suffer the consequences. This man of real eminence, who most emphatically had not been a prophet without honor in his own country—indeed, he had been a musical dictator in Vienna—found himself the target for a mucilaginous flood of advice, or, better, commands. To lure the public to his concerts and so relieve the financial strain he must do this and do that, or leave this and that undone. He could have no will or way of his own. He must obey . . . The end of the story is grim. Mahler, who had not been in robust health, fell seriously ill. He returned to Vienna and there solved one major problem for the Philharmonic by dying.

Forgive me for this tragic interlude. A note of comedy follows. The great Mahler—he was really one of the great conductors—was succeeded by a batonist who had been virtually unknown, at least on this side of the Atlantic. Critical opinion has never rated him high as an orchestral leader, but he was a diplomat, a courtier, and told a story well. Moreover, he had an excellent tailor and wore beautifully the apparel confectioned by that sartorial virtuoso. As for the orchestra, well, most of its members were such good men that they could make a go of it with any conductor. Naturally the ladies beamed again, and, miracle of miracles, that unpredictable animal, the public, came from behind and did its duty. The new conductor lasted for a dozen years!

The triumphant ladies, whose original motive may have been only a feminine love of prominence and dominance, had won a bigger victory than they knew. It concerned not merely the ancient and honorable Philharmonic; it meant the emergence of woman as the recognized musical power in the United States. Some women of established position have profited by this victory to make effective a sincere interest in music itself and in what they believe to be its value to the community—observe for example, in Philadelphia Mrs. Bok's princely contributions to the Curtis Institute, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company; at South Mountain and in Washington Mrs. Coolidge's handsome support of chamber music; in New York Mrs. Charles Guggenheimer's valiant insistence that the summer Stadium concerts shall carry on.

But there are other women of no position who have grown restless in obscurity. Through music and musicians these others have gone out after publicity and recognition. They have made great feasts and fed their hungry egos the while they were feeding some glittering musical decoy, plus the "society" folk who have gathered at their board because they had somehow succeeded in having at their beck and call a distinguished conductor, a fashionable violinist, a pianist pursued by [illegible]. By using music as a social ladder they have [illegible] at least a measure of prestige and [illegible] to do what even the humblest of us dreams of doing, that is, to count. And the men have not stood in the women's way, for after all the women have relieved them of a task that they weren't hankering after, even those of them who realized that it existed.

If many a plain body with a purse has come to hobnob with the great ones of our American earth through the magnetic medium of music or a musician, other women have discovered in the tonal tie-up a still more personal gratification. They have found glamorous males for their more intimate teas and cocktail parties, receptive ears for their confidences, good companions, friends of the heart (as the French so suavely put it), dancing partners, escorts, beaux, and even husbands. If the idol (knowing his part of the game) now and then should condescend to fetch and carry, why, so much the better: there's no harm done in throwing an occasional bone to milady's self-esteem. Woman is a congenital exoticist. The imported male intrigues her as no home-grown gallant could quite manage to do, and among the imports none has been more clearly her affair than the musician. Of course he must be personable and well turned out. That is *de rigueur*. A European batonist who had found America distressingly indifferent recently shook our dust from his feet with some scathing remarks about a man's talent counting less over here than the cut of his tail-coat. This happened to be an alibi for the fellow's dullness in his profession, a failing that a thousand tailors would be powerless to rectify. Nevertheless the tailoring does count, as do other visual qualifications, like suitable stature and a straight and slender figure.

There exists, however, a *reductio ad absurdum* for everything. Still another male visitor from Europe, endowed with more conductorial ambition than ability, persuaded some fair votaries to scurry around (this was shortly before the Great Depression) and organize an orchestra for him. Though it started off with a considerable bang, it didn't prosper. The comment made by a certain eminent contralto of an impartial wit will suffice. "But, my dear," she protested, "Blank is a drawing-room stallion. Why doesn't he conduct a paddock?"

This remark is a fitting pendant to a distinction that had been drawn previously, viz.: In Europe when a woman falls in love with a conductor she gets a baby, in America he gets an orchestra.

I have heard this distinction ascribed to Joseph Stransky and likewise to Leo Blech, and there may be other claimants. As with the birthplace of Homer, however, a precise attribution is of minor moment.

STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY, ESQ.

Continued from page 131

ward Bromberg, whom I seriously propose nominating as the foremost actor of our stage. There he stands, in the midst of those breathless, kaleidoscopic scenes of life's hardest fundaments, holding aloft in his pudgy hand the torch of integrity. Oh, I know it is always difficult to distinguish the player from the part. But this seems to me the perfect blending of material and interpreter. It is superlative acting in a play which, I believe, achieves greatness which will last.

I must temper my raves for a moment, and be content to say that the Saturday matinee assignment is fluffy fare for a delightful afternoon. "Her Master's Voice," at the Booth, is Clare Kummer's very funny trifle, confected in her most successful manner—that of "Good Gracious Annabelle." Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews and especially Elizabeth Patterson romp through it with pleasing insanity, to the response of steady smiles and frequent yells of laughter.

To top off your visit, you are carried from Tony's to "Sailor, Beware!", at the Lyceum. "An uproarious naval comedy," it is billed, with truthful guile. There are no smirks or [illegible] about this full-blooded opera. It's good, clean, bawdy, healthy dirt. It seems there's a simon-pure maiden in the Canal Zone, hight "Stonewall" Jackson. Against the stalwart defences of her virtue, all the attractions of [illegible] are of no avail; she can't be had. "Oh, yeah?" cries "Dynamite," champ Don Juan of the Fleet, and the fight is on. Gallantly resisted by the enemy, goaded on by his shipmates, who even sell sweepstakes backing his prowess, the hero employs strategy, cajolery, force, diplomacy—every possible weapon—and the final curtain descends with decisive victory in sight—almost in plain sight. It's one grand, mad, contorting yawp, one loud, continuous guffaw.

Do you have to go home tonight? Couldn't you stay over until Monday? There are still several others well worth catching hell for. Most important, Jed Harris' daring offering at the Cort, "The Green Bay Tree." Here's the reverse of the "Captive" thesis, a witty, reticent and deeply probing study of those peculiar gentry who cultivate their gardens with particular emphasis upon the shy, tender blossom sometimes known as "heart's-ease." James Dale portrays the sinister hedonist with skill, despite a slight tendency toward over-friskiness, and Laurence Olivier gives a poignant portrait of the shattered ex-choirboy. But it is Mr. Harris who rates the biggest bows for the magic of his production, and his suave courage in making it.

There's "Champagne, Sec" at the Shubert. This is the deathless "Fledermaus" of Strauss, the Waltz King, stylized, kidded, sung and acted radiantly by a swell troupe headed by Peggy Wood, Helen Ford and George Meader. Forget the book—it's still sec and double-sec. The music is a melodic orgy, with no hangovers.

"Let 'Em Eat Cake" brings Gaxton, Moran and Moore back to the Imperial in the sequel to "Of Thee I Sing." Perhaps it isn't quite up to its predecessor, but it's a pretty darned good show on its own merits.

Joe Cook is prop-clowning in "Hold Your Horses" at the Winter Garden, and thousands of other people seem to like it, so I must be wrong. The same goes for Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities" about which some meanie made the crack that the wrong person was croaked. It's doing all right, too. So are the thrillers, "Double Door," at the Ritz, "Keeper of the Keys" (Charlie Chan stuff) at the Fulton, and— * * * if you care for homicide—a silky, creepy hair-raiser of London origin, "Ten Minute Alibi," at the Ethel Barrymore. If you haven't seen "One Sunday Afternoon," that honey-pot of fin-de-siecle dentistry is still holding forth at the Forty-eighth Street.

These, then, are the hits. We won't bother yet about the flops. If the Holidays bring in a superfluity of turkeys, I suppose I'll have to get out the cranberries. But so far, theatre-going is a pleasure, thank you.

BEDTIME STORY TELLER

Continued from page 38

of a Siamese twin, in place of her sister, that can stand as the apex of misapprehension.

Palm Beach and Miami millionaires used to pay him a thousand dollars a throw, to play at their parties. That meant $16,000 in the Fiske coffers during the Florida season of 1930. And they got the same songs that the night club patrons of Paris and London and New York have learned by heart.

It costs the average listener (excluding the women and the chronic check-fumblers) $10.00 to hear him. He never plays in places where the tariff comes much lower. But thousands have read his book and heard his records.

He has played for royalty frequently, usually after hours in a London night club, with the doors barred and after the plain people had been kicked out. Both Wales and the ex-King Alfonso were among his most indefatigable listeners. But he has also played in palaces, for example the time he gave a command performance, in England, for the then Queen of Spain. He played, with discreet excisions here and there, some of his less scabrous numbers. The Queen was enchanted and laughed very prettily. Nothing would do, she said, but to have him play for her husband. Dwight, having regaled the jovial [illegible] faced monarch and his party until six that morning, began backing his way out, bowing his pleasure and eagerness at the prospect of such an honor as playing for Alfonso.

"And now," said the Queen of Spain, after the room had been cleared, "let's have some of those DIRTY songs you're supposed to know!"

Whereupon the Queen of Spain, who once in ages past, as history tells us, was supposed to be above even the suspicion of possessing legs, was treated to a version of "Mr. Webster" with the impromptu addition of erotic roulades and cadenzas calculated to make a Casanova blush.

At its conclusion, the Queen said, "You are an American. Perhaps you know my favorite author."

Dwight, thinking of "The Sun Also Rises," regretted that he did not know the author of—

"The Wild Party," said the Queen of Spain.

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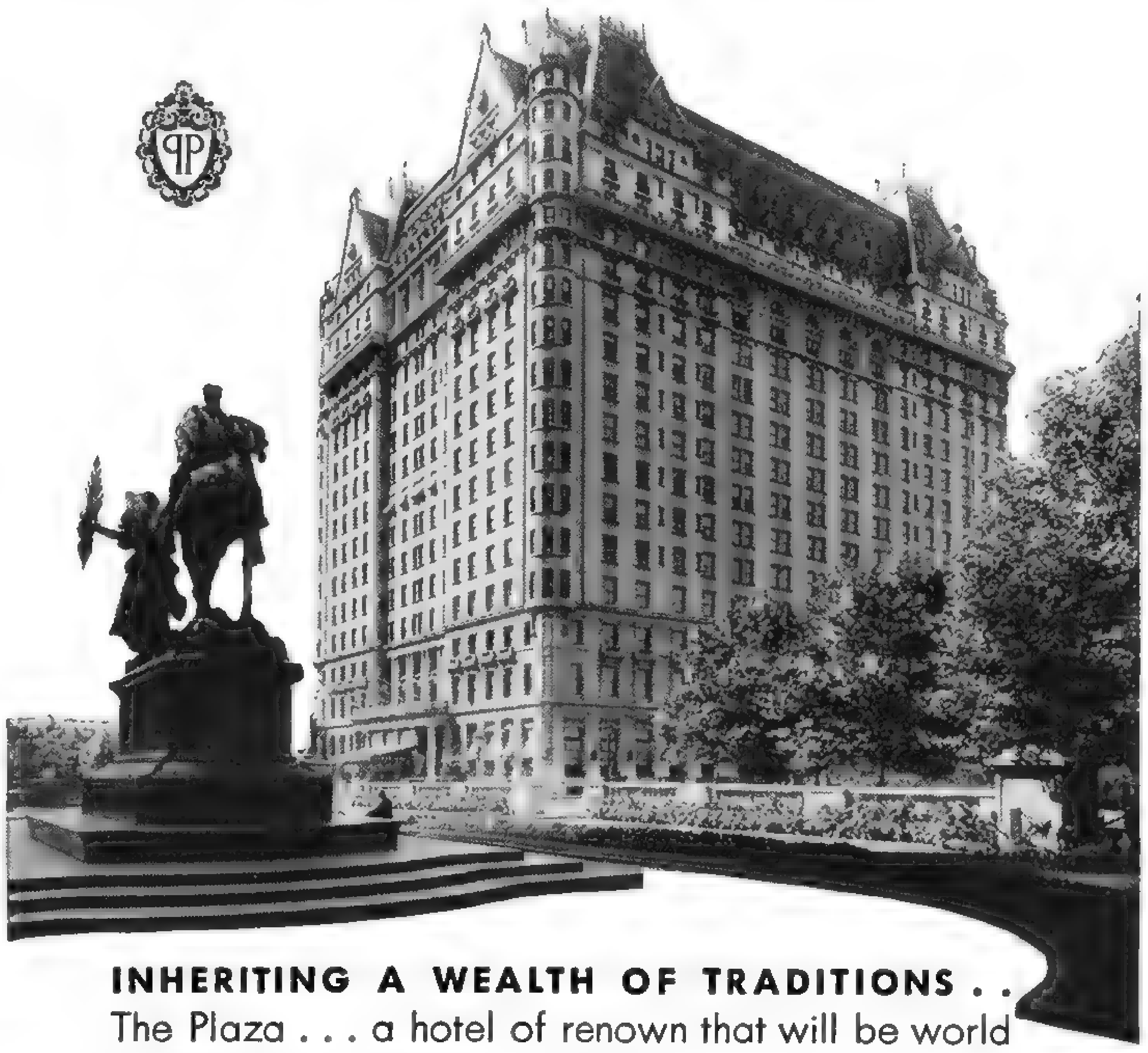

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THE WHITE EWE

Continued from page 150

means to us. We've been working *so* hard—hopin' we could send *Wilbur* to *Wingate.*

C. (*Politely attentive and pretending to be interested —very much the well-mannered gentleman*) Wilbur?

L. (*Ceasing her card manipulations and turning half way to explain to C.*) In order to be *different,* they named the children *Wilbur* and *Dorothy.*

C. And *why* did you select *Wingate?*

Mrs. B. Well, *we* thought it was the *best college* in the *state.*

C. (*With real enthusiasm*) Good for *you! I* like Wingate, too. It's my old *school.* I'm one of the *trustees.*

L. (*Smiling wearily as she looks at her cards*) That boy is just *huntin'* for trouble.

Mrs. B. (*Suddenly comprehending.*) Goodness *me!* I clean *forgot.* Why *you—you* built Canby Hall and the *stadium!*

C. (*Modestly*) Well, I *helped.*

Mrs. B. I see the college *paper* now'n then. Wesley Furbeck sends it to *Wilbur.*

C. (*Still pretending to be interested*) *Indeed?*

Mrs. B. Wesley's got a *scholarship—*so *he's* getting through purty *cheap.*

L. (*Half to herself and not for their benefit*) It's *coming.*

Mrs. B. (*Continuing to be interested in C.*) If we could get a scholarship for *Wilbur—*

C. (*With generous enthusiasm*) If he's up in his *grades—*

Mrs. B. (*Interrupting*) He's *smarter'n a whip.*

C. (*Continuing*)—and can get the backing of his high school and the endorsement of some of your good citizens—

Mrs. B. (*With enthusiasm*) He certainly *can.* I don't know where he *gets* it, but he loves *books!*

L. (*Who has squared around and is following the dialogue between C. and her sister with some amusement*) Must 'a' got it from his *grandfather.*

C. (*To Mrs. B.*) We want at Wingate ambitious boys who will *work.*

L. (*Shooting in another observation on the side*) Yes, *ma'am!* Any son of Gertie's is *sure* to be a good *worker.*

C. (*Still observing a gallant manner, to Mrs. B.*) I'll have everything looked up. You know—I control some of the *scholarships.*

Mrs. B. (*Bubbling with gratitude*) Mis-ter Canby. (*Turning to her sister*) Luella! *Brad's* goin' to run the *bus* station an' *Wilbur's* goin' to *Wingate!*

L. (*Calmly*) Well, well! An' yet *some* people think that *Santa Claus* has *whiskers.*

Mrs. B. (*Puzzled*) What's *that* got to do with it?

L. (*To C.*) It looks like a big day for Linkdale.

Mrs. B. I'm goin' to ketch the *very* next bus for home an' tell 'em the *glad news.*

C. (*Looking at his watch*) You can *make* it—I'll take you over in my *car.*

Mrs. B. Oh, *thank* you. (*She and C. arise*)

L. (*Still watching her with amusement and admiration*) Gertie, can I trust you with my *beau?*

Mrs. B. (*After glancing shyly at C.*) Why, Luella *Whitford! (A slight pause)* Mister *Canby.*

C. (*Having moved a little nearer door at L*) Yes?

Mrs. B. I want just a word with Lou.

C. Certainly. (*He exits L*) and *Mrs. B. goes over toward her sister and may stand either at left of settee or behind it but L. must be able to look at her without turning too much up stage. L. speaks to her as she comes over*)

L. Well, *gold-digger.* I think *you'd* better call it a *day.*

Mrs. B. (*Reprovingly*) Why, *Lou!* A *gold-digger* is a *bad woman—*

L. (*Shaking her head as if words were hardly sufficient*) You're not bad—you're *good.*

Mrs. B. (*Half indignantly*) I never asked for *not*[illegible]—Mr. Canby *offered—*

L. (*Interrupting*) *Sure!* That's how all of *us* get *ours!*

Mrs. B. (*Looking at her intently*) *Listen,* Luella! When I get back to Linkdale I'm goin' to tell *everybody* there ain't a *word of truth in* it.

L. *'At* a girl! Tell 'em I'm a *trained nurse.*

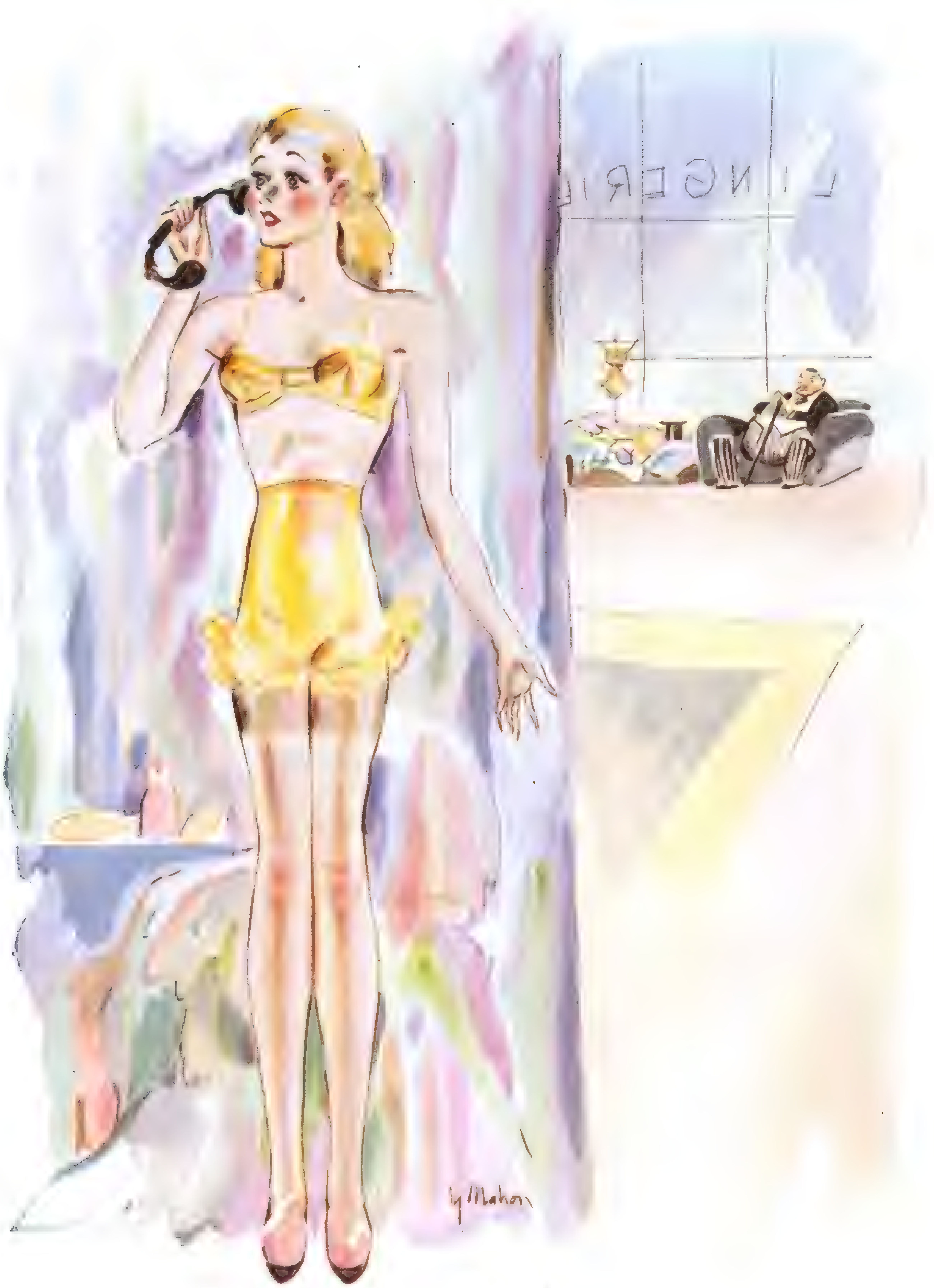
Mrs. B. (*As she moves over to give her a conventional peck on the forehead*) That's what I'll *do!* (*After giving her sister the kiss she starts toward left*) Good-*bye,* Lou!

L. (*Picking up cards*) Good-*bye,* Gert!

Mrs. B. (*Pausing and looking back at her sister*) My *Gawd! Some* women have *all the luck!*

L. (*Shuffling the cards*) Don't they? (*Mrs. B. exits left, L. begins laying out the cards, yawning*) Ho-hum!

CURTAIN.



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CAN'T WE BE FRANK?

Continued from page 147

such as Mr. Hilaire Belloc would, for example, find the worst traits of the Rothschild and the Roseberry families, exhibiting themselves in the present Lord Roseberry whose father married Hannah Rothschild, although on second thought, I doubt that even Mr. Belloc would whole-heartedly express his feelings in the matter. In England, the law of libel is stringently applied, and what with damages and costs threatening him, it's enough to make even an American ethnologist abandon, in England at least, all his scientific "discoveries."

What I am driving at however, is that mixed marriages, far from being unsuccessful, as we are led to believe by blind nationalists and clerical gentlemen of all religions, in my experience and observation, are quite as successful as any other sort of marriage. I admit that one reads in the newspapers of divorce suits in which the plaintiff claims that difference in religion was the source of the marital wreck, but usually upon investigation, it turns out that one of the parties to the marriage spent too much time with a blonde or at a night club, and if there's anything religious about that, it must be a strange sort of pantheism.

The title of this piece, *Can't We Be Frank?* assumes that the discussion will be friendly, for you know that nobody can be as frank as a candid friend. "I am telling you this for your own good," he says, and then goes on to hurt your feelings so deeply that the friendship is permanently ruptured. This is not at all my intention, but one thing I have long since discovered is that a frank conversation cannot thrive in the presence of clergymen. There is too much respect for the cloth, or for the job, hindering the candor of the laymen present, unless those laymen make it a practice to offend clergymen, and I do not. Some people there are, who premise everything they say upon the insincerity if not indeed the stupidity of clergymen, but again, I do not, and *thank you for nothing* say the clergymen.

It is nevertheless true that when laymen object to intermarriage among people of different religions their reasons for the objection are taken straight from the clergy, who know quite well that certain religions as well as certain citizens, as Mr. André Spire would say, are sought to be thrust into the second class, if not into the tourist third class itself. The result is that if a Sixth Day Adventist, we would say for example, marries herself or himself unto an Episcopalian, which has a thousand adherents to the Adventists' one, the chance of that Adventist remaining within the fold of his or her church, is extremely slim. In fact, he is lost to his church by intermarriage, and his former pastor needs neither to be insincere nor stupid, to make the obvious calculation that after a slight multiplication of such marriages, the ministers of the Sixth Day Adventists will be keeping body and soul together in some other occupation. Ministers do have bodies as well as souls, even though the arguments advanced against intermarriage are generally spiritual.

You clerical gentlemen will therefore excuse me if I aver that out of the mouths of your congregation, you object to intermarriage upon economic grounds—economic as far as the ministry is concerned. I am forced to this conclusion by observation of what happens among my brethren when intermarriage is contemplated. There is of course some objection at times from the family of the gentile party to the marriage, but the real wail arises from the Jewish relations. They are unconsciously voicing a priestly objection, for the injunctions not to marry gentiles were beyond question all formulated by priests, in the tractates *Chaya Odom* and *Shulchan Oruch.*

Most of my brethren won't understand what the dickens I mean by these citations, for it is the lamentable truth that few laymen understand the intricacies of the religions they profess. They leave all that to the clergy, and quite right too, but while many religions frown upon intermarriage, except under certain reservations, so far, no religion or nation has decreed that intermarriage be made compulsory, and therefore Frenchmen view with complacency an intermarriage of a Frenchman and an American. I cite the Frenchmen, because their thinking is usually free from sentimentality. It is only their writings and their cafe conversations which are chauvinistic. Even Mr. André Spire is realist enough to cite with approval certain intermarriages, as evidenced by the title of his book, *Quelques Juifs et Demi-Juifs.* There can be no *Demi-Juifs* without intermarriage.

The disapproval of intermarriage by my own brethren, however, is fortified by priestly prohibitions and injunctions which no doubt the clergy sincerely thought necessary for the preservation of the chosen people—with only an unconscious anxiety for their priestly occupations. Thus if one of my orthodox brethren intermarry, according to orthodox practice laid down in either one of the two tractates mentioned above, the relations must regard this "renegade" as dead. Everything except the funeral and the prayers for the dead is demanded of the "surviving" relations. They must be treated as mourners for the dead, they must rend their garments, sit on the ground and show all the respectable evidences of grief.

This applies of course to the orthodox, although in similar circumstances my brethren who know no more of their religion than they do of orchestration and counterpoint, feel that something disastrous has happened both to the marrying relation and to themselves. And yet, if they knew anything of Jewish and Christian folkways and mores, they would be surprised to find, not that they are similar, but that in the essentials, they are identical. Now, I admit that an intermarriage between the yellow races, the black races and the white races, is a profound mistake, at least in America. Beside the difference in folkways and mores, there is the physical difference, although I am far from saying that it does not sometimes work out in practice. I know not a few Japanese who have successfully contracted marriages with white women, as for instance in the case of one celebrated chemist. But when I look about me and see the number of marriages between my own brethren and other white people, I am obliged to say that not only are these marriages in the main successful, as far as husbands and wives are concerned, but that they produce also many talented and beautiful offspring.

Now don't for one moment suppose that I'm going to supply names, addresses and telephone numbers. The prejudices of my own brethren and of other people are too strong to be combated by facts. They believe what they *want* to believe, and I am not trying to convince anybody against his will. If it were a matter of religion only, it would be easy to point out that the difference between sects, mingling Jewish and Christian, is one of priestly invention. There seems to be no reason why a Christian should not believe the essentials of the Jewish religion or vice versa. The orthodox of both religions naturally adhere to certain ritual, dogma, creeds and other priestly injunctions, which when they were adopted, seemed necessary and suitable. It seems to me that those who intermarry, may discard all of them without injuring their faith in God or their love for one another, but I am a layman, and to clergymen, whatever I say in that regard, will be discarded as foolish. Therefore let it go. I am concerned with more practical things.

Mr. André Spire begins his work by saying that in the two volumes in which it is contained (*Quelques Juifs et Demi-Juifs*) are united all the studies which for twenty years he has consecrated to the *Question Juive.* I do not know whether this book is addressed to *Juifs et Demi-Juifs* or to gentiles, but if it is addressed to the latter, it seems to me that Mr. Spire makes a poor contribution to a solution of that question by flinging at the heads of his readers the names of such distinguished *Juifs* and *Demi-Juifs* as Proust, Freud, Henri Bernstein, Maurice Barrés et alii. The average member of an American golf and country club would blackball Mr. Henri Bernstein, sight unseen, upon the ground that his name surname was *Bernstein.* Then if you were to tell him that Mr. Henri Bernstein had written many great plays and that he was the president of the *Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques de France*, this country club member would probably say: "Tell it to me in English not Swedish!" He would also ask a couple of friends to be sure to be present at the election and add their blackballs to his as a fellow called Bernstein was up for membership and it's time something was done to prevent all sorts of people getting into the club. At the election itself, some member might get up and protest that Jesus himself was a Jew, but the protest would be made only at the risk of being thrown out on his neck for blasphemy, so therefore expect no more citations of prominent Jews from me. I want in my small way to be frank about what Mr. Spire calls the *Question Juive.*

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Continued from page 17

S. B. H. Hurst, at the age of seventeen, was second mate and navigating officer of a steamer which was chartered by the British Government to carry convicts to the Andamian Islands. He has knocked about the world a good deal since, following an adventurous career in the Yukon and other frontier points. He settled down to a writer's life in 1913. He first came to fame with the publication, by Harper & Bros., of his book "Coomer Ali."

●

Geoffrey Kerr says: that he was born in London something like a hundred and ninety years ago; that he entered the cast of "Charley's Aunt" when it, not he, was in the twenty-first year; that he received a handsome weekly check in Hollywood for twenty weeks, for playing tennis and bathing; that he has had one play produced and wishes he hadn't; that whenever he's acting he wishes he was writing a play, and whenever he is writing he wishes he was acting; that he "appears" (or whatever you call it) occasionally on the radio and would rather

er of e, is addressed to the young bachelor. The next will be for the older man, married and a father. Another will deal with the matter of gifts and gift giving. And another (just to give you an idea how our mind works) will be all about horses.

Ty Mahon, reversing the usual procedure of artists, is a New Yorker who has recently moved to Chicago.

●

Morley Callaghan is the author of "Strange Fugitive," "A Native Argosy," and "It's Never Over," all published by Scribner's.

●

There has been a merger in our poetry department since the first issue, **Mr. Auslander** and **Miss Wurdemann** having been married the last of October.

●

John D. Swain is a New Englander who was educated at Heidelberg, has taught fiction at Boston University, has studied law but never practiced, has traveled widely, and has appeared in several of the adventure magazines. His story "One Head Well Done" took the winning prize of the 1931 O. Henry award.

●

Burton Rascoe returns to the critical wars to conduct our book page. He got his start on The Chicago Tribune and is commonly credited with being the "discoverer" of Cabell. He can't quite figure this one out, however, because he feels that Cabell must have discovered, not to say explored and colonized, himself, long before Rascoe was out of short pants. Anyway, Rascoe is one of the comparatively few critics who have the capacity of making literature seem exciting, as those who have had "Titans of Literature" and "Prometheans" ready know for themselves.

●

Roland Dorgeles is the man who wrote "The Wooden Crosses" one of the best sellers among rench novels of the great war.

●

Henri Duvernois is one of the leading French riters of short stories. He is a tall clean shaven an in his early fifties and, in his writings, as in is expressions and gestures, is typically French. Despite the New York setting of his story in this ssue—a setting obviously designed especially "for he American trade," the story remains as French s anything De Maupassant ever wrote.

●

If you think we're going to apologize for the fact hat **Margaret Bourke-White** is in this issue you're crazy. With her old Graflex she has climbed girders and ridden cranes and worked as hard, to get good pictures, as any man. When she's making photographs she thinks, talks, acts, and swears—oops we almost said sweats—like a man, so let's not have any letters asking us how *she* got in.

●

Louis Golding is an Englishman whose literary career started during his undergraduate days at Oxford. The war sent him into Greece and Eastern Mediterranean, but after the armistice he returned to Oxford, where he was associated with the literary upheaval then distressing that ancient seat of learning. His subsequent literary output comprises some dozen novels, a few volumes of poetry, and a number of ventures into the sphere of travel books and *belles lettres*. Mr. Golding's latest novel, "Magnolia Street," will soon appear on the screen.

●

Pitts Sanborn is the music critic of the New York World Telegram. He is also the critical commentator in the broadcasts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In addition to his newspaper work, he has contributed to many magazines and published a book of poems and two novels, "Prima Donna" and "Greek Nights."

Pierre Mille is a veteran French writer of adventure stories. Several others, along the same general lines as "The Old Pirate" in this issue, will appear in future issues.

●

John Ramsey is a young writer who lives at Grayslake, Illinois and has been writing constantly for some years, with nothing but an imposing pile of rejection slips to show for his pains. This is his first published story. Like a majority of young American literary hopefuls, he would be a lot better off if he had never heard of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Joyce, of whose styles his first stories constituted an amazing triple parody. We think his story in this issue shows both achievement and promise, and we are as anxious, in running this magazine, to encourage the latter as to seek the former.

JOHN RAMSEY

We hope, in every issue, henceforth, to be able to publish at least one story by a writer who has not previously appeared in print.

●

The graphic arts seem to constitute a sort of family entrance to the pages of ESQUIRE. There's **Dorothy McKay**, for example, whose drawings struck us as being both too good and too funny to let the fact of the femininity of their creator keep them out of our pages.

Dorothy McKay was brought up in San Francisco, later working as a secretary and attending the California School of Fine Arts at night. Her father, a minister in the Congregational Church, didn't know there were nude models in the school until it was too late. Coming to New York she worked as a private secretary in an advertising agency, following people around with a sketch book in her noon hours and studying at the Art Students League at night. Four years ago she found that she had filled so many sketch books with such a large collection of funny people that something had to be done about it. She has been illustrating for various magazines ever since. She keeps a diary—and has for a long time—but there's not a word in it. All sketches. She is married and has one husband.

●

John V. A. Weaver is an ex-Chicagoan and ex-Hollywooder who now lives in New York and sits in the free seats for ESQUIRE at the theatrical openings. He did for American poetry what Ring Lardner did for the short story, with his poems "In American," written in the American language, a tongue which poets, with their traditional devotion to the King's English, had not previously discovered.

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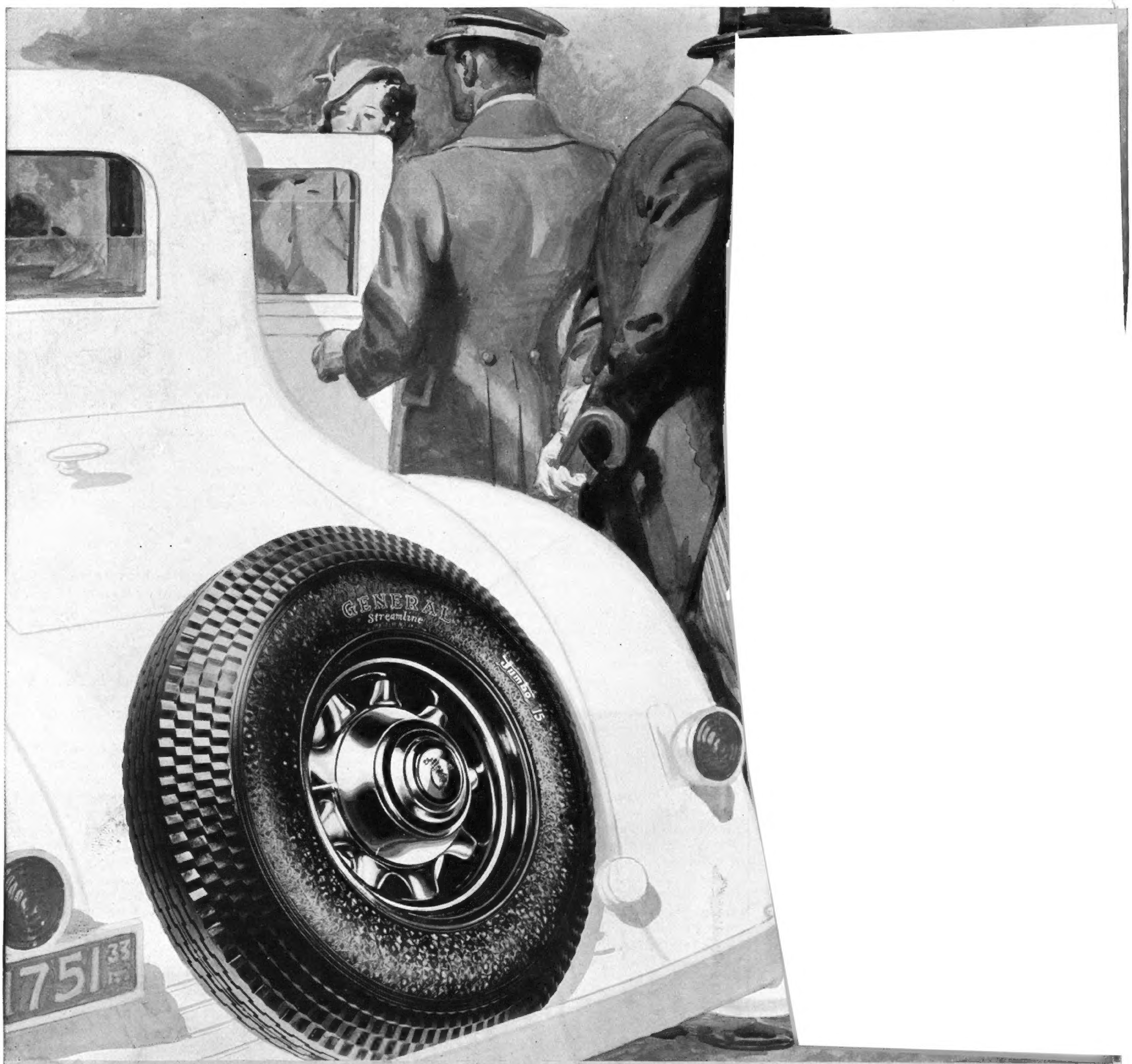

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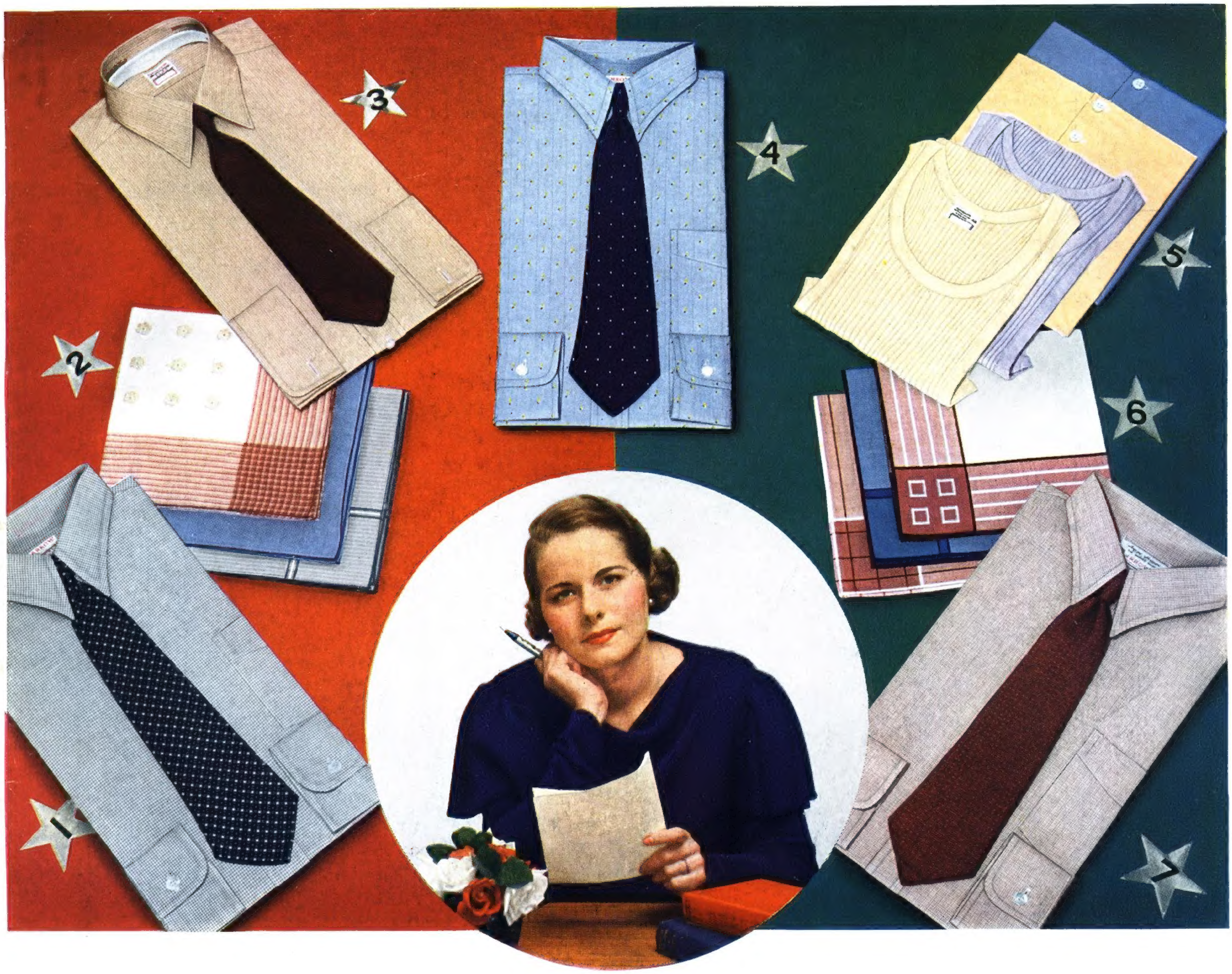

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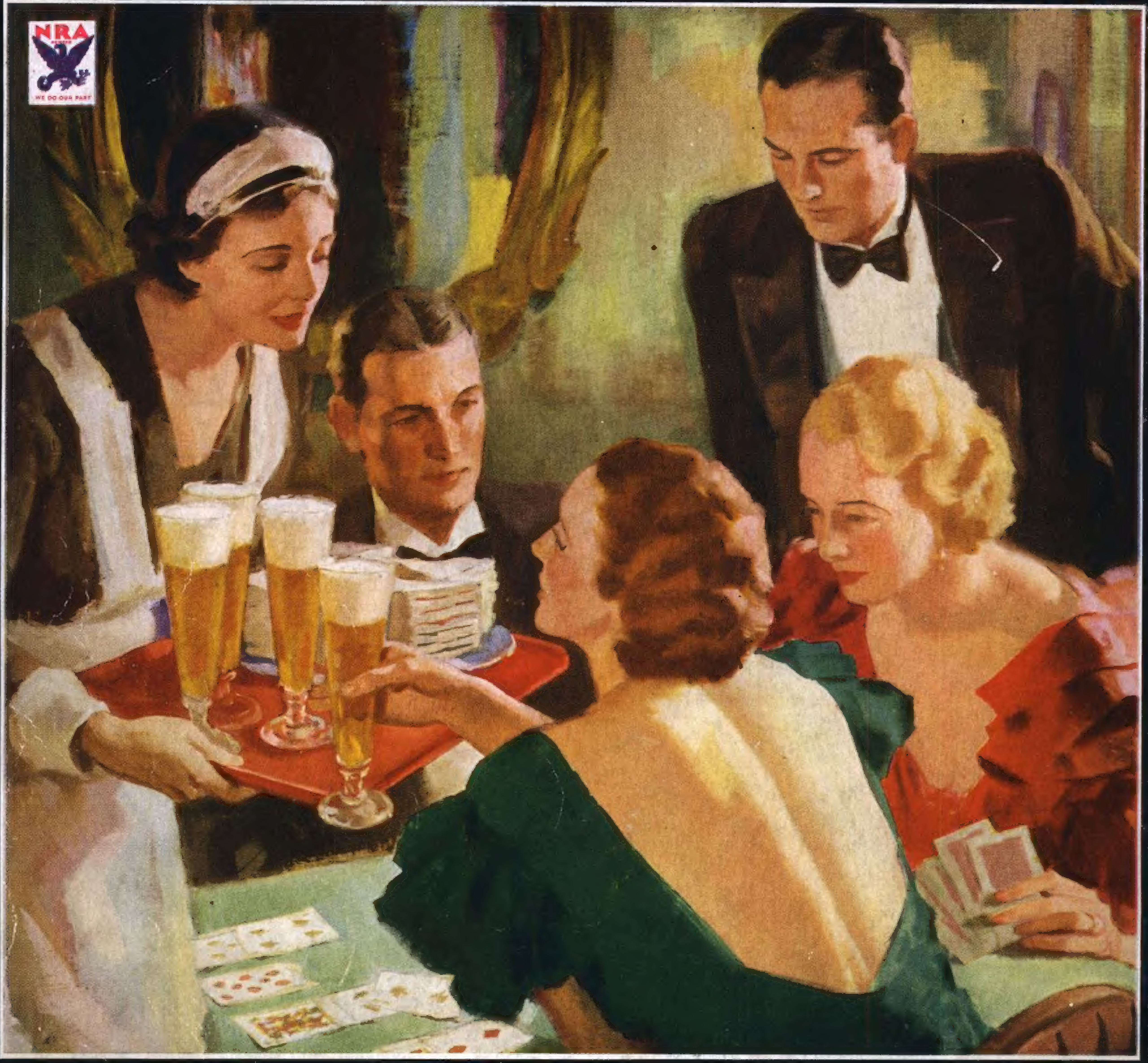
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